THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 6, 1938 Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. Published in Every State PRICE 3D

24 PAGE FASHION SUPPLEMENT

"SPRING" ACTUAL FABRICS WERE USED IN COMPOSING THIS PICTURE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622929

IF YOU'RE PINING TO BE WED . . .

She's got her man . . . here's hoping he's the right one.

If your dreams of marriage cast a rosy glow over kitchen scenes like the one above, spring will urge you to the altar.

If it's gold you're after the scene on the left as a setting of domestic bliss will be much more to your liking.

BEWARE THE MENACE IN THE RUSTLE OF SPRING

By AMANDA LOVEL

Spring's a menace!

One morning soon you'll find yourself gazing at that perfectly ordinary young man at the next desk and thinking he looks like a Greek god.

Don't give in to that. He doesn't. It's just the spring.

LOOK around you and start wondering.

Why did Mrs. Smith marry Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Jones Mr. Jones?

You can't imagine! (After a few years they often can't, either.)

Spring, as likely as not, had a lot to do with it, some past spring when Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones came to suffer from that same delusion about Greek gods.

They gave in to it.

But before you dive head first into spring's lake of love, ask yourself a few pertinent questions. (There've been an awful lot of drownings in that lake.)

The important thing to find out is whether you really want to marry that particular young man out of all the world or whether the grisly truth is that you just want to be married.

If you are just pining to be wed, spring is more dangerous than a flu germ to you.

You're going to believe that the first personable young man who casts an admiring glance in your direction is the hand-picked answer to your maiden's prayer.

And right then and there you'll begin formulating the most romantic reasons for wanting to marry **that** young man, and you'll be awfully busy forgetting your real reason for wanting to marry at all.

So just by way of saving you from spring and yourself (a horrible combination), here are a few possible explanations of your susceptibility in the next few weeks.

Sugar or Science?

YOU'RE romantic, perhaps. You spend too much time with novelists who think a heart attack is the world's only ill.

You've painted pictures and told yourself pretty tales about being a loving helpmeet (whatever that is) to some good man down all the years, growing old hand-in-hand till death you do part.

You've seen the little ones clustered at your knee in innumerable dreams; you've thought out the color scheme for the parlor and you fancy an apron suits you well.

Well you, dear sister, may start embroidering supper-cloths now. You haven't a chance of getting through the season.

You'll be a cripple at the first twinge of spring's own peculiar rheumatism.

BUT this is 1938, and perhaps you're scientific.

You've looked this marriage problem firmly in the eye and your approach is all based on psychology.

You'll ask yourself—is this young man an extrovert—or what? You'll consider his inhibitions and contrast his complexes with yours like matching up silks to get a swell color contrast.

"Will we clash?" you'll ask yourself sternly.

You'll be looking for the young man with exactly the right mixture of mental quirks to harmonise with yours.

Watch your step. Spring is far more potent than science and you're just the one to come "a norful" cropper over the most unlikely male in town.

OR perhaps you're avidly fashion-conscious.

The spring windows are crammed with the most divine bridal confections you've ever seen.

The man in your picture is just the figure in the tail-coat and gardenia whose neat black-and-white is the obvious background to your dream of white chiffon and hyacinths.

Have a care, my sweet. He may be only a spring model to you to-day, but you'll have to keep him in your wardrobe when winter comes.

And how cold blow the winds then!

Again you might be the daughter of one of those domestic tyrants given to asking what time you came in last night, or was it this morning?

You might have two ugly sisters as well and no fairy godmother.

Almost anyone will look like a fairy prince to you.

If your home life is that way, count ten before you speak. Prince Charming may turn out a worse pain in the neck than dear old Daddy ever was.

It's a shame to bring sordid pelf into the matter, but if it's gold you're seeking, remember the sad little ditty about the bird in the gilded cage.

Do not trust him, gentle maiden—at least not without a substantial settlement. **He may be gilt-edged only because he keeps such a tight hold on the purse-strings, and you may find yourself poorer than ever.**

So don't let spring bounce you out of the frying-pan right into the fire.

The fire's the hotter place, remember.

The Years Go By

THIS may be a blow below the belt, but it can't be helped.

Are you quite sure you're not getting to the stage where anyone will do because Cynthia and Jean and Mabel and Joan have all been married in the last two years, and you're beginning to feel—well, not exactly desperate, but just the least little bit anxious?

Even if that were a grey hair you found this morning, don't do anything rash.

The unwelcome suitor of last year doesn't truly look any better to you in this spring's sunshine. He'll put more grey hairs in your head as a husband than will the trials of being a bachelor girl.

After all this heart-searching, if you can still look yourself firmly in the eye and say it's really the young man in particular and not marriage in general you're after, go ahead.

You must be in love.

Spring may be going to land you in a kitchen with frilly muslin curtains and a bare cupboard rather than a drawing-room full of chromium and brimming cocktail shakers.

If it's love, or even if you only think it's love, you won't care.

But don't say you weren't warned.

A fortunate accident

Erasmic's special fineness means complexion glamour for you—

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—1/- Tube, 2/6 Jar—A smooth, fragrant cream for make-up foundation.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57-35-27

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Bickerton Photo.

Australia's Publicity Officer

MR. H. C. FENTON, European manager of the Australian National Travel Association, who has been visiting Australia, is convinced that, largely as a result of the association's propaganda, English people now regard Australia as the white-haired Dominion and the most attractive Empire outpost in which to settle. Mr. Fenton is an Englishman, but has spent a number of years in Australia. His wife is a New Zealander.

—Spencer Photo.

Kindergarten Worker

MRS. T. A. a'BECKETT has been for thirty years associated with the Free Kindergarten Movement in Victoria and is now president.

This year she was elected hon. president of the Australian Association for Pre-School Child Development. She is a Bachelor of Science and teaches at Scotch College in the mornings.

—Bickerton Photo.

Adelaide Author

MR. REX INGAMELLS, B.A., has just published a new book, "Conditional Culture," the purpose of which is to show that "the blossoming of a distinctive Australian culture depends on certain conditions, and to indicate broadly what those conditions are."

Mr. Ingamells is keenly interested in the Australian interest in aborigines, and has spent much time fruit-picking on the Murray and travelling in the interior by mail and camel, seeking atmosphere for his writings. He is a graduate of Adelaide University.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622930

Beach Styles—Already!

WHAT WILL OUR BEACH GIRLS WEAR NEXT SEASON? This question is already causing concern to Australian swimming authorities. These striking styles from overseas show likely trends. Left: Sun suit in beige linen with black design consisting of shorts, brassiere top and bonnet-like head covering. Centre: White two-piece woollen bathing suit over which is worn a shirt and bolero of fish-net.

PATTERNED WOOL bathing suit in red and white.

Madge Elliott Ranks Our Girls No. 2 Best Dressed

"But They'll Soon Lead the World," She Says

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Australian girls will soon be the world's best-dressed types.

That is the opinion of much-travelled, chic Madge Elliott, who has just returned to London via America.

AUSTRALIAN girls are smart dressers, but they have not yet the chic of their American cousins, she says.

"The average Australian woman is miles ahead of the average English or Continental girl in matters of clothes," Miss Elliott told me, "but, although I would like to place my own countrywomen first, truth compels me to give this coveted place to the Americans.

"Yet Australians are so increasingly smart each time I return that I think they have almost caught up on the American women, and it will not be long before I can say, without fear of contradiction, that Australian girls are the world's best dressers No. 1."

As lovely an ambassadress as Australia could have, Madge was herself extremely smartly turned out.

In navy-blue, her hat, shoes, dress and redingote coat all matched, and were trimmed with pipings of white grosgrain ribbon.

The green-and-white drawing-room of her Savile Row flat was a veritable arbor of flowers from friends and admirers who gathered to welcome Madge back to London.

The party was a complete surprise, as was husband Cyril Ritchard's welcome home gifts, one being a sapphire and diamond brooch in leaf design to match her engagement ring.

Lovely though this surprise was, an even lovelier surprise awaits her in Kent, where Cyril has bought a country cottage.

"I suppose that means lots of domesticity," Madge laughed, "but don't think I intend to give up the stage entirely; after all it was my first love."

Nevertheless, before returning to the footlights, Mrs. Ritchard intends to play the busy country housewife for a little while—Cyril travelling to and from London each day.

Australian Talent

MISS ELLIOTT told me that the Australians are becoming increasingly theatre-minded; that the stage is to have a very big comeback, particularly in Sydney and Melbourne.

In support of this contention she evidenced the tremendous ovation given visiting companies. While she was in Sydney there were crowded houses for Lawrence Tibbett, Ruth Draper, and Fay Compton, but she was extremely disappointed to find no Australian company playing.

"There is a great deal of stage talent in Australia," she said. "The girls have lovely voices, good personality and smart appearance, but at present they are being wasted for lack of opportunity.

"It was really heartbreaking to find only one theatre in Sydney, but very comforting to discover a great need for more," she said.

"I think there will always be appreciative audiences for imported stars, but I also think there is plenty of room for more Australian companies.

"Films have had their hey-day in Australia, and the stage is coming back to its own."

Among other changes Miss Elliott says she thinks the Australian women much more politically-minded and socially conscious. Though it was a pleasant change to find that the serious state of world affairs which hang so heavily over Europeans had not completely overshadowed Australian thought and people were still as pleasure-loving and happy as of yore.

In America Madge stayed with Australian actress Mona Barrie at her home in North Hollywood.

Her Dog

"WE had a lovely week together, just lazing about and swimming in her new pool," Madge told me. "Mona is still doing film work in Hollywood and hopes to go to Australia quite soon for a trip."

Actress Dorothy Purdell, who is well known to Australians as Mrs. Billie Green, played hostess to Miss Elliott while she was in New York.

A certain little doggie whom Madge hardly recognised as Pip, her Maltese terrier, was down to meet the Normandie when Madge arrived.

Pip, who was much publicised in Australia, had had his coat shorn for the summer and looked exactly like a French poodle.

Pip made no mistake about Madge, for he barked a very big welcome from the tender that went out from Southampton to meet the ship.

Among the friends who gathered at the flat for the surprise party were Dorothy Dickson, who is playing in Ivor Novello's show, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Henson, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor—she was Judy Price, of Melbourne — and Madge Elliott's aunt, Mrs. Sutor, who will be remembered as that famous beauty Mrs. Maesmore-Morris.

Noel Coward had just time for a sherry and a cheery "Welcome back" before leaving for abroad.

Cruise in luxury through the shimmering seas of the Barrier Reef to Cairns and the Tropic Coast. See an entirely new Australia, different in climate, scenery, industry, from the South you already know. Visit Barron Falls, Kuranda, tropical gorges, canefields, and Barrier Reef Islands. Nineteen days to Cairns and back from £20 first saloon, £14 second saloon. (Passengers maintain themselves in Cairns.) Enjoy happy shipboard life on modern Interstate liners.

FROM SYDNEY EVERY TUESDAY.

Additional Saturday Sailing: DUNTROON, 3rd SEPTEMBER.
(Special 12-Day Round Tour)

The Adelaide S.S. Co. Ltd., 22 Bridge St. ...	BW2911
A.U.S.N. Co. Ltd., 247 George St.	BT511
Howard Smith Ltd., 369 George Street	BT511
Huddart, Parker Ltd., 18 Bridge Street ...	BW1441
McIlwraith, McEacharn Ltd., 19 Bridge St.	BW1047
Melbourne S.S. Co. Ltd., 1 Barrack Street	BW1883

(Offices also at Newcastle.)

BY SEA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622931

Going Gay at £15 a Night

"PAINTING THE TOWN RED"—modern style. In London it costs £15 or more a night to do the social and party round.

THE AGA KHAN, with the Begum, is a frequent host at London Savoy.

LORD AND LADY CAVENDISH. The latter is one of London's brightest hostesses.

How Society Has a "Hot Time in the Old Town"

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

There may be wars in Europe and Asia, and rumors of wars floating around in England, but nothing — so far — has stopped London's social world from enjoying its end-of-season gaiety to the fullest.

In fact, the consensus of haut monde opinion is that there has rarely been a socially more brilliant end-of-the-season than is taking place here right now in 1938.

IT has been a dazzling Court season, a record-breaking one for private parties, and more debutantes are reported to have been lavishly launched than ever before.

Of course, taking part in such functions means a good bit of "paying back," for socialites are soon "blacklisted" if they forgo returning their obligations.

For the many who aren't at the moment keeping a large town house, this means entertaining "out"—no mean item in the social budget.

A "night out" in London may mean one of several sorts of entertainment.

It may, for instance, focus around a theatre party.

If so, the invitation rarely includes a big dinner beforehand, as there isn't time for it without missing the curtain.

Instead, a light snack with cocktails (preferably champagne) is arranged at one of the private clubs or some place like the Berkeley.

This will come to 10/- to 15/6 per person, according to what is served.

The best theatre tickets are 12/6 each, plus the 2/- commission required for booking them through an agency, as it is almost impossible to buy good seats—except for weeks ahead—at any box office.

After the play the real fun and games of the evening start.

How the Money Goes

NEW places for supper come and go, but the old favorites hold their own as the smartest rendezvous.

Hotels like the Savoy, the Berkeley, and cafes such as Quaglino's or the Cafe de Paris, and clubs like Ciro's (in which the membership is £10/10/- per year).

Minimum charges at such places range from 10/6 to £1/1/-, including food but not wines. The Savoy boasts that they can serve the most perfect meal, beginning with caviare and ending with their choicest sweet, for 17/6 per person.

Good wines, of course, cost more than good food—to have the best, including cocktails and brandy, the average cost would be 35/- each.

Totting it up, such a theatre party works out at over a "fiver" per head:

	s.	d.
Light snack and cocktails	15	6
Theatre ticket	14	6
Supper	21	6
Wines	35	0
Cigarettes	2	6
Taxis	7	6
Tips	12	0
Total	£5 7	6

DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, another popular London hostess.

The estimate goes up when the theatre is omitted and the evening starts with a late dinner, for the usual procedure is to travel from place to place, ending up at a bottle club where members have a full locker and can provide drinks after hours.

Even if it is only the boy out to make a good impression on the Glamour Girl, he hasn't much left out of fifteen pounds when he kisses her good night—especially if he sends her an orchid beforehand.

Favorite Haunts

DANCING parties are a favorite form of entertaining numbers—but they're not cheap!

At Claridges the orchestra alone costs from £70 to £100 for the night, and supper is 30/- a head, including champagne. When there are somewhere from 400 to 700 guests (the average party) there is little change of £1000.

In choosing the place to go, the Savoy Grill comes first if you want publicity. Film and stage people love it, and everyone who wants to be known is "seen" there.

The Berkeley is the haunt of the very young—it is the Debs' favorite.

The Dorchester has the most ambitious floor show and is very smart . . . while Grosvenor House can't be beaten for gay exclusiveness.

Claridges is quiet at night, but is definitely the smartest place in the whole of London for lunch.

The London Casino—"the only theatre restaurant in Britain"—is unique in that you dine and dance and see a complete stage production from your table.

London socialites have their favorite night spots, and are to be found entertaining at them frequently.

For instance, Countess Revelstoke likes to take her friends supper dancing, usually giving parties of about 20, at the Cafe de Paris or Grosvenor House.

She prefers a simple light meal and provides the best of wines.

On the other hand, the Aga Khan, with the Begum and his son, the Aly Khan, and his wife, is a frequent host at the Savoy.

When you see PERSIL WHITENESS you'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else

You may be getting your washing as white as any woman could—judging by ordinary standards. But if you could only see those ordinary-washed whites against a Persil wash, you'd wonder how you could *ever* have been satisfied with anything so drab. *Persil sets the only true standard of whiteness in washing.* That's because Persil's suds are oxygen-charged to chase out stains and ingrained grime. Persil washes perfectly clean and so, of course, perfectly white too.

Use Persil for the whole family wash — no other soaps or extras needed.

Persil

Good Housekeeping Institute

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622932

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

Another Adventure of "The Little Black Bag"

Dr. Hyslop makes his entry into social life, and finds himself the victim of heart trouble

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

He gave an extra pressure to her hand. He said how glad he was to see her.

By A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel."

No man is a hero to his biographer. And if the biographer be honest he will display the defects of his character parallel with his merits, balance his vanities fairly against his virtues.

Do not imagine, then, that Finlay Hyslop was the Admirable Crichton of Levenford society, a blameless young medico who was never stupid, humous, or foolish. Once in a while Finlay was all three. And that is why you must hear about Miss Malcolm.

Finlay first met Miss Malcolm at a dance. Not, mark you, an ordinary dance, like the Academy reunion, or the Burgh Hall hop, but the annual private dance given by the Sinclairs.

The Sinclairs were the shipbuilding people whose yards had outgrown and now outrivalled even the famous shipyards of the Rattrays. They were country people, connected by kinship and marriage with half the notables in Winton, whose estate between Levenford and Ardfillan was the pride and envy of the countryside.

Every winter they gave a dance—a ball, to be accurate—at which everybody who was anybody appeared. A stray Duke often strolled in, the Parliamentary member invariably was there, certainly a Baronet or two, and always a flock of Honorables—it was, in short, a function where pedigrees were flourished and blood was more important than the claret-cup.

To this affair, by way of indicating the liberalism of the gentry, were invited the best professional people of the district—the "best-thought-of" doctors, lawyers, and their wives.

It came about, then, in the course of events, that a large, stiff, gilt-edged card—as full of superscriptions as a tombstone—arrived at Arden House bidding Drs. Cameron and Hyslop to the ball.

"Bah!" said Cameron as he tossed it on the mantelpiece. "I'll miss my night's sleep for none of them. You can go, Finlay. My dancing days are done."

Finlay protested sturdily that he had as much use for a ball as a bull for a china shop.

"You'd better look in, though, lad," Cameron answered in a more equable tone. "If only for the matter of policy. The Sinclairs can put many a patient your way if they choose to think out. Just you drop in about ten, let yourself be seen hobnobbing with his Grace"—Cameron's eyes twinkled—"sup an ice with her Ladyship, tell the member I thought his last speech was trash, and then come home decent-like to your bed."

So Finlay did go to the dance.

At first he did not enjoy himself; he was, in fact, uncomfortable, unhappy, and extremely ill at ease. On the stairs there was a great press of people with Roman noses and high names, a delirious clash of clan tartans with scarlet jackets on the floor, and a strong sense of superiority in the air.

No one took the slightest notice of him. Though he doggedly called up all his democratic pride to support him, he gradually became aware of himself as a gawky youth in a badly-made dress suit, an unfledged provincial doctor who knew nobody and whom nobody wished to know.

He thought of Flaubert's Charles Bovary, the doltish apothecary whom everyone ignored, and a faint color of shame rose to his brow. But he set himself dourly to stick it out, standing with his back to the wall in the ballroom, watching the dancing, feeling horribly lonely, trying hard to despise the pretty affectations displayed before him, but despising only himself.

It was then that he discovered two friendly brown eyes fixed upon him. His color deepened; but she smiled at him, and he smiled back.

He felt sure he had seen her before, that she lived, had been pointed out to him, in Levenford. Then he remembered. With a certain confidence he went over to where she sat underneath a tall, green palm. She received him with perfect ease.

"You're Dr. Hyslop," she informed him charmingly. "I know you quite well, though we've never been introduced. But you haven't the least idea who I am."

"But I have! You're Miss Malcolm."

He almost added—"the schoolteacher," but mercifully restrained himself in time.

She had been a schoolteacher, for all that, had taught French at St. Hilda's, that most exclusive girls' school in Ardfillan, but she had come into a little money of her own, and while quite young had given up her profession altogether.

She smiled at him again, and made room for him to sit beside her. At that he felt comfortable; she was pleasant, she was charming, she was somebody to talk to.

"I'm surprised to find you here," he remarked confidentially, thinking unconsciously once again of her social status which was—well—inferior even to his own.

"I'm often surprised to find myself here," she admitted. She had a delightful voice—well-modulated and soft. "It's a complete nuisance. But in a sense I find myself bound to come. You see, Matthew Sinclair is my cousin."

His face was a study. A cousin of Sir Matthew Sinclair! She was one of them, related by blood to the head of the clan, and he, poor fool, had attempted to patronise her.

"You're not dancing?" She appeared not in the least to have observed his confusion, but kept beating time to the music with her tiny ivory fan.

"I'm such a wretched dancer," he said humbly.

She smiled.

"Shall we try?"

They tried. She was a magnificent dancer, light in his arms as a thistledown, skilfully guiding his rather indifferent steps, tactfully keeping him to the rhythm. And the band was splendid.

After the first moment of hesitation he enjoyed the dance marvellously.

"That was simply glorious," he said boyishly as they resumed their seats.

"We might have another," she suggested. "But first you might fetch me an ice. Chocolate, please."

He dashed to the buffet, and, using his elbows manfully, brought her back a chocolate ice.

She took the ice with her little smile, and ate it in silence. She kept nodding to people as they swung past. He watched her admiringly. Her poise really was delightful, her movements delicate, simple. No odious pretensions to gentility.

She was a lady. Yes, she was a lady. And she was—how could he phrase it?—she was quite good-looking.

Her brown eyes sparkled, the dance had brought a faint flush to her cheeks, she wore a charming white flounced frock—very simple and girlish.

And she was not very old. How old was she exactly? Puzzled, he tried to guess. Thirty, perhaps; she might even be less; certainly not a day more than thirty-five.

He said suddenly, in a low voice—

"It's more than decent of you to bother with an idiot like me. Do you realise, before we met I hadn't spoken to a single soul here but the butler? And even he didn't answer me. He just dropped his eyelids at me like a Bishop."

She went into a peal of laughter. Then said solemnly——

"That's because you don't know anybody. We must change all that."

She waved her spoon at a passing young man.

"Hey! Maurice! You ought to know Finlay Hyslop!"

In five minutes she introduced him to half a dozen men. They were not snobs, but decent fellows after all, he saw, decent fellows every one of them. He was no longer an outsider. He was one of them.

He waltzed with Miss Malcolm again. They played the "Blue Danube." It was superb. The lightness, the elegance of her movements enchanted him.

"You really dance quite beautifully," she said casually.

He blushed happily.

"It's you," he said clumsily. "You're a divine dancer."

For most of the evening he danced with Miss Malcolm. She introduced him to a great many men, but the women to whom she made him known were—quite by chance, of course!—rather too old to dance. Besides, that didn't matter in the least. It was she with whom he wished to dance. Their steps matched perfectly.

Finlay had a grand evening. He came right out of his shell, was lively, excited, gallant.

He returned to Levenford, not at eleven as Cameron had predicted, but at four o'clock on the following morning.

Before he left Sinclair House he asked Miss Malcolm if he might see her home. She shook her head prettily.

"I'm staying here overnight. But you must come and see me when I get back to my house. You know where it is. In that funny old crescent behind Levenford Park. Come in the evening when you have time. In the evening I'm usually free."

Next morning at breakfast Finlay was fresh as a daisy, and full of the dance.

Old Cameron looked at him.

"It takes youth," he observed sententiously, "to dance all night and get up next mornin' without swearin' at the porridge. Ye seem to have had a gran' time."

"A glorious time," Finlay heartily agreed.

"Ay, ay! Just so. Did ye meet many of the folks?"

Please turn to Page 30

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622933

I LOVE You AGAIN

A further instalment of our thrilling serial . . .

Larry's voice was frigid. He said: "You've done a lot of talking, Blane."

By . . .

Octavus Roy COHEN

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

ON the return voyage from a cruise in the Caribbean Sea, Larry Wilson is knocked unconscious while rescuing a fellow-passenger, Jason Rountree, from drowning. When he wakes in his stateroom he finds he knows nothing of what has happened during the past eight years, his last conscious memory being of himself as George Carey, carrying his firm's payroll of £5000.

Evidence in his cabin reveals his present mode of living, under the name of Larry Wilson. He confides in Rountree of his dilemma, and is advised by him to keep his secret until he is sure of his past, and is offered his help in probing the mystery of the previous eight years.

Larry's vagueness is explained to his wife, Kay, who is puzzled by his attitude, as being the result of head injuries.

The situation is complicated by the murder of a "Ted Courtney." Kay tells Larry that Duncan Campbell (whose wife has been friendly with the deceased) is accused of the murder, but claims he was with Larry at the time it was committed. Even though Campbell's father gave Larry his chance to become wealthy, he dare not testify in Duncan's favor.

Larry plays for time by feigning illness, until eventually Duncan is arrested, but is later let out on bond. Meanwhile Jason and Mickey Hogan, a detective, are busy investigating Larry's past, and discover that a warrant still exists for the arrest of George Carey on a charge of embezzlement.

While cruising along a country road one night, Larry and Kay get a shock when a man fires at them from an ambush: and then escapes. The following day Rita Campbell calls on Larry.

CHARACTERS YOU WILL MEET IN THIS STORY:

LARRY WILSON, alias George Carey, young business man; victim of memory lapse, heroically rescues from drowning

JASON ROUNTREE, a retired bootlegger, passenger on cruise ship.

KAY WILSON, wife of Larry.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, sen., Larry's wealthy benefactor.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, jun., suspected of killing

TED COURTNEY, friend of his wife,

RITA CAMPBELL, former Broadway star.

MICKEY HOGAN, detective employed by LARRY to investigate his past.

WARNER BLANE, business agent.

NOW READ ON.

LARRY'S first impression was of vivid beauty. Not as Kay was beautiful. Rita's was beauty sans restraint; an obvious sort of beauty which was all ivory skin and yellow hair and a voluptuous figure. Her eyes were a clear blue, her complexion flawless.

He heard Kay saying, "Sit down, Rita," and saw the girl settle down on the couch, crossing shapely legs which were encased in the sheerest of chiffon stockings. She looked beautiful—and expensive. Queer, he reflected, letting his eyes travel from her to his wife, how two women could be so startlingly attractive and yet so different.

He dropped into the comfortable wing chair which he had learned to know was his. One thought drummed in his head—"Go slowly. Be careful . . ."

Rita was speaking:

"I had to see you, Larry."

"Yes . . ."

"I wanted to see you alone."

Kay glanced at her husband. His expression told her nothing. His voice was firm and polite. He said: "I think it would be better if K-- remained."

Rita shrugged. "It's all right with me." She paused, then, "Shall I come straight to the point?"

"Certainly."

"Why have you been keeping to yourself?"

Larry observed that the girl was under a strain; that for all her languid posture, her hands were closed tightly, and that her fingers fumbled nervously with a flimsy bit of handkerchief. He said: "Meaning what?"

"Why have you refused to see anybody in Habersham since you got back?"

He touched his forehead. "I got bumped pretty badly, Rita."

"So I heard. But it isn't that bad."

Larry said: "You tell her, Kay."

"He really hasn't been well." Kay stepped quietly into the breach. "Headaches and dizzy spells— "

"He's not the only one." Rita's voice was edgy. "I'm quite a bit upset myself."

"What else do you want to know?"

"Lots of things. But what I really want is the truth. I haven't got it yet."

"That's your opinion, Rita."

"Hmph!" Her nervousness was more apparent now. "I'm not entirely stupid. You've got a reason for keeping to yourself this way."

"That's obvious, isn't it?"

"It certainly is. The trouble—"

"The trouble is," he interrupted, "that you're trying to figure out something you can't understand."

"At least I can try. And you know all the answers."

Larry leaned forward. He said: "So do you."

Her eyes opened wide. "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly that, Rita. You know a lot more than I do."

"What makes you think that?"

"How could I think anything else?"

She fumbled in her bag, produced cigarette-case and lighter. Larry made no move to help her. He was feeling a sense of elation, for he knew instinctively that she was on the defensive. When she spoke again, her tone was more subdued, and it was she who chose words carefully as though fearful of betraying herself.

"There's still a lot you haven't explained, Larry. But only one thing is important . . . really important, that is."

SHE stopped speaking, and Kay broke in. She said: "Why not come out with it, Rita?"

"Larry's making it difficult, that's why. But here goes." She turned her attention back to the young man. "Is Duncan's story true? Was he with you the afternoon Ted was killed, or wasn't he?"

Larry chose his words meticulously. "Do you expect me to answer that question?"

She rose and walked with quick, nervous steps to the mantel. She exploded: "Why don't you quit beating about the bush? Are you going to clear Duncan or aren't you?"

"I can't answer that now."

"You'll have to answer soon. They're rushing the trial."

"I'll talk when the time comes."

"You've got something in your mind," she said. "Something I can't understand. You frighten me."

"I'm sorry."

She walked two steps towards his chair.

"What's come over you, Larry? Why can't you talk? Is it because Kay is here?"

"Why should that make any difference?"

"Why should . . ." Her body sagged. "One of us is a little crazy, Larry—and I don't think it's me."

"So . . ."

"After all the confidential talks we had . . . when this thing was brewing . . . My Heaven, Larry—don't you understand what's happened? All right—let's admit you don't. Well, I'll tell you then: I'll tell you both. I'm terribly sorry for Duncan. In fact, if it didn't sound sappy, I'd say that I'm falling in love with him."

"Again?"

"Oh . . . don't be that way, Larry. You know about Duncan and me. He was just a kid. He had money. It's an old story to you. But I admire the way he's taken this, and I want to help him."

Kay said: "Isn't it rather late for that, Rita?"

"Late? Of course it's late. But I can try, can't I?"

Larry asked: "Just how hard are you trying?"

"Every way I can. Oh, I'm not deluding myself. I know when it's all settled I'll be kicked right back on to Broadway where I belong. I had my big chance, and now I've lost it. But Duncan's too fine a boy to suffer for what I did."

"Which was?"

She regarded him curiously. She asked, "Are you completely crazy, Larry?"

"I don't follow."

"That you should ask me a question like that. Do I have to tell you that I haven't played fair with Duncan?"

Instinctively, Larry's eyes sought those of his wife. He fancied that her face was a shade paler, but otherwise she gave no indication of having heard—or understood—Rita's statement.

He leaned forward. His eyes were cold, his voice crisp. He said: "Would you be terribly surprised, Rita, to know that somebody has already tried to murder me?"

He saw that she was startled—and frightened. Twice she tried to speak, but without success. Larry pressed on relentlessly:

"A man shot at me while I was driving with Kay."

"Did—did you recognise him?"

"Why should you be so interested in that?"

"It's natural—"

"And why are you so little surprised?"

"Larry! You're not being fair."

Please turn to Page 59

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622934

DIRT CHEAP

A commercial traveller plays the part of detective and solves a midnight murder in a small country hotel

An Enthralling Mystery Story by...

DOROTHY L. SAYERS

Illustrated by WEP

She was shrieking with the shrill, automatic regularity of violent hysteria.

MR. MONTAGUE EGG was startled out of his beauty sleep by the ugly noise next door.

"Wah! wah! wah!" in a series of crescendo roars. Then followed a long, choking gurgle.

The Griffin at Cuttlesbury was an old-fashioned and ill-kept hotel. Neither Mr. Egg nor his fellow-commercials would have dreamed of patronising it in ordinary circumstances. But the Green Man had been put temporarily out of commission by a disastrous fire; and that was how Mr. Egg, after an ill-cooked and indigestible dinner, came to be lying in a lumpy bed in this fusty, dusty bedroom, without electric light or even a bedside candle and matches, so slovenly was the service.

As full consciousness slowly returned to him, Mr. Egg took stock of the situation. There were, he knew, only three bedrooms in this isolated corridor; his own, in the middle; on the left, No. 8, containing old Waters, of Messrs. Brotherhood, Ltd., the soft-drinks-and-confectionery firm; on the right, No. 10, allotted to that stout man who travelled in jewellery, whose name was Pringle, and who had stuffed himself up that evening with dubious mackerel and underdone pork, to the admiration of all beholders. Close behind the head of Monty's bed, the rich and rhythmical snoring of old Waters shook the thin partition like the vibration of a passing lorry. It must be Pringle who was making the uproar; mackerel and pork were the most probable explanation.

The bellowing had ceased; only a few faint grunts were now to be heard. He didn't know Pringle, and hadn't liked the look of him very much. But perhaps the man was really ill. It would be only decent to go and find out.

He swung his legs reluctantly over the side of the bed and thrust his feet into his slippers. Without troubling to search for matches and light the gloomy gas-jet with the broken mantle at the far end of the room, he felt his way to the door, unlocked it and stepped out into the corridor. At the far end, another gas-jet burned dimly on the by-pass, throwing a misleading jumble of light and shadow on the two creaking steps that separated the corridor from the main landing.

In No. 8, old Waters snored on undisturbed. Monty turned to his right and knocked at the door of No. 10.

"Who's there?" demanded a stifled voice.

"Me—Egg," said Monty. He turned the handle as he spoke, but the door was locked. "Are you all right? I heard you call out."

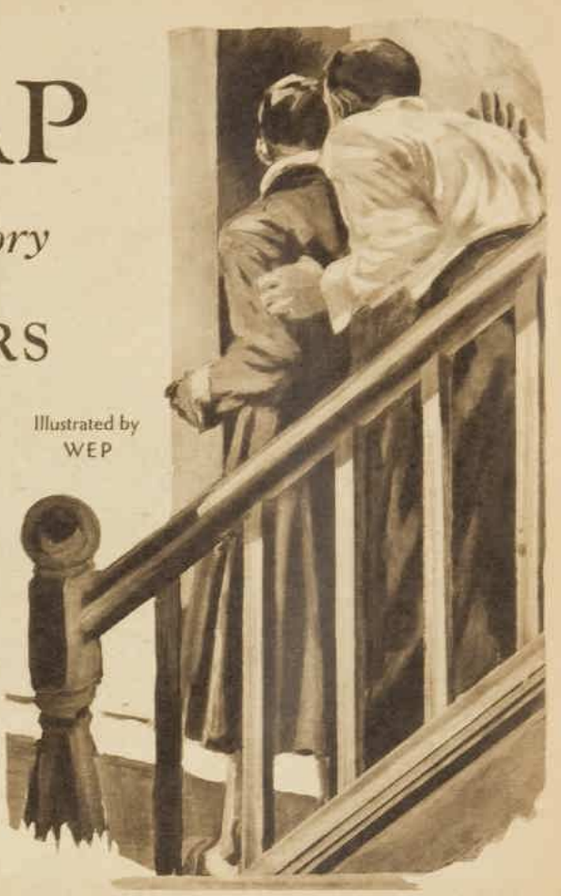
"Sorry." The bed creaked as though the speaker were levering himself up to a sitting position. "Nightmare. Sorry I disturbed you."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Egg, pleased to have his diagnosis confirmed. "Sure there's nothing I can do?"

"No, thanks, quite all right." Mr. Pringle seemed to have buried his head in the blankets again.

"Good night, then," said Monty. "G'night."

Mr. Egg slipped back to his own room. The snores in No. 8 were increasing in vehemence, and, as he shut and relocked his door, ended suddenly in a ferocious snort. All was quiet. Monty wondered what time it was, but while he was feeling in his coat-pocket for his matches a clock began to strike with a sweet, vibrating, mellow tone that seemed to come from a considerable distance. He counted twelve strokes. It was earlier than he thought. Being tired, he had gone up to bed at half-past ten and had heard Waters pass his door only a few minutes after. There was now no sound of movement in the hotel. In the main street below, a car passed. The snoring in No. 8 began again.



Several people came hurrying down the steps from the landing.

Mr. Egg returned to his uncomfortable mattress and once more disposed his plump body to slumber. He hated being roused from his first, deep, delicious unconsciousness. Confound Waters! Drowsily counting the snores, he began to doze.

Click! a door in the passage had opened. Then came stealthy footsteps, interrupted by a creak and a stumble. Somebody had tripped up the two badly-lighted steps on the way to the landing. Listening to the steady rumbling of Waters, Monty decided, with a certain grim satisfaction, that the mackerel and pork had finally proved too much for Mr. Pringle.

Then, quite suddenly, he fell fast asleep.

At six o'clock he was awakened again by a clatter in the corridor and a banging on the door of No. 8. Waters, confound him, catching an early train.

The chambermaid was giggling next door. One of the boys was old Waters, but Mr. Egg wished he would keep his gallantries for a more appropriate time of day. Stump, stump past the door; creak, trip, curse—Waters falling up the two steps on his way to the bathroom. Blessed interval of peace.

TRIP, creak, curse, stump, stump, crash—Waters returning from his bath and banging his bedroom door. Bang, rustle, thump—Waters dressing and strapping his bags. Stump, stump, creak, trip, curse—thank heaven! that was the last of Waters.

Monty stretched out his hand for his watch, whose face was now dimly visible in the morning light that filtered through the dingy curtains. Two minutes to seven—a good half-hour before he need get up. Presently the four quarters and the hour from the town clock, and closely following them the sweet, vibrating, musical tones of a clock in the distance. Then silence, punctuated only by the faraway comings and goings of the hotel staff. Mr Egg dropped off again.

At twenty minutes past seven the corridor rang with piercing and reiterated screams.

Monty leapt up. This time something really was the matter. He ran to the door dragging on his dressing-gown as he went. Several people came hurrying down the steps from the landing.

The chambermaid stood at the door of No. 10. She had dropped the can she was carrying, and a stream of water was soaking over the carpet. Her face was green, her soiled cap was thrust awry, and she was shrieking with the shrill, automatic regularity of violent hysteria.

Inside, on the bed, sprawled the gross body of Mr. Pringle. His face was swollen, and there were ugly purple marks on his thick neck. His clothes were huddled on a chair, his suitcase stood open on the floor, his false teeth grinned from the tooth-glass on the washstand, but his traveller's bag with its samples of jewellery was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Pringle lay robbed and murdered.

With a dreadful feeling of reproach, Mr. Egg realised that he must actually have heard the murder committed—actually spoken with the murderer. He explained all this to Inspector Monk.

"I couldn't say whether the voice sounded like his. I had scarcely spoken to him. He didn't sit at my table at dinner, and we only exchanged a few words later on in the bar parlor. The voice was muffled—it might easily have been the voice of a man who had just woken up and was speaking from half under the blankets and without his false teeth. I don't suppose I should recognise the voice again."

"That's very natural, Mr. Egg; don't distress yourself. Now, about this Mr. Waters, who left by the early train. You say you heard him snoring all the time?"

"Yes—both before and after. I know him; he's a highly respectable man."

"Quite. Well, we shall have to get into touch with him some time, I suppose, but obviously if he slept right through it he won't be able to tell us anything. I think we must take it that the person you spoke to was the murderer. You say you can fix the time?"

"Yes." Monty described again how he had heard the clock strike twelve. "And by the way," he added, "I can't, of course, produce any alibi for myself, but my employers, Messrs. Plummet & Rose, Wines & Spirits, Piccadilly, would speak for me as to character."

Please turn to Page 12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622935

UNDER the BROOM

Complete Short Story

An enthralling story set in the Highlands of Scotland

By..

ANNE HEPPLE

Illustrated by FISCHER

MENZIE sat up in bed, looking more like a water-witch or a goose-girl than ever in the moonlight, with her long, straight hair falling on each side of her narrow face with its generous mouth and deep, dark eyes.

She sat with arms round her knees, perfectly still, and wondered what she should do.

Donald MacClane's proposal was, of course, just the very thing, an ideal match, and her grandfather would be "over the moon" about it, simply over the moon. And she adored her grandfather and was terribly sorry for him because he had lost all his fine, upstanding sons in the War and had nothing but a little chit of an orphan granddaughter left to carry on the MacClane tradition. For there had been "MacClanes of Morne as long as there had been heather on the hills" (grandfather), but now they were as poor as poor could be. As poor as a whig-bush, thought Menzie, remembering the old rhyme:

"Under the whin is sorrow and cold,
Under the broom is silver and gold."

And unless she married somebody with lots of money Morne would have to go.

And Donald not only had lots of money, but he was a MacClane—think of the luck of it! At one bold stroke she would secure not only Morne for the MacClanes, but the MacClanes for Morne!

If she had been a MacClane herself her grandfather might have thought more of her; not that he did not love her, but she was an Armstrong—and who were the Armstrongs?

"Nobodies, clanless men, rascally Border sheep-stealers," (grandfather). "Peelie-Wallie English!"

So, of course, she ought to take Donald and thank heaven, fasting, for such a magnificent answer to prayers (grandfather's), and so she would—and could—if only—if only there hadn't been Keith.

But there it was. Menzie's brain might reason for ever, but Menzie's heart knew that Keith had only to raise his little finger and Morne and the MacClanes (poor lambs!) and grandfather (poor darling!) would be left sitting high and dry under the whin-bush (for Keith was as poor as themselves) instead of being safely ensconced under the broom, with Donald and his silver and gold.

But—another "but"—Keith had not raised his little finger, hadn't even waved an eyelash in her direction. Keith had not asked her.

And yet Keith had been her friend and her ghillie, her lord and master and her absolute slave, her comrade and her brother ever since, a forlorn mite of seven, she had come to Morne.

Keith, in fact, had been hers. They had been inseparable until a year or two ago. Then Keith had changed, grown reserved and stern—the good days were over.

Not but what they were friends and she knew that, as surely as the night followed the day, if she were in trouble Keith would come to the rescue, but that was a very different thing from marrying!

Still, she must be sure about Keith before she accepted Donald. If there was any chance of marrying Keith she could not take Donald, but if not, nothing mattered. She might as well marry Donald and please her grandfather and save Morne for the MacClanes and a MacClane for Morne.

But how to be sure?

It is at this moment that the story really opens; for suddenly Menzie remembered that nineteen hundred and thirty-six was a Leap Year, and that during Leap Year it was considered perfectly reasonable in England for the ladies to ask the gentlemen if they would care to marry them.

By the time the moon had gone over Ben-an-Raineach-Mhor she had made up her mind. She would ask Keith.

She had till to-morrow night before she gave Donald his answer. To-morrow she would go up to Craigros.

This was all very well in the middle of the night, but in broad daylight, with half the distance between Morne and Craigros already covered, the bold scheme began to seem less bright and beautiful.

Keith could be terribly withdrawn and stern, and then he was so much the Highland chief, so big and tall, and with an aloof dignity that he could wear like a cloak.

Suppose he retired into himself, suppose it was not the gentle, kind, laughing Keith who met her proposal, but the haughty, reserved Chief of Craigros.

She felt rather frightened at the thought, and her heart beat unevenly.

But Menzie Mhairi Armstrong was never one to turn back.

Keith was sitting in the kitchen place of the little square tower on the hillside that was all that was left to him, managing for himself, and shepherding his own sheep that cropped the hill. He was mending a fishing-rod, half-sitting against the black oaken table with his long legs stretched out towards the peat fire on the hearth.

He lifted his head, and a quick smile lightened his dark face as Menzie came in. He greeted her in the Gaelic, then laid down his rod, threw some more peats on the fire, and pulled in a chair and a footstool for her feet.

Then he took up his rod and continued his work, wrapping the cord round and drawing it taut with his lean brown hands.

"It is cosy here," said Menzie as the flames leaped up and lighted her small, witch face. "There's a swiff of snow in the air, and I saw the deer coming down Ben-an-Raineach-Mhor. The winter is come."

"And what is bringing you up the hill to-day, Menzie?"

They could both speak perfect English, but dropped into the Highland way when together.

"I came up to see you, Craigros, and to give the dogs a run—Barley has caught a rabbit."

"It would be a little one, then, or a dead one."

Keith had not so great an opinion of Barley's hunting prowess as the small Scottie had of his own.

"Well, it wass little, but it wass not dead," said she, giving her "s" a slight hiss in the Highland way, "and Barley is terribly set up about it, so you must not hurt his feelings."

She turned to the small dog who lay panting with his tongue out.

Keith's eyes lifted from the rod and looked at her, wrinkling a little at the corners. As she raised her head he dropped them again to the rod.

"I came mostly to see you, Keith."

"Then you will stay and have tea with me. Herself has sent me a pot of rose-leaf jam from London."

"Herself" was Keith's aunt, a maiden lady who had disgraced herself by preferring the English to the Scots. She was always holding up her English nephews as examples of wisdom to Keith, and never wrote except to disparage the Scots and tell him what a fool he was.

The rose-leaf jam, he now assured Menzie, was only another bat in the eye for Scotland—just to show what the English could do in the way of preserves.

"It will be nicer, perhaps, than cranberry jam," said Menzie, "but I cannot stay, Keith, because Donald MacClane is coming to supper."

She paused a moment, then added with a mischievous smile:

"Mac—ic—Eachainn—Chinnghear—loch."

Keith smiled, too. They were both amused by Donald's insistence on his MacClane ancestry. Having been obscurely born in Glasgow and made his money there, it was, perhaps, not unnatural.

Keith knew nothing of Donald's proposal and Menzie did not tell him yet. But after a pause, while the fire crackled and Keith's hands wrapped and tugged at the cords, she plunged in.

Continued on Next Page

The moorland was empty, the world was empty, her heart was empty, too.

Under the Broom

Continued from Previous Page

"IT was about Donald, really, that I came up, Keith."

"About Donald MacClane? I was thinking you had come to see me."

He smiled, one corner of his mouth lifting a little.

Menzie hesitated a moment, examining his lean, inscrutable face for any signs of help. There were none, so she went on hurriedly:

"You see, he wants to marry me, and my grandfather wants me to marry him because he is a MacClane, and so Morne would still have MacClanes and there would be plenty of money to save Morne."

She paused after this effort.

"You must not marry to please your grandfather."

"But I'm terribly fond of him."

"Oh, indeed!"

She did not see that he had picked her up wrong.

"Then there's the heir."

"Yes."

"Grandfather wants an heir before he dies, and, you see, I'm so sorry about him and Morne and his five big, upstanding sons that never came home from the War — one would want to please an old man like that, Craigros."

"That is so."

The rod was finished; he laid it on the table and felt in his pocket for his pipe.

"And I do like Donald."

He was filling his pipe and did not speak. There was a long pause.

"But there's—there's you and me, Keith."

He looked up quickly, his hands still.

"Do you remember I promised to marry you when I was nine years old?"

A swift, tender smile crossed his face.

"I have not forgotten, Menzie."

"Well, I am quite willing to—to keep my promise, Craigros."

He rose quickly and went to the window, where he stood looking out.

A very small voice said:

"You do still like me, Keith?"

There was no reply. He stood there looking out at the hills, his great shoulders blotting out the light.

"You know—you know, this is Leap Year, don't you?"

If he heard the appeal for help in the wistful voice he took no notice.

"I do not."

"Well, it is. You see, four goes into nineteen four times and three over, and three goes into thirty-six — five—seven—six—how many times is it?"

She felt she must go on talking, saying something till she got it over, only, somehow, it had grown so difficult.

"Nine."

"Nine times—and nothing over."

"Nothing over at all, Menzie."

"And in Leap Year ladies can ask the gentlemen to marry them in England—it's a custom of the English. That's why I came up. Would you care to marry me, Keith?"

"No."

"THEN it's all right, and I'll just marry Donald, I know"—the timid, shaky little voice went on—"I know it was a terrible, great thing I was asking, Craigros, but, you see, I thought I would be a very good wife for you and us knowing each other so well. I am a very good cook and strong and hardy, and very good with the lambs at lambing-time, and I'm a good shot, for you taught me, and to fish and——"

Suddenly he turned round.

"Be quiet!"

He strode over towards her, his hands clenched in his pockets, his face ravaged and whitened. He stood looking down at her a moment. At the queer, little witch face gazing up at him, at the trembling mouth, at the small, thin hands, clasping and unclasping themselves, and a strange sort of quiver passed over his face. After a moment he spoke in a gentle, husky voice:

"Thank you, Menzie," he said, "for the great honor you have done me. But it is impossible for me——"

He paused.

"Yes, I see now. I am sorry, Keith."

She rose quickly, holding her lips tight to keep them from trembling. Her face was white.

"I will go now."

She picked up her hat and drew it on and slipped on her cloak. Then she turned and smiled a brave smile.

"It was just a little joke, Keith."

He saw the tears were running down her face, though her mouth was smiling. He hesitated a moment, then he stooped, and, putting his hands beneath her arms, lifted her gently on to the table. Then he took out his handkerchief and rubbed her face, and when it was dry he raised it with one hand.

"Why did you do this, Menzie?"

She would not look at him.

"It wass a joke, Keith."

He stood looking at her in silence for a moment, then he drew her very close, and, bending his head, kissed her cheek, pressing his mouth hard, hard against her small face.

"You must not joke with me about such things, Menzie."

Then he lifted her down, and, taking her cold hand in his, said:

"Now I shall take you home, down the hill."

"You are not angry with me," she whispered.

"Yes, I am."

But he smiled at her, and just then Barley, seeing signs of departure, flung himself into the breach and set off with a loud, joyous barking.

. . . . .

Being engaged to Donald was all right at first.

But as the weeks went by she was less sure. Less sure of everything. For one thing, grandfather, very pleased at first, grew sadder again and did not speak so much of Morne. Donald's ideas and his were very different, and there was talk of quarrying Ben-Luss-an-Righ, the hill behind Morne, for slate, talk which sent the old man into a wild fury of passion.

Menzie had to comfort him and try to assure him that Ben-Luss-an-Righ—the hill of the wild thyme—would never be quarried.

The hill-folk, too, seemed to avoid her eyes a little, and she wondered why it was. And then one day she heard some gossip in the kitchen about Donald and some other girl. It was very little she heard, but she got the impression of distrust of Donald among the folk about the place.

THEN Christmas came, and it was all forgotten in the Christmas festivities. Donald spent all Christmas Day with them, and was particularly charming to the old laird and attentive to Menzie. He spoke of their marriage and wished it hurried on, and got Menzie to mention a date early in February, which she did with a brave front, but a secret qualm at her heart.

She did not see much of Keith, who seemed to have retired to his fastness, and, as he was away spending Christmas with his aunt, he did not come to the party.

But Isabella Frazer came. The Frazers lived at Neithen House, at the other side of Ben-Luss-an-Righ, and Isabella and Menzie had been friendly in their schooldays, but latterly Isabella had turned cold and queer. But she came to the party, and was very gay—and very rude to Menzie.

At New Year, however, Donald did not turn up to dinner as he had promised, and her grandfather was very angry and refused to see him when he called the next day, and when Menzie wondered to Mallie in the kitchen why Donald had not come, Mallie tossed her head, and said, "Ochone! Achree!" and "Wass' the day!" and flung her apron over her head and began to cry. But Irish Mallie always was one to howl or laugh at the slightest provocation.

Then, later in January, she heard that Keith's aunt in London had died, and to everybody's surprise left him all her money, and then she heard immediately on top of that something about Isabella Frazer that blanched her cheeks and put Keith out of her head. Passing the milk-house door she head a sentence which made her go to Mallie and demand the truth.

Irish Mallie immediately began her "Ochones!" and "Achrees!" and prepared to throw her apron over her head, but Menzie stopped her.

"Tell me what Lizzie from Strona'an meant," she said.

Mallie told her. It was being whispered that Isabella was in disgrace and that Donald was to blame.

"Sure it is best to be telling you, me darlin', but don't you be believin' aal that you hear. She's a bad wee girl is that one, and they tell me she's been haunting Craigros since it was known the laird had come into money."

"But if it was true about Donald, she wouldn't be doing that."

"That is what I say, me darlin', she's a bad one, that one, and has the evil eye on her and would be putting it on you at the party. Sure and I saw her meself, and that's the truth."

There was no sense to be got out of Mallie, so Menzie went to her old friend Mrs. Cameron at the lodge.

No sooner had she heard Mrs. Cameron's story than she acted. Donald was coming that night, but she would not see him. She would be out. In fact, she would go out at once, for she could not bear to see anyone. It appeared that everyone was talking of Isabella and that Donald was blame.

She sat down and wrote a white-hot letter to him, which she put on a shelf in the hall where he would be bound to see it the moment he came in, and then she went out. She would go and see old Janet Beath at Cluny, who was ill, and she would not get home till after Donald had gone.

To reach Janet's cottage she had to cross over the deer forest of Ben Roid and pass the deer-hut which stood on the shore of Loch Roid, a tiny lochan high up on the plateau. The hut was a small stone cottage kept roughly furnished and with a peat-stack against the outer wall and a few provisions in the cupboard for the use of men who might be stranded when after the deer.

She stayed with Janet till a little after five. Donald was to come at seven, but it would take her more than two hours to get home, and he would have his letter and be gone by the time she reached Morne.

As she came down the hill she noticed in the distance that there was a light in the window of the deer-hut. At first she was astonished and then she remembered that her grandfather had been speaking to Grant about seeing that a good supply of peats was taken indoors before the spring snows came on. No doubt Grant was seeing to the peat. She would go over, and, if he had the dogs, take them home with her for company on the rest of the long walk.

Thinking thus, she crossed the moonlit strip of heather between her and the path, and going up to the cottage looked in at the window.

What she saw seemed to send all the blood in her body coursing back to her heart. Her face blanched to a dead white as she stepped back into the shadows.

It was not Grant who was there. It was Keith and Isabella.

Isabella was lying on the long-saddle and Keith was kneelin' beside it with an arm across her, bending low over her, his face strained and his lips moving.

Keith! She could hardly believe her eyes. Keith and Isabella in the lonely hut—then it was Keith and not Donald who w blame for Isabella's disgrace, and they had thrown dust in everyone's eyes.

Only Mallie had said something about Isabella and Craigros—but Menzie had never listened.

After the first deadening shock a great anger swept through her like a flame. Keith! But Keith was hers. How dared Isabella! How could he, Keith—how could he?

Suddenly she realised that the whole background of her life was tumbling in ruins. That in spite of engagements, in spite of grandfathers, in spite of Donald and of Morne, her life had been centred on Keith. Never had she doubted that Keith would always be there, that Keith would always be hers.

She stood in the shadow, and, coming like a wind from the uttermost places of the world, a sense of emptiness swept over her. The moorland was empty, the world was empty, her heart was empty, too. As waves from the sea the pain of it rushed over her, receded, and rushed over her again, while she stood with drained white face and bewildered eyes looking at the house, but seeing nothing.

SUDDENLY she remembered Donald—Donald and the letter waiting for him in the hall at Morne. He must not read that letter, there were things in it he must never see.

Wildly she turned and rushed past the house. Beside the trees at the loch side she collided with Keith's horse.

The horse! She could be in time if she took the horse. With a gasp of relief she seized the reins, and pulling out the riding-crop, which was pushed into the saddle, prepared to mount and to send the beast galloping down the hillside.

At the same moment the door behind her was flung open and Keith came out.

She turned and saw his face in the moonlight, as blanched and ravaged as her own. He started when he saw her, as if he had got a blow. Then he came forward.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm taking the loan of your horse—I must get home."

"You cannot have the horse."

He bent forward to take the reins, but she jerked them away.

"I must have the horse—I must get home!"

"No, you cannot."

Again he tried to take the reins, and again she jerked them away, pushing him and trying to mount the horse, but he was too quick for her, catching her foot as she swung it to the stirrup.

"Why cannot I have him?"

"Because I need him myself. But I will take you down."

As he spoke he looked back at the door, and in a flash Menzie took advantage of his being momentarily off his guard. She got her foot in the stirrup, swung herself up, and brought the whip down on the horse, who reared up, swinging half-round at the tug of the rein, but as its hoofs came down Keith seized the reins at both sides of the animal's head.

AT that, a wild, fierce flame of anger rushed through Menzie, anger at Keith, anger at Isabella, anger at Fate. She raised his crop and brought it down with all her force across Keith's face raised below her in the moonlight. Again and again she struck at him, bringing the crop down on his face, his shoulders, his head.

Utterly taken by surprise, he had no defence unless he let the horse go, but he kept his hold on the reins till suddenly he put his arm round her, swung her to the ground and pinned her arms to her sides. She struggled like a wild cat.

"Let me go! Let me go! Don't touch me! I hate you and loathe you! Let me go!"

But instead of letting her go he lifted her up, and in two strides crossed with her to the cottage, opened the door, set her down inside, then, turning his white face to her with the great weals across it, he said:

"Go in there and look after Isabella—but I was wishful to save you from knowing."

Then he shut the door and was gone.

She would have rushed out again without looking at Isabella, but something compelled her to turn her eyes towards the long-saddle, and then she stood stock still—staring.

At first she could not understand. Why was the floor dripped over with water, why had Isabella that look—that sort of white and drowned look, her face like a peeled wand—and why was her hair all seeping wet like seaweed just lifted from the sea?

Her eyes became terror-stricken, then filled with awe and grief; she ran forward and knelt down, putting her arms round her one-time friend.

"Isabella, Isabella, what is it?"

But Isabella pushed her off.

"Go away!" she said sullenly.

"Oh, don't say that, Isabella, please! Oh, please, Isabella, let me help you!"

"Go away!"

Isabella would not look at her; she turned her head away, and to all Menzie's offers of friendship, of help, of grief, there came but one answer:

"Go away! Leave me alone!"

"Let me dry your hair, Isabella. I can do it with my petticoat. Do let me, Isabella—please, Isabella. You will catch cold."

But Isabella would have nothing to do with her. Sullenly she pushed her off.

"Go away! Where is Keith?"

"Keith will soon be here; he is just coming."

"And you'll wait till he comes. You must have them all, mustn't you, with your beastly, little witch face? Get out of here! Go away! I don't want you! I hate you!"

"Oh," thought poor Menzie, "we are all hating each other to-night! What is it—what has come to the world?"

And she rose from the floor and stood still, looking into the fire.

Well, she could mend the fire. She went and brought more peats and piled them up, hung the kettle over, and then she turned and asked:

"Are you cold, Isabella? Shall I make you some tea?"

"Shut up and go away!"

Please turn to Homemaker Sec. Page Ten

One Grows Older

One grows older, day by day,
One grows wise and strangely kind
Casting off with wistful fingers
Dreams that youth has failed to find.

Not for thought or want of seeking,
Not for tenderness or fear.
But a creeping sense of languor
Closes yet another year.

One grows thoughtful, more forgiving,
Peace, secure and faintly gay,
As in deeper, gentle wisdom
One grows older, day by day.

—Yvonne Webb.

Barley set off, with a loud, joyous barking.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622937

An Editorial

AUGUST 6, 1938

OUR BACKWARD LIBRARIES

"I AM appalled at the condition of libraries in Australia," said Professor E. A. Ross, Emeritus Professor of Sociology, Wisconsin University, who is now touring here.

His verdict to-day confirms that given three years ago by Ralph Munn, the American expert who was brought here to make a report on our library system.

"In the widespread establishment of free libraries, Australia ranks below most of the other English-speaking countries," Mr. Munn said then.

It is a strange situation, considering that we were one of the first countries to grasp the necessity of free schools.

If people are to be well educated, libraries are just as necessary to them as schools. Yet our governments have always regarded libraries as a luxury, and have treated them in the stingiest manner.

Our only up-to-date libraries are in the capital cities, and even those are financially starved.

One capital, for example, spends £13,000 a year on public libraries; Los Angeles, a much smaller city, spends £250,000 a year. Side by side, the figures are astonishing.

None of the blame for Australia's backwardness in this sphere can be laid on the staffs of the libraries.

Many of them are overworked and have to carry on in crowded, inadequate buildings, but they do a fine job. And they keep the Government reminded of its neglected responsibility.

Nor can you say that our libraries are deficient because we are a nation of non-readers.

The sole reason for our backwardness in the matter is the indifference of governments, State and municipal alike, to a great cultural necessity.

Their indifference is short-sighted, for Australia is a democracy, a nation of people who govern themselves. And if we are to do that properly we must not be an ignorant nation.

—THE EDITOR.

Are Women Soldiers Wanted in Australia?

Defence Minister Tells Why They Should Not Fight

WHILE cables last week told how Englishwomen are enlisting in a giant civil aviation force, to be called on in time of war, Germany pursues an opposite policy, insisting that women run the home, and take no part in active military training.

Winston Churchill, noted British statesman, pointed this out recently, in the following words:

"It is very remarkable that the most virile and militaristic nation at the present time—the Germans—have set their faces like flint against using women as fighters. They hold to the broad human principle that the woman's place is in the home, and that the male protects her. Their arrangements are perfected to give the women plenty to do in making war stores and munitions."

These facts direct public attention to Australia's attitude towards women engaging in military training.

Seeking a definition of official policy on this matter, The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed Harold Victor Thorby, Australian Defence Minister.

National Suicide

"EMPLOYMENT of women in the fighting services in wartime would be economic and national suicide," said Mr. Thorby.

"Do you think women would not be equal to men in wartime?" he was asked.

"I have never said or believed that women and men are unequal at any time," he replied.

"In fact, I believe that in most things women are superior to men; in their loyalty, their courage when adversity imposes the whole family burden on them, their moral and spiritual standards.

"And they are the equal of men in the professions and sciences—even in sport.

"They have the capacity for physical endurance, determination, resourcefulness, remarkable fortitude—all the qualities we expect from men in an emergency."

"Then why don't you let them take their part with men in patriotic service?" was the next question.

"Because it would be senseless waste," he said.

"The first essential, if trouble comes to Australia, is to maintain our services and supplies at normal peak. Without women's co-operation, that would be impossible.

"Mothers who keep the homes going will be performing a service as essential as any soldier's.

MR. H. V. THORBY, the Minister in charge of Australia's defence preparations.

"Don't forget, too, that besides caring for the sick, and the young, and the aged, the nation's food supplies will depend on women.

"Have you ever stopped to think of how much that depends on them even in peace time? Even now they prepare the bulk of our supplies.

"The important part played by the huge army of women clerical workers, shop assistants, and factory employees would become more important.

"They would replace thousands of men who would have to be freed for active service.

"Men can be disturbed in their civil occupations without national disruption.

"If women are to be drafted to the fighting forces services, supplies would cease, and our elaborate defences would count for nothing.

"I certainly do not say that in an emergency all women not engaged in other essential occupations should become nurses.

"But I am at a loss to understand why soldiering or even flying should be considered more useful than a service in which men would be hopeless.

"It seems to me that these women who do not realise how many departments there are in which women are definitely superior to men are deprecating your sex far more than men who believe that women are inferior."

"So actually women would be more important than men?" it was suggested.

Equality of Effort

"IN the long run there would be an equality of effort—and hence a true equality of the sexes," said Mr. Thorby.

"It is no time for sentiment. If the departments in which women are superior could be maintained without them there could be no objection except on traditional grounds for withholding them from the fighting services.

"Critics of the Government should try to strip their criticisms to common-sense facts. They alone will count if we are in trouble.

"I haven't mentioned another department where women are supreme," said Mr. Thorby.

"They should never cease to use their whole influence over the new generation and the opinions of men.

"This is a peaceful nation, and it relies on its women to use all their power in the interests of peace."

In Mr. Thorby's final remark is the attitude of the British Empire in today's unsettled world—Peace, but be prepared to fight for it.

His is the task of directing the huge expenditure of £15,000,000 that Australia has set aside for armaments—a record peace-time sum.

Two new cruisers . . . squadrons of aeroplanes . . . tanks . . . arms . . . those are the bargains he is expected to buy. It is a formidable shopping order.

His attitude of "Be prepared" has governed his life.

As a youth, he took full courses in building construction and architecture, agriculture, wool-classing, veterinary surgery, and scientific farriery (special kind of blacksmith).

He worked for his father, F. J. Thorby, in one of the largest contracting businesses in Australia.

His Home Life

A FEW years ago, when Minister for Agriculture in the Bavin-Buttenshaw Government in N.S.W., he redesigned the department building, saving £108,000 on the cost of construction.

He lives in Sydney with his wife and daughters. At home he can forget temporarily the worries of international politics and war preparations.

His womenfolk here are in the setting in which he would like to see all women—happy—contented—at peace.

As a parting question, Mr. Thorby was asked if he believed woman's only true place was in the home.

Mock indignation from Mrs. Thorby: "If you're going to talk politics, the women in this home have barred it!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622938

L. W. Lower Clears Up a Grisly Crime

Clever bit of baffling exposed one-hand kneeling

I was seated one day at the organ — I mean in my detective office drawing some fingerprints—when the loud baying of the bloodhounds tied to the front door told me I had a visitor.

It was Inspector O'Grady from C.I.D. headquarters.

THE Inspector looked worried.

"Mr. Lower," he said, seating himself, "We're baffled again. We want your assistance, if you will be so good."

"Well, what is it this time?" I sighed.

"Murder, robbery, and arson," he replied, miserably.

"Ha! the Montgomery affair! Very interesting case. No clues?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, I've got a quarter of an hour to spare before lunch. Got a car outside?"

"You'll come!" exclaimed the Inspector, trembling with excitement. "Oh, goody, goody!"

I calmed him and after locking the office departed for the scene of the crime.

It was an old brown stone mansion set in its own grounds, and as the butler opened the door a feeling of nausea swept over me. I'm psychic.

"Where's the body?" I said to the butler.

"In the study, sir. This way."

We followed him to the study, where poor old Montgomery lay on the carpet in a pool of blood.

"Where's the weapon?" I said tensely.

"There is no weapon," said the Inspector.

"Hmm," I hmm'ed, and knelt down to examine the body.

"That's strange," I said after a while. "No wonder you couldn't find the weapon. He's been stabbed with an icicle and it melted. Very ingenious."

"Marvellous!" gasped the Inspector.

"Phooey!" I replied. "Elementary. This is an inside job. Is there a cocaine addict in this house?" I asked, turning to the butler.

"Well, sir, we strongly suspect poor Mr. Montgomery's grandmother of giving the gin a bit of a clout occasionally, but it might be cocaine."

"Send her to me," I rasped.

Third Degree

THE old lady tottered into the room, quacking loudly.

"What makes her quack like that?" I asked the butler.

"Someone told her in her early youth that she was his ducky-wucky, sir. She's been like that ever since."

"Do you think you can stop quacking long enough to answer a few simple questions?" I asked her.

"Too right!" said the old lady. "I'm the best question answerer about these parts. Quack!"

"Where were you when your grandson was bumped off?" I asked kindly.

"If you can tell me the precise moment when the murderer put the skids under him, I can tell you where I was. You don't expect me to give you a ball-to-ball description of my activities, do you?"

I glared at her.

"You can screw that stuff down," I said sternly. "Don't get flippant with me or I'll give you a belt in the teeth."

"What a man!" she sighed. "I think I could learn to adore you, you ruthless brute. Quack!"

"Take her away!" I gritted.

The next to be interviewed was the housekeeper.

"Have you noticed if Mr. Montgomery has been behaving strangely of late?" I asked.

"He's been muttering a lot lately, sir. Something about the walls."

"I thought so," I muttered softly. "Inspector, look at the wallpaper in this room. Does it mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing," he replied.

I went over to one of the walls and licked it.

"Arsenic," I muttered.

"How long has this paper been up?"

"A week, sir."

"Was the deceased ever in Greenland?"

"Yes, sir. That's where he made his fortune."

"Thank you, you may go."

Problem Solved

"WELL," I said, turning to the Inspector, "that's that. Arrest the butler."

"Why?" said the Inspector.

"Why not?" I parried. "You've got to arrest somebody, haven't you?"

"Man, you're a genius!"

The butler was hanged some few weeks later. He protested his innocence right to the last.

I was not surprised at this.

Old Mrs. Montgomery had told me in secret that her son had impaled himself on an icicle when he fell into the refrigerator while endeavoring to get a bottle of sherry.

To save the family honor she kept silent.

The arsenic on the wallpaper was to keep the flies off.

As for the arson and burglary, she had done that herself just to make it harder.

Anyhow, he was a rotten butler.

"Arrest the butler," ordered Detective Lower, ". . . you've got to arrest somebody."

. . . By . . .

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

How can you SLIM safely in Winter

HOW to keep slim during the Winter, with very little outdoor exercise and with rich, fat-forming Winter foods, is a problem most of us have to face. Solve it surely and safely by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and make sure of having a lovely, slender figure when Spring comes.

"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hips measurement by four inches, and so greatly improved my figure that now standard dresses and coats fit perfectly. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin, more energy, and made me ever so fit."

Miss A. Doue.

"I owe my slim figure, clear complexion and youthful appearance to taking Bile Beans regularly. I now enjoy such splendid health that I am able to get full pleasure out of life."

Miss M. C. Windrim.

BILE BEANS

BANISH WINTER OVERWEIGHT

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE . . .

No girl who offends with underarm odour succeeds in her job — or with men . . .

A new job — new friends — new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good — but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odour was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted — the job that *might* have led to love. It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love —ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! A bath only takes care of odour that's *past*—but Mum prevents odour *to come!*

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odour*. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odour can ever win out with men.

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM

At all chemists and better-class stores. Price, 1/6; double size, 2/6.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622939

MORE ENJOYMENT

Because Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate is so very good to eat its value as a food is sometimes overlooked. Combined with the goodness of all the fresh full-cream milk in Cadbury's "Dairy Milk" is the great nourishment of the chocolate itself. That's why, when you happen to feel hungry between meals, there is nothing more delicious or better for you than Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.

"You can taste the cream"

½ lb. blocks, 1/4d., ¼ lb. blocks, 8d. and 3d., 6d., 1/- tablets

EAT MORE MILK IN Cadbury's DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE

D7.228

REMEMBER TO TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

"Worth a Guinea a Box"

for CONSTIPATION
BILIOUSNESS
SICK HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
SLUGGISHNESS

Dirt Cheap

Continued from Page 7

"WELL look into that, Mr. Egg. Don't you worry," said Inspector Monk, imperturbably. "Let me see, haven't I heard your name before? Ever meet a friend of mine called Ramage?"

"Inspector Ramage of Ditchley? Why, yes. There was a little problem about a garage clock."

"That's right. He said you were a smart chap."

"Much obliged to him, I'm sure."

"So for the moment we'll accept your evidence and see where that gets us. Now, this clock here. Was it accurate, do you suppose?"

"Well, I heard it strike again this morning, and it was right then by my watch. At least," said Monty, as some obscure doubt fluttered uneasily into the back of his mind and fluttered elusively away again. "I think it was the same clock. It had the same note—deep and quick and what you might call humming. Rather a pretty strike."

"H'm," said the Inspector. "We'd better check that up. May have been wrong last night and right again this morning. We'll take a turn round the house and see if we can identify it. Ruggles, make Mr. Bates understand that nobody must leave the place, and tell him we'll be as quick as we can. Now, Mr. Egg."

There were only six striking clocks in the Griffin. The grandfather on the stairs was promptly eliminated; his voice was thin and high and quavering, like the voice of the very old gentleman that he was. The garage-clock, too, had quite the wrong kind of strike, while the clock in the coffee-room and the ugly bronze monster in the drawing-room were both inaudible from Monty's room, and the clock in the bar was a cuckoo clock. But when they came to the kitchen, just beneath Monty's bedroom, Monty said at once:

"That looks like it."

It was an old American eight-day wall-clock, in a rosewood veneer case, with a painted dial and the picture of a beehive on its glass door.

"I know the kind," said Monty. "It strikes on a coiled spring and gives just that sort of rich, humming tone, like a church-bell, but much quicker."

The Inspector opened the clock and peered inside.

"Quite right," he said. "Now let's check him up. Twenty minutes to nine. Correct. Now, you go upstairs and I'll push the hands on to nine o'clock, and you tell us if that's what you heard."

In his bedroom, with the door shut, Monty listened again to that deep, quick, vibratory note. He hurried downstairs.

"It's exactly like it, as far as I can tell."

"Good. Then, if the clock hasn't been tampered with, we've got our time settled."

IT proved unexpectedly easy to show that the clock had been right at midnight.

The cook had set it by the Town Hall clock, just before going up to bed at eleven. She had then locked the kitchen door and taken away the key, as she always did, "Otherwise that there Boots would be down at all hours, sneaking food from the larder." And the Boots—an unwholesome-looking lad of sixteen—had reluctantly confirmed this statement by admitting that he had tried the kitchen door half an hour later and found it securely fastened. There was no other access to the kitchen, except by the back door and windows—all bolted on the inside.

"Very well," said the Inspector. "Now we can look into all these people's alibis. And in the meantime, Ruggles, you'd better have a good hunt for Pringle's sample-case. We know he took it to bed with him," he added, turning to Monty, whom he seemed disposed to confide in, "because the barman saw him. And it can't have been taken out of the hotel before the body was discovered, because all the outside doors were locked and the keys removed—we've verified that—and nobody went out after they were opened except your friend Waters, and on your showing he's not the murderer. Unless, of course, he's an accomplice."

"Not Waters," said Mr. Egg, stoutly. "Honest as the day, is old Waters. Won't even wangle his expense-sheet. 'Account with rigid honesty for £ and s and even d.' Waters' pet passage from 'The Salesman's Handbook.'"

"Very good," replied the Inspector; "but where's that case?"

The management and staff of the Griffin being all examined and satisfactorily accounted for, Inspector Monk turned his attention to the guests. After the memorable dinner of mackerel and pork, Mr. Egg, Mr. Waters and two other commercial gentlemen named Loveday and Turnbull had played bridge till half-past ten, when Mr. Egg and Mr. Waters had retired. The other two had then gone down to the bar till it closed at eleven, after which they had gone up to Mr. Loveday's room on the other side of the house. Here they had chatted till half-past twelve and had then separated. At one o'clock Mr. Loveday had gone in to borrow a dose of fruit salts from Mr. Turnbull, who travelled in that commodity. They thus provided alibis for one another, and there seemed to be no reason to disbelieve them.

Then came an elderly lady called Mrs. Flack, who was obviously incapable of strangling a large man single-handed. Her room was on the main landing, and she slept undisturbed till about half-past twelve, when somebody came past her door and turned on the water in the bathroom. At a little before one, this inconsiderate person had returned to his room. Otherwise she had heard nothing.

The only other guest, besides Waters and Pringle himself, was a person who had arrived with Mr. Pringle in the latter's car and said that he was a "photographic agent," answering to the name of Alistair Cobb. Inspector Monk did not like the look of him, but he was important, having spent a good part of the evening with the murdered man.

"Get it out of your heads," said Mr. Cobb, sleeking his hair, "that I know anything much about Pringle. Never set eyes on him till seven o'clock last night. I'd missed the bus (literally, I mean) from Tadworthy—you know it, little one-horse place about four miles out—and there wasn't another till nine. So I was starting out to leg it with my suitcase when Pringle came by and offered me a lift. Said he often gave people lifts. Companionable chap. Didn't like driving alone."

MR. EGG (who was present at the interview, a privilege no doubt attributable to Inspector Ramage's favorable opinion of him) shuddered at this rash behaviour on the part of a traveller in jewellery, and was disagreeably reminded of the late Mr. Rouse, of burning-car celebrity.

"He was a decent old geezer," went on Mr. Cobb, reminiscently. "Quite a gay old lad. He brought me along here——"

"You had business in Cuttlesbury?"

"Sure thing. Photographs, you know. Enlarge Dad and Mother's wedding-group free. With gilt frame, twenty-five shillings. Dirt cheap. You know the game."

"I do," replied the Inspector, with an emphasis that made it clear that he thought the game a very doubtful one.

"Just so," said Mr. Cobb with a wink. "Well, we had dinner— and a dashed bad dinner too. Then we had a bit of a yarn in the bar-parlor. Bates and the barman saw us there. Then Bates went off to play billiards with some young fellow who dropped in, and we sat on till just about eleven. Then Pringle barged off—said he wasn't feeling the thing, and I'm not surprised. That mackerel——"

"Never mind the mackerel now," said Monk. "The barman says you and Pringle had a final drink at five to eleven, and then Pringle went off to bed, taking his bag with him. Did you go straight to the billiard-room at that point?"

"Yes, right away. We played——"

"Just a minute. Bates says you made a phone call first."

"So I did. At least, I went up first and found Bates and the other chap just finishing their game. So I said I'd make my call and then take Bates on. You can check the call for the time. I made it to the Bull at Tadworthy. I'd left a pair of gloves in the bar. A man answered me and said he'd found them and would send them on."

The Inspector made a note.

"And how long did you play billiards?"

"Till round about a quarter-past twelve. Then Bates said he'd had enough, as he had to get up early, so we drank the drinks I'd won off him, and I pushed up to bed."

Please turn to Page 14

TEST A LIPSTICK *these two ways!*

1. A *good* lipstick does not give a chapped appearance, nor does it flake on the lips. A good lipstick spreads evenly without the aid of fingertips. MICHEL is a good lipstick.

2. A good lipstick gives a feeling of freshness to the lips. If your lips feel dry during the day, if you are moistening them with your tongue — beware! . . . the lipstick you're using is ageing your lips, robbing them of youth. Michel keeps lips soft by keeping them fresh.

Michel

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES
Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Capucine : Raspberry : Scarlet
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

NEW EASY WAY to CLEAN FALSE TEETH No Brushing

Tested and Approved by over 10,000 Dentists

Just shake a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of warm water. Stir well. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean — clean where the brush can't reach.

'Steradent' cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. 'Steradent' is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "*I find 'Steradent' is the best denture cleaner and stain remover I have ever tried,*" writes a dentist. "*The results obtained from using 'Steradent' are astounding,*" writes another leading practitioner.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 3515 SS, G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Steradent

LOSE YOUR FAT THIS EASY WAY

"Ugly fat was spoiling my figure, and I began to look older than my husband. Even my housework became a trouble. Now in six weeks I've reduced 1 stone 5lb., and never felt so well. I am delighted with the improvement Youth-o-form has made in me."

Youth-o-form is safe, effective, permanent. Simple to take, it quickly banishes Excess fat, Indigestion, Headaches.

Full 6 weeks' treatment 35/-. 30 days Carton 5/6.

Get genuine Youth-o-form at any Chemist.

YOUTH-O-FORM

New Comfort for Those Who Wear FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. PASTEETH, a new, greatly improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Deodorises. Get PASTEETH today at any good chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

EXPLORER: From the Chinese frontier we pushed into Tibet.
FLAPPER: We used to have a car like that, too!

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Just look at all the dirt you've tracked in here."

"I left my husband on the best of terms—£5/10/- a week."

"Can you understand a woman talking scandal about her dearest friend?"
"Not unless she were stuck for something to say."

DISCARD YOUR GLASSES

You can regain normal sight with

EYE CULTURE

The continued success which attends EYE CULTURE is bringing the greatest happiness to countless people, young and old, whose visions were failing or impaired.

Until recent years it was thought that glasses were inevitable for defective vision, but after years of research and experiment, Science has come to the rescue with EYE CULTURE, which enables those who have previously worn glasses for sight correction to discard them forever.

Nature never meant that our eyes should wear those artificial aids . . . glasses . . . such after all are only eye crutches.

EYE CULTURE was developed from a fuller and more complete understanding of the structure of the human eye and the use of minute muscles which are continually regulating its focus and functioning every minute of the working day. It has been found that in weak, defective, near and long sight, those muscles are strained, congested, and have lost their tensity, no longer adjusting the eye to see clearly at all the varying distances it requires.

When these muscles are induced to work again, sight becomes normal and objects at any distance are seen with the greatest clearness.

Just as physical culture and exercises build up the body muscles, so does EYE CULTURE tone and build up these long-neglected muscles which control the sight. By the use of glasses, the condition is aggravated and the eyes steadily become weaker—the proof of this being that every now and then it is necessary to get glasses which are stronger. As you progress with EYE CULTURE the process is reversed, the eye muscles strengthen, the vision improves, and you soon find you can see better without glasses.

If your eyes become tired and ache whilst reading, driving a car, or at the pictures; if your head aches, your vision is blurred, or your sight is affected in any way, consult us immediately — we can help you with Eye Culture, and at very little cost.

FREE CONSULTATION.

FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR SIGHT, CALL AND SEE US, OR IF UNABLE, SEND A 2d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, DESCRIBING YOUR EYE TROUBLE, TO Eye Culture, No. 1 St. James Building, 197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

EYE CULTURE

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"HAVE you done everything you can to make your husband see reason?"

"I should think I have. There isn't a single plate or dish left in the house!"

FIRST GOLFER: What's your handicap, old man?

Second Golfer: Sshh! There she is coming into the clubhouse.

"THAT beautiful woman over there has been waiting to meet you all the evening."

"I know, but I must refuse."

"I think you owe her an apology."

"No; I owe her alimony."

SHE: I have been in the Lost Property Office for 20 years and intend to stay there!

He: Yes, miss, I don't think anybody will claim you now.

"HOW would the little boy like a game of ludo?" asked the shopwalker with an eye to business.

"Oh, he'd be delighted, if it's not taking up too much of your time," replied the customer, beaming.

"NORA, you've left your finger-prints on nearly every plate."

"Well, ma'am, it shows I ain't got a guilty conscience, anyway."

"YOU have a nice collection of books, but you should have more shelves."

"I know, but nobody seems to lend me shelves."

Put an End To Those

CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES

With The Aid Of

Zam-Buk

ARE you subject to annoying chilblains every time there's a return of cold weather? It's not only the pain and discomfort you have to contend with but there's always a danger of chilblains breaking and becoming septic.

You can be free from chilblains all Winter if you follow this easy treatment. Just give your feet—and your hands, too—a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. This restores circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

and where the skin is broken gives complete antiseptic protection. If your feet are aching or tired, or you have hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus, with Zam-Buk's aid, corns are softened and easily removed, aching joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened and real foot comfort is assured.

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. Of all chemists & stores

"The chilblains on my feet were swollen and extremely painful. I was persuaded to use Zam-Buk Ointment, which brought great ease, reduced the swelling and completely removed the annoying chilblains."—Miss G. M.

"As a health visitor I'm on my feet a lot during the day. I find Zam-Buk very reliable for keeping my feet easy and comfortable. My father, too, answers sound feet by using Zam-Buk."—Sister E. S.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622941

Modern Mothers

Rub Away Colds

..WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—*rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.*

NEXT—*rub VapoRub briskly* on the back, *between and below the shoulder-blades.*

THEN—*to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.*

IT takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage. It is so safe, too, for there is nothing to swallow, and so nothing to upset a child's delicate digestion just when all his strength is needed to fight off the cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest.

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

For Grown-Ups, Too

You never grow too big to welcome the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours. No wonder, then, that VapoRub has become the preferred treatment, in 71 different countries, for all the colds in the family. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

Ideal for Children's Colds — VICKS VAPORUB — ...Just as Good for Grown-Ups

Dirt Cheap

Continued from Page 12

THE Inspector nodded. This confirmed the landlord's evidence.

"My room's on the main landing," went on Mr. Cobb. "No, not the side near the corridor where the disturbance was—the other side. But I went across and had a bath; the bathroom's near the steps that go down to the corridor. It would be about ten to one when I got back. All quiet then on the Western Front!"

"What did you and Pringle talk about downstairs?"

"Oh, this and that," replied Mr. Cobb, easily. "We got swapping yarns and so on. Have a fag, Inspector?"

"No, thanks. Did Pringle happen to mention—Yes, Ruggles, what is it? Excuse me one moment, gentlemen."

He stepped to the door for a word with the sergeant, returning in a minute or two with a card in his hand.

"I suppose your photographic supplies don't include this kind of thing, Mr. Cobb?"

Mr. Cobb blew out a long cloud of smoke with a whistling noise.

"No," said he, "no-ho! Where d'you get this pretty thing from?"

"Ever seen it before?"

Mr. Cobb hesitated. "Well, since you ask me, yes. The late lamented Pringle showed it to me last night. Wouldn't have said anything if you hadn't asked me. Speak no ill of the dead and so on. But he was a bit up and coming, was Pringle."

"Sure it was the same one?"

"Looks like it. Same pretty lady—same pretty pose, anyhow."

"Where did he carry it?" asked the Inspector, taking the photograph back and attaching it to his notes with a paper-clip—but not before Mr. Egg had snatched a glimpse of it and been suitably shocked.

"In his breast-pocket," replied Mr. Cobb, after a moment's thought.

"I see. Pringle told you what his job was, I suppose. Did he happen to say anything about taking precautions against thieves, or anything of that sort?"

"He did mention that he had valuable stuff in his bag and always locked his bedroom door," returned Mr. Cobb, with an air of great frankness. "Not that I asked him. No affair of mine what he did."

"Quite so. Well, Mr. Cobb, I don't think I need trouble you further at present, but I'd be obliged if you'd stay in the hotel till I've seen you again. Sorry to inconvenience you."

"Not at all," said the obliging Mr. Cobb. "It's all the same to me." He sauntered out, smiling pleasantly.

"PAH!" said Inspector Monk. "There's a nasty piece of work for you. Cheap dirt. And a liar, too. You saw that photo? Well, that hadn't been carried around in a breast-pocket. Edges quite sharp. Fresh out of its envelope, from the look of it. Don't mind betting you'd find the rest of the series in that fellow's suitcase."

"Where was this one found?"

"Under Pringle's bed. If Cobb hadn't got an alibi—but I'm pretty sure Bates is telling the truth, and as a matter of fact, the cook's window looks on to the billiard-room window and she saw them playing there till 12.15. Unless they're all in together, which isn't likely. And still no sign of Pringle's bag. But we can't get over the evidence of that clock. You're sure it struck twelve?"

"Absolutely. I couldn't mistake one or two strokes for twelve."

"No, of course not." the Inspector drummed on the table and stared into vacancy. Monty took this for a dismissal. He went back into his own bedroom. The bed had not yet been made, the slatternly routine of the Griffin having been reduced to complete chaos by the catastrophe. He threw himself into a broken-springed armchair, lit a cigarette and meditated.

He had been brooding for ten minutes or so when he heard the town clock chime the quarters and strike eleven. Mechanically he waited, expecting to hear the answering melodious strike of the kitchen clock, but nothing came. Then he remembered that Monk had set the hands twenty minutes forward that morning, so that it must have struck some time since. And then he bounded to his feet with a loud exclamation.

"Heavens! What a fool I am! This morning at seven the town clock struck first, and the kitchen clock immediately after. But last night I never heard the town clock strike at all. The kitchen clock must have been altered somehow or other. Unless—unless—unless, by gosh! I wonder if that could be it. Yes, yes, it's possible. Just before that clock struck twelve, Waters stopped snoring."

He ran from the room and plunged hastily into No. 8. Like his own room, it did not appear to have been dusted for weeks. And on the night-table by Waters' bed, which stood close against the thin partition between the two rooms, there was a mark in the dust, as though some object measuring about three inches by three and a half had stood there during the night.

Mr. Egg darted out of the room and along the corridor. He fell up the two ill-lighted steps with a curse, turned the corner and burst into the bathroom. Its window looked out upon a narrow side-street, communicating at one end with the main road and at the other with a lane that ran between warehouses. Rushing downstairs, Mr. Egg caught Inspector Monk just emerging from the coffee-room.

"Hold Cobb!" panted Mr. Egg. "I believe I've bust his alibi. Where's Waters gone to? I want to put a call through to him. Quick!"

"Waters said he was catching a train to Sawcaster," said Monk, rather astonished.

"Then," said Monty, calling upon his professional knowledge, "he'll put up at the Ring o' Bells, and he'll visit Hunter's, Merriman's and Hackett & Brown's. We'll get him at one place or the other."

AFTER a hectic half-hour at the telephone, he ran his quarry to earth at one of Sawcaster's leading confectionery establishments.

"Waters," gasped Monty urgently, "I want you to answer some questions, old man, and you can ask me why afterwards. Never mind how silly they sound. Do you carry a travelling-clock? You do? What's it like? Old-fashioned repeater? Yes? About three inches square—squarish? Yes? Stood on your bed-table last night? Does it strike on a coiled spring? It does? Thank heaven for that! Deep, quick, soft note like a church bell? Yes, yes, yes! Now, old boy, think hard. Did you wake up last night and strike that repeater? You did? You're sure? Good man! At what time? It struck twelve? What time does that mean? Any time between twelve and one o'clock? Then for Heaven's sake, Waters, take the next train back to Cuttlesbury, because your dashed clock has nearly made you and me accomplices in a murder. Yes, MURDER . . . Hold on a moment, Inspector Monk wants to speak to you."

"Well," said the Inspector, as he replaced the receiver, "your evidence might have landed us in a nice pickle, mightn't it? It's a good job you had that brain-wave. Now we'll go through Mr. Dirty Cobb's luggage and see if he's got any more photographs. I suppose he took 'em along to show Pringle."

"That's it. I couldn't understand how the murderer got into the room. Naturally Pringle would lock his door. But of course he'd left it open for Cobb, who'd promised to slip along later and show him something to make his hair curl—'on the strict q.t.' and all that. It must have given Cobb a shock when Pringle yelled and I knocked at the door. But he was all there, I will say that for him. He's probably a first-class salesman in his own rotten line. 'Don't let a sudden question rout you, but always keep your wits about you,' as it says in the Handbook."

"But look here," said the Inspector, "what did he do with Pringle's bag?"

"Dropped it out of the bathroom window to the accomplice he had summoned by phone from Tadworthy. Why, dash it all!" cried Monty, wiping his forehead, "I heard the car go by, just after that confounded clock struck twelve."

(Copyright.)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

NURSE'S ADVICE SAVES MOTHER FROM NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

If you had known Mrs. R. a month ago and were to see her again as she is to-day—you would not recognise her as the same woman. A nervous wreck has become a bright happy woman, energetic, with a good appetite, good colour, steady nerves, and the ability to enjoy life to the full. Yet a month ago she was on the brink of a breakdown.

Mrs. R. worried so—about her home, her children, her husband and her friends. She magnified trivial incidents into important events, and her life and the lives of those around her were made absolutely miserable.

Her health suffered. She could not sleep, would not eat, and her good looks began to desert her. Then, one day, she poured out her troubles to the nurse, who instantly realised that Mrs. R. was heading for a breakdown. "What you're going to take," she told her, "is Wincarnis. It's the very thing you need for your nerves and body—beef extract to nourish you, vitamin malt to give you energy, and the sunshine benefits of fine old national wine."

From the first sip Mrs. R. felt better, and the way Wincarnis brought her back to health, she described as "miraculous." If you are nervous, anaemic, run-down or convalescent, Wincarnis will do the same for you. See you get Wincarnis, not some cheap inferior product.

YOU CAN DEVELOP A PERFECT BUST

Delightful firm, rounded breasts are quickly developed with Tonic Mamogen. Alluring hollow beauty takes the place of shapeless flabby busts.

Mamogen will give you a lovely figure—graceful lines—charm! You can make your bust perfect by massaging each breast with Mamogen at night time.

Delightful and simple to apply. Mamogen requires no special preparation. Just send 5/6 postal note to British Medical Laboratories, 40 Clarence Street, Sydney, and your supply of Mamogen will reach you by return mail, post free.***

Backache, Getting Up Nights Caused by Kidney Poisons

The underlying cause of much ill health and most Kidney and Bladder disorders is irritating poisons which develop in the body, so it's no wonder that most every one may suffer from the danger of poisons in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System. These irritating poisons cause a generally rundown condition and many dangerous symptoms, such as: Backache, Getting up Nights, Uric Acid, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry Musty Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Helps Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have a new twin-tablet treatment called **Cystex**, which is a doctor's prescription. **Cystex** acts in 3 positive ways to overcome the cause of your trouble: 1. It kills the germs in the Kidney and Bladder. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It removes Uric Acid and other Poisons from the Kidneys and Bladder.

No matter how long you have suffered or how many medicines you have tried, you must remember that you cannot expect to get the satisfactory result you desire until you attack your troubles and the underlying causes in these 3 ways with the doctor's prescription **Cystex**.

Persons in Your Kidneys Make You Old Before Your Time.

Millions Praise Cystex

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used **Cystex**. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. George Lowe, 11 Plant St., Balgowlah, Sydney, recently wrote: "My joints were stiff, I was dizzy, had no appetite and couldn't sleep. Tried many medicines and no relief. I got **Cystex** and it's 10 x 10 by friends said I looked 10 years younger. I eat well and sleep the clock around. **Cystex** is worth its weight in gold." And Mr. Arthur Bridge, 141 Butler-field St., Hocton, Brisbane, wrote: "I was a great sufferer from burning and smarting urination, with frequent getting up at night, aching joints and nervousness. I took two bottles of **Cystex** with wonderful results." And Mrs. May Rother, 165 Esplanade West, Port Melbourne, Vic., wrote: "I had a bad attack of Kidney Trouble, my hands and arms were covered with itching rash, and I could not get any rest at night. I tried no end of medicine and got no ease. After 3 doses of **Cystex** I got relief and since using two bottles I am as well as ever again."

Stop Getting Up Nights . . Sleep Soundly . . Feel Years Younger

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting **Cystex** to the test. Simply get **Cystex** from your chemist under the written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and safety in every way, or you simply return the empty package, and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get **Cystex** from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

No More Piles

Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Commonsense Remedy.

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid.

This doctor's treatment is internal. By experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of piles and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so that there will be no doubting or delay, all chemists are authorized to sell Vaculoid with guarantee that it will do as stated or money back.

On that honourable basis every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid to-day.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622942

FASHION PORTFOLIO

LIVELY PRINTS

SURREALISM, which captured and held the fashion spotlight in prints last season, has a stronger influence on millinery than on dress this spring. Hat styles encourage the fantastic and there's no end to the season's "mad hatter" notions.

But with this hat orgy prints have become more conservative in design. Realistic designs in florals and comparatively smaller geometrical, striped, barred, and all-over patterns are the prime favorites.

Five attractive prints are shown in the photographs reproduced on this page. They vary widely, but each is charming, and each has a liveliness of design and coloring which gives them freshness and vitality.

- A GAY DESIGN of leaves in green and yellow tonings is used for the frock at the top left. Its fitted waistline sweeps to a peak in front. Fancy ruching finishes the high neckline.
- ABOVE is a marina-blue silk, printed with a blue-bell design. The skirt is pleated, and narrow pleating edges the jacket and pockets.
- OF THE ATTRACTIVE pair at the left, one has chosen a horizontally-striped silk patterned in tiny animals. It is in two shades of green, with a third deeper shade of green for the redingote effect. The other lass is smart in a geometrical white pattern on a navy-blue ground. Scarlet sash.
- THE NEXT FROCK is printed in an all-over design in red and green, with red and green pipings.

—Air Mail photos.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622943

Spring Goes to the Head

● BLONDE curls are caught in a snood of heavy navy cord.

● ON A SMALL bonnet brim is posed one of the biggest bows imaginable. The hat is white straw and the bow blood-red velvet.

● WHITE piqué with pointed ends on a violet top makes a very smart pillbox.

● GREEN straw models this hat with a very forward movement.

● A Watteau sailor in red toyo edged with black patent and a shiny black coarse veil knotted high at the back.

● AN outsize in heart-shaped halos. Soft blue summer felt with fuchsia velvet bandeau and bow.

● CLOCHE of natural straw rough as a picnic basket. A deep red rose and moss-green velvet make trimming.

● WHITE Milan straw, turned abruptly back from the face, is banded in brilliant blue velvet with a trailing knotted coarse veil in red and green.

Hats are the Dictators . . . of the New Season

RECIPE FOR SPRING CHIC: First catch your hat. Then get a frock which is a perfect foil for it. Whimsical, historical, daring and picturesque, hats are so varied in style and beauty that frocks simply have to play second fiddle to them.

The elaborate creations of the millinery houses demand the most suave simplicity in frocking. Hats offer you a thousand ways to express your individuality. But you must be wary in your selection. The wrong frock will wreck your hat. So, when you pick your hat have your frock in your mind's eye . . .

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622944

SWINGING BACK to CRINOLINE DAYS

Young Spring Dances In, In A Wide, Wide Skirt

• SHEER pale gold lame makes this lovely frock. Its brief, draped bodice is outlined with green velvet ribbon. Violet flowers are worn over green velvet round the waist. The skirt falls heavily in many full flares.

• ISN'T THIS the loveliest crinoline dress? Of soft, icy-blue chiffon, with a hidge skirt frilled and shirred. Frilled shirring outlines the neckline. Outsize posies of red roses are worn in the bodice and hair.

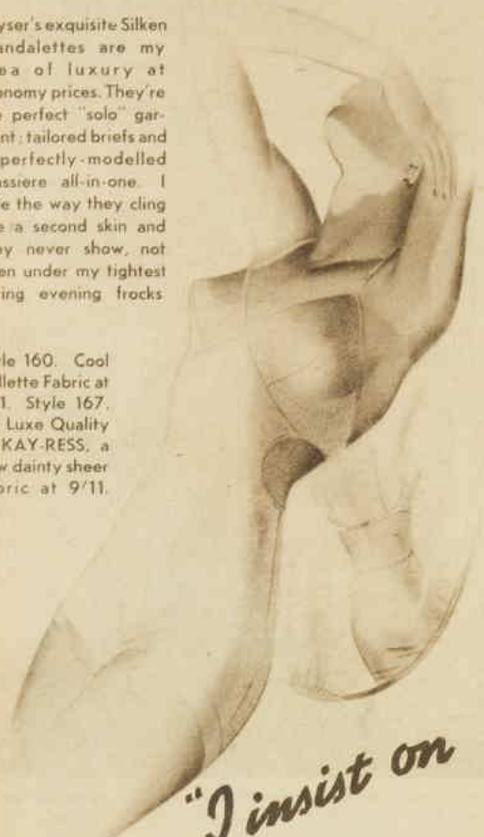
• STIFF taffeta with a definite old-world line fashions this dress. The fichu is of white lace, and rows of white lace emphasise the hemline.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622945

"I'm a One-Brand woman, now —

Kayser's exquisite Silken Scandalettes are my idea of luxury at economy prices. They're the perfect "solo" garment: tailored briefs and a perfectly-modelled brassiere all-in-one. I love the way they cling like a second skin and they never show, not even under my tightest fitting evening frocks.

Style 160. Cool Dullette Fabric at 7/11. Style 167, De Luxe Quality in KAY-RESS, a new dainty sheer fabric at 9/11.



"I insist on KAYSER"

LINGERIE · PURE SILK HOSIERY · GLOVES

GROWING UP . . .

Mothers Are Pickin' Cotton

● "CLEVERLY-CUT cottons are dear to the hearts of all mothers of young daughters. The overall at the top is a Jamur model of oatmeal crash amusingly embroidered with Noah's Ark animals.

● NEXT at the top is a sturdy Hayles' gingham in blue checks with white pique trimmings.

● FOR the teens age is the striped linen in the second row.

● THE CHARMING house coat is of a thick cotton material designed by Horrockses.

● AND DAINTY blue-and-white checked sheer makes the pretty suit at the right. The blouse is shirred at the sides. White collar and cuffs.

"The vest opening down the front is a splendid idea"

—*says Important Baby Clinic.*

The Clinics helped us design this "Nevabind" vest. The "Nevabind" opens right down the front so that you don't have to struggle getting it over baby's head. The sleeves are cut like this, without underseams, so tender little skins won't chafe . . . and each vest is finished with a convenient little projecting tab onto which you can pin the nappy, preventing any uncomfortable lifting of the vest itself.

Bond's

"NEVABIND"

Shirts for babies

Silk-and-Wool. Short Sleeves. All Infants' sizes, 2/11 . . . Silk-and-Cotton, 2/6. Also Short Sleeves, 1/11. Sold by all leading Infants' Clothing Stores.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622946

WHAT FASHION IS GIVING US FOR SPRING

Simple Day Clothes, Witty Hats, and Romantic Evening Dresses

By ALICE JACKSON

By day we go abroad, trimly tailored, our skirts a little shorter than they were last year; our shoulders slightly more emphasised; our trimmings more important. Spring has brought no great alteration in the line, which is still simple, though subtle.

But at night, ghosts walk. Ghosts of great ladies in panniered or crinolined splendor. Not because they were miserly of costly material did they leave those lovely shoulders so bare!

Puzzled ghosts. Where are the escorts of all these gloriously-gowned women? Not those men in dreary black-and-white uniforms! Fie on you, modern sirs, what have you done with your lace-ruffled knee-breeches, your mulberry velvet coats, and all the other appurtenances of a gentleman of fashion!

"FIE ON YOU, modern sir!" says the puzzled ghost of the nineteenth-century lady. "Why are you not clad in mulberry velvet coat and lace-ruffled knee breeches to escort this lady of fashion?"

TO these evening dresses must go the largest of spring's fashion laurel leaves. Extravagant, spectacular, enchanting, they are the fashion romance of our age.

For several seasons dress designers have been rummaging the attics of the past for inspiration, and their filchings have been frequent and open. But this complete turning back of the clock comes as a surprise in this day of surrealism.

From the most famous dress creators come these dresses with a past.

Molyneux is making hooped skirts, Chanel is boning bodices in the corset-style in her shirred chiffon fineries. Lelong is putting a silk corset on the outside of evening gowns, Ardanse is making dreamy, old-world gowns of lace. Lanvin, Vionnet are all in the period plot.

Fichus, bows, ruffles, flowers, lace, embroidery, ribbons—all have come back with the romantic frock.

In spite of their spectacular and sentimental appeal, these bouffant period frocks have a rival in the moulded evening dress which keeps its line slick and slim.

It, too, shows the period influence in its emphasis of the bustline and its insistence on draping. It is pre-eminently the gown for informal evening wear.

JUST as the period trend is the highlight of the evening mode, so the baroque is the most notable influence of day wear. This is not surprising, for the desire for whimsical ornamentation which is characteristic baroque fits in well with the "period" revival.

Cables tell us that, in choosing her Paris wardrobe, Her Majesty favored the baroque trend, so it is assured of world-wide support.

Used with restraint, it can be truly beautifying. If it gets the upper hand, however, it can be quite disastrous.

Airliners are bringing fortnight-old photographs which show many beautiful examples of the baroque influence. One Paris tailored suit in cream by Jean Farell is charmingly scrolled with black leather. Another of black crepe by Louise Bourbon makes clever ornamental use of white embroidery.

So marked is this baroque trend that some French fashion experts declare that out of the present welter of "baroque variety" will come a mode that can definitely be labelled "Baroque 1938."

Another fashion trend favored by Queen Elizabeth is the new salient shoulder line. This is a very restrained version of the exaggerated line of a couple of years ago.

Cutaway Coats

MOST important item of the spring day wardrobe is the suit. This achieves a fitted jacket line with an open effect.

The one-button cutaway is extremely smart. Some have the button at the neckline, others at the bust, but always high.

These cutaways make the waistcoat very important, and gilets are being done in endless ways. Those of white grosgrain with squared corners are particularly effective. Queen Elizabeth chose one of these as well as one of the draped type for wear with her Paris suits.

Sometimes the jacket is braided or otherwise trimmed and contrasts with the skirt, which may have a hip yoke, and pocket effect. Patou is one famous designer who favors the contrasting skirt for day wear.

On the whole, jackets are longer. Mainbocher puts these longer jackets over pretty print dresses. He cuts them on sweater lines, tunic length, with round, collarless necklines.

Popular Boleros

OVERSHADOWING the jacket is the bolero. This fashion, too, has the support of Queen Elizabeth.

It is a charming and versatile garment, lending itself to endless uses both for day and evening wear. This year's bolero is briefer and more piquant than last year's.

Full-length coats for wear on the nippy days and early and later spring are perfectly tailored. Some youthful models for the reed slim are belted with full skirts and ballet inspiration. The majority are beltless and either edge-to-edge or redingote.

DAY frocks, like suits, preserve the slim line, while providing ample freedom of movement.

They are all short, with fullness provided by restrained flares or accordion-pleating, and normal waists and emphasised bustlines.

With the invariably short day and the invariably long evening frocks has gone the "all-day" suit, and designers have made numbers of attempts to "temper the wind to the shorn hemline."

Jean Patou's "night and day" ensemble provides a striking example of this. It has a gleaming corseleted jet bodice and full black net skirt over a short jet slip.

The net skirt and corselet may be easily slipped off, leaving a smart streamlined jet-embroidered afternoon frock. This may be worn under a black wool tailored redingote with a jet collar and accompanied by a halo beret of jet.

Dots and Stripes

POLKA dots, harbingers of spring, dispute with stripes first place in pattern popularity.

Mainbocher sponsors both. He has launched an all-dot ensemble with skirt and long blouse in red and white, and loose, three-quarter jacket in black and white.

One of the loveliest of dotted dresses is the cocktail frock created by Marcelle Dormoy in red, white, and blue dotted tulle. The dots form a printed pattern. The bodice is in shirtmaker style and the skirt much befrilled.

Chanel tailors a bolero suit in black twill silk printed with large, sparsely-scattered white dots. The skirt is slim. The long-sleeved bolero is worn over a finely-tucked and lacy white blouse.

Other designers have had material specially printed with dots on a dark ground, the dots forming a pattern. Milliners, too, are using dotted tulle to trim summer sailors.

Both horizontal and vertical stripes are used. Bands of gay gipsy stripes often edge full-skirted black evening dresses and the use of bold striped patterns on day dresses is legion.

Mainbocher has a lovely evening gown in white organza with a long, pointed basque bordered with gay stripes and a matching headdress.

NATURALISM is the keynote of the new "realistic" and "photographic" printings.

Of the designers, Schiaparelli, as must be expected, is the only one making great use of bizarre printing.

Her prints, used in daytime clothes, are joyous with circus horses and clowns cavorting over them. She also embroiders short jackets for evening gowns with such circus-themes as elephant heads, men flying on a trapeze of jewel-cut mirrors.

Movie stars are keen on her "Big Parade" models. One chose a harlequinesque two-piece in heavy striped crepe in circus colors: violet, flame and pale mauve. It fastens with clowns' heads.

Snails and stars are other quaint Schiaparelli fastenings.

Continued on Eighth Page Fashion Portfolio

COME TO NEW ZEALAND
Wonderland of the
WORLD

Mighty snow-capped mountains — vast glaciers flowing through sub-tropical forests almost to sea level — peaceful lakes of glorious beauty — rushing rivers — amazing thermal springs and weird underground caverns lit by the glow-worm, nature's fairy lamp — all combine to make New Zealand a land of fascinating surprises.

Sport of all kinds — fishing, golfing, racing, surfing on safe beaches — adds its fine quota of enjoyment.

Every travel care is smoothed away for you by the capable and courteous help extended by the officers of the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureaux, both in Australia and in the Dominion.

For further information, call, write or 'phone:—

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

14 Martin Place, Sydney. 'Phone: B 7043. (Directly opposite G.P.O.). Colonial Mutual Building, 318-320 Collins Street, Melbourne. 'Phone: Cent. 3110. King House, 79 Queen Street, Brisbane. (And all Travel Agents)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622947

Red Lips and Pink Cheeks

CLEAR SKIN AND LUSTROUS EYES

"I have been suffering from blotchy skin and sallow complexion," states Miss B.H. of Brisbane. "My nerves and health were completely run-down and I was always feeling worn-out and tired. Nervous headaches were always troubling me.

"So many of my friends advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that at last I decided to try them. My headaches have disappeared and my skin has cleared of all the pimples. A healthy pink colour has appeared in my cheeks and lips and I feel very fit."

Red lips, pink cheeks and lustrous eyes are not only a means to loveliness but tell of glowing health and attractiveness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give these rich gifts of health to women and girls because these pills always help to create the richest blood in abundant quantities. If you are anaemic, have pallid complexion and lips, and feel headachy, tired and languid—if your skin is blotchy and pimply, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. The thrill of full health and fitness with clear colourful complexion is awaiting you. 3/- bottle at all chemists and stores.***

NOVEL ACCESSORIES....

give the ensemble charm and distinction

REDUCE SAFELY

with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from, NOEL P. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Uni.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L1712.

To-Day

Those Awful Pains after Meals

To-Morrow

Eat what you Like and NO PAIN

This pleasant transformation can be brought about by the use of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Made specially for correcting and relieving faulty working of the digestive system, this Powder works thoroughly and methodically.

FIRSTLY, it immediately relieves the pain or discomfort of excess acid, flatulence is eased and heartburn disappears.

SECONDLY, the fine colloidal kaolin spreads on the stomach walls, protecting them from the acids which have inflamed them. But the powder is so fine that the work of digestion goes on perfectly.

THIRDLY, one ingredient actually digests a portion of your food.

FOURTHLY, the digestive organs are toned up and helped back to health, so that excess acid is no longer produced. You then have regained a real healthy digestion and can eat what you like.

You start your happiness the day you start using

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in handsome sky-blue canister

Price 2/6

(1) EDWARDIAN FASHIONS have revived the dog-collar. A quaint example of velvet in a color to match the gown is fastened with a tiny gate of rhinestones.

(2) ANOTHER REVIVAL—hatpins. Dumb-bell pattern of blue crystal holds a navy veil onto a flat white cartwheel.

(3) WRIST POSY of artificial flowers on a band of old lace.

(4) SHOES get into print. A draped model to match your printed frock or contrast with a plain one.

(5) THE MODERN HEROINE wears her laurel wreath around her waist. Of gold, it is worn with dark frocks.

(6) INSECT BUTTONS march in Indian file.

(7) WIDE BELT of stiffened lace. Huge buckle also of lace.

(8) BLACK SWANS entwine their necks to fasten a pale blue kid belt of wavy outline.

(9) LIGHT WOODEN soles in their natural color are pierced by velvet ribbons tying around the ankles.

(10) A GOLDEN ram's head brooch of generous size has a variety of uses.

(11) UNUSUAL SHAPES distinguish this bag of black suede and green kid with jade ring fastening.

GROWING FAST

When your children suddenly seem to stop growing in strength though they're growing in size, won't eat, get attacks of temper and naughtiness, you can be quite certain that it is a lack of certain vital minerals in their systems that is causing the trouble. Growing children rapidly use up their store of vital minerals, and if that store is not replenished, weakness, irritability and a definite check in development occur. But mineral-deficiency is a condition that is quickly and easily banished if you give your children Kalzana.

"As school he shows no sign of fatigue. He gains weight so fast that people say what a well-built boy he is. We firmly believe that he owes his splendid condition to your wonderful Kalzana."

Mrs. C. S., London.

KALZANA

THE MINERAL FOOD FOR BETTER HEALTH

Of all Chemists in tins containing 45 and 90 tablets.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622948

The Queen Has Set the Royal Seal on White

. . . and fashion offers it in charming frocks for morning, noon and night.

FOR the Royal visit to France, the Queen chose an all-white wardrobe. As a result, white has now taken on a special fashion importance.

Plain all-white is the most popular choice, but sometimes dashes of color are used in small accents to give a sharp, bright contrast. Not only are morning and afternoon suits done in crisp white, "with that lettuce look." For cocktails, dinner and dances soft white fabrics are being used for the loveliest gowns.

Alix makes some of the most sophisticated white organdies, with huge billowing skirts made of layers of the fabric to take away the vaporous look and give it a definitely new personality.

● COCKTAIL dress in white suede crepe with simple bodice and skirt draping.

● AFTERNOON dress in white sheer tucked and pleated.

● MORNING suit in white linen with contrasting cravat of carnation.

● DINNER DRESS (left) of white crepe and dance frock (right) of white organdie with frills and tiny bows of white organdie.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622949

Why 'Ovaltine' is unequalled for ECONOMY

REMEMBER—there is more in 'Ovaltine'—more in health-giving ingredients—more in quality—more in quantity, and more in value.

'Ovaltine' is a scientifically perfect food prepared from malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. No other food beverage conveys such a wealth of nourishment so quickly to body, brain and nerves.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. 'Ovaltine' is packed in tins containing 4½, 9 and 18 ozs. —compare these weights with imitations!

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of 'Ovaltine,' sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below:

PRICES: 1/9; 2/10; 5/-. At All Chemists and Stores.

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.
O21-18-38

Drives Out *Itching* Dandruff

"Hair was dry, brittle and falling out. After half the treatment—itching, dandruff gone, and a new growth of hair." —H.R.A.

Stops Falling Hair.

Dandruff is a germ, hidden in the hair root. Those visible, white scaly flakes are but a symptom. If neglected, the germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens, falls out.

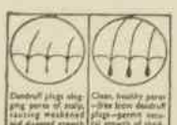
The value of *Crystolis Rapid* lies in a unique power of penetrating deep down into the hair roots, where its special action dissolves and expels the invisible parasitic dandruff germ—and leaves the whole scalp cleansed and invigorated.

Secondly—it stimulates the hair-growing organs to revive their natural functions, so that a daily massage with *Crystolis Rapid* not only routs dandruff (and with it, the trouble of falling hair)—but many find a noticeable re-growth of hair.

Many prominent people are using this remarkably effective treatment. Get a bottle to-day, 3/11 and 4/11. All chemists, stores, hairdressers. Guaranteed.

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.



Put lovely Waves in your Hair

Ladies—give your hair a perfect Wave-set in two or three minutes with Dampette, the new delightful wavesetting preparation. Just lightly damp your hair, comb or brush a few drops of Dampette through and finger-press the waves into position. EACH WAVE-SET LASTS FOR DAYS.

A 2/- bottle of Dampette will give you 30 perfect Wavesets. From all Chemists and Stores. 2/- bottle.

ASK FOR *Genuine* RED LABEL DAMPETTE

"FRANCE AND MARIANNE," the two dolls presented by the people of France to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose." —Air Mail photo.

HATS and COIFFURES MUST HARMONISE

From Page Five Fashion Portfolio

HATS are a sensation. Their variety is infinite and their gay abandon in piquant contrast to the sobriety of the daytime mode.

Some are just about the size of threepence; others are vast cartwheels, and in-between are sailors, berets, tyre brims, halos, tricornes, fools' caps. Lordly hats and pert minxes. Sophisticated, demure, reckless hats. Hats historical—and hysterical.

Some have straight brims. Some roll gently up at the sides. Nine out of ten give a sense of height, for, even if they are practically crowniess, their trimmings are tall. Some are even beginning to turn down cloche fashion.

As for trimmings. With the Queen and the Duchess of Kent using ostrich feathers, all the commonalty has naturally followed suit and a spate of ostrich feathers is submerging the millinery world.

From stately plumes to tiny humming-birds range the feathery trimming motifs. Flowers are equally popular, and many little hats are entirely composed of flowers.

Veiling is practically universal. Hats are tied up in cagey veils. Wisps of black or colored all fly from the back, tumble over the brim, or are looped across the face and tied in a bow on the crown.

THESE hats, as well as the romantic evening gowns, demand careful coiffures.

Indeed, harmonising hats and coiffures is one of the principal occupations of smart women of moment. The "bias" coiffure is one of the most popular hairdressing modes, as it is easy to keep in order.

A few curls, brushed high over the forehead, soften the effect. The rest is left uncurled and brushed from the nape in a diagonal sweep from ear to ear. The backward-tipped Breton and poke bonnet types look well with this type of hair-do.

Also very chic is the modern version of the cascade curls of the early 'nineties. All the hair is loosely curled and swept back from the face to the neck with the line high in front and narrow at the sides. Excellent for the little "Eugenie" and small sailors with follow-me-lad streamers.

PARIS FASHIONS

PARISIENNES have got out their quilting needles and now every home seems to have its piece of Italian quilting hanging out of the work basket.

This lovely stitching in delicate pastel shades is being used for bedcovers, dressing-gowns, and dressing-jackets, baby shawls and boots, evening coats and capes. Taffeta and georgette are the materials most in use.

* * *

PANTEES, cami-knickers, and petticoats are all now one-and-a-half times as wide as usual because the very smartest lingerie is all accordion-pleated . . . a fashion that is engagingly feminine and very practical, as the couturiers declare that frocks hang better over the soft folds of accordion-pleated chiffon than over plainer and more tailored lingerie in not-so-fine materials.

ALREADY we have the high, cork-soled beach sandals which everybody is wearing, and now Parisiennes are going crazy over platform shoes for evening wear.

Like the Cothurni, which the actors of ancient Greece wore to give height, or like the small, padded shoes of Chinese ladies, these modern designs take us back hundreds of years.

Though heavily embroidered in sequins, semi-precious stones, or metal thread, they are light in weight because they are made only in fabrics. With their deep soles, open heels, and elaborate strapping, they have an Oriental beauty that is definitely part of the new season's trend of fashion.

Another new idea in indoor shoes is to use two strips of matching material tied crosswise round foot and ankle, like a bandage, instead of ordinary bedroom slippers.

Beautiful hands *kept beautiful by*

FAULDING'S

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Use regularly after exposure from sport, or the roughening effects of household duties.

4½d., 9d., 1/6.

IF IT'S FAULDING'S · · IT'S PURE

PAIN THAT WAS TORTURE

"Pain, muscular cramps, headache and sick feeling, were so bad I had to go to bed. But now, two Myzone tablets with a cup of tea bring such wonderful relief that I rarely miss even an hour of work or pleasure."

Discover for yourself the different—more immediate, more complete, relief of Myzone's amazing *actevin* (anti-spasm) *compound.*

Try a couple of Myzone tablets on your next bad headache! No "doping." More lasting relief than any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c. All chemists. 2/- a box.

Varicose Veins Rapidly Reduced

Simple Home Treatment that is Giving Amazing Results.

The world progresses. To-day ailments that took weeks to cure can now be ended in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bunches you can start to-day to bring them back to normal size, and if you are wise you will do so.

Just get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at any chemist's and apply it night and morning to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required.

After a few days' treatment the veins will begin to grow smaller, and by regular use will soon reduce to normal.

People who want to reduce varicose veins should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. The leading chemists sell lots of it, and will return your money if you don't gain relief.

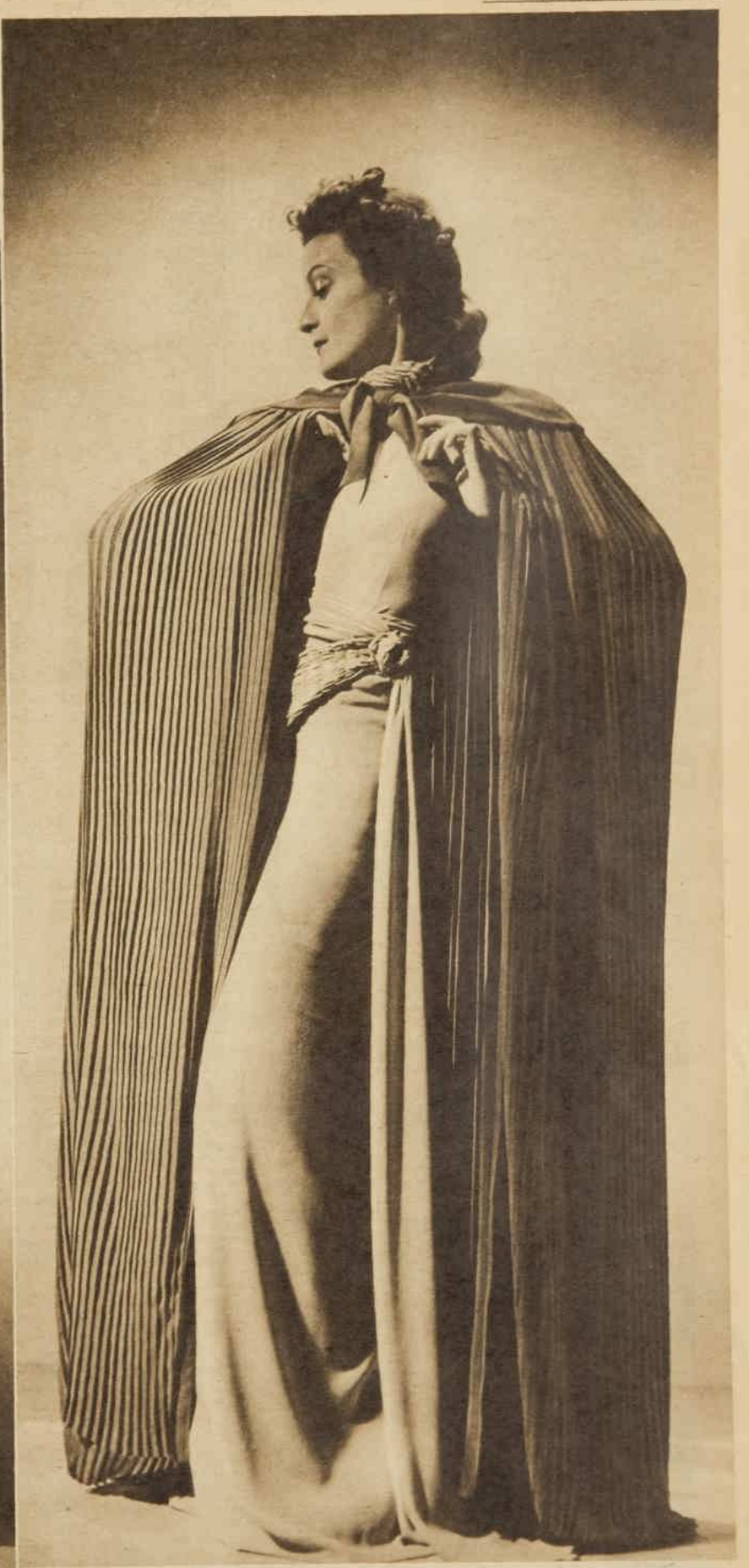
FOR COLD IN THE HEAD

Get a 1/9 tube of NASAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Catarrh for rapid relief. NASAL BALM is a preparation of The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Pty., Ltd., with a six-pointed star on package. See you get it. At chemists and stores.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622950

Classical Line

With fullness softly massed at the side or back, the slim-making line of the classical silhouette provides a striking contrast to the bouffant frock of period ancestry . . .



ACCORDION PLEATING . . .

• ACCORDION PLEATING is "in" again and couturiers are finding many new ways of exploiting its possibilities. The cape worn over the frock on this page shows a most telling method of using this vogue. The dress is of pale mauve crepe, with unusual trimming of heavy ruchings. The cape is of the same fabric as the frock but in a deeper shade.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622951

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

FLATTERING
WW2342.—A striking design for spring wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC ENSEMBLE
WW2343. — Chic new ensemble comprising frock and finger-tip coat. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards for the frock, and 2½ yards for coat, 1½ yards lace, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

START YOUR NEW WARDROBE WITH THESE

THIS week we provide three gay little spring styles for our special three-in-one concession pattern.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d in stamps, and forward to our pattern department.

Pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

Material required, 36 inches wide:
No. 1 frock, 4 yards.
No. 2 frock, 3¾ yards.
No. 3 frock, 3¼ yards.

BEACH DRESS
WW2344. — Charming style for beach wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 588A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE ..... Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 6/8/38.

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

DAINTY STYLE
WW2345. — A remnant will suffice to make this dainty frock for the little one. Sizes 1-6 years. Material required: 1½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

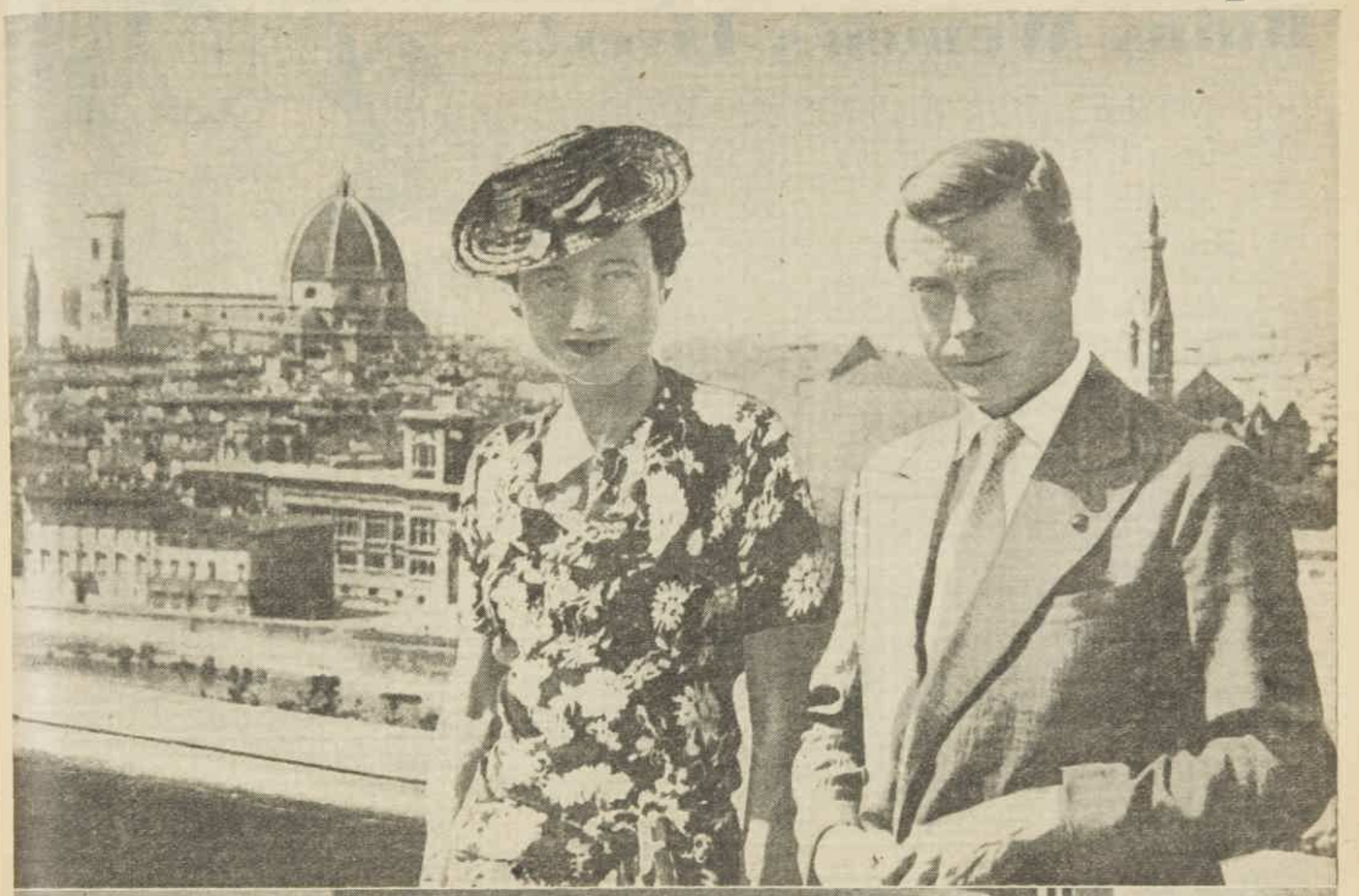
FOR MISS 6 TO 12
WW2346.—A charming design for the little girl 6-12 years. Material required: 2½ to 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR GAY FABRIC
WW2347.—Unusual, and very charming for day wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WITH CONTRAST BOLERO
WW2348.—Dainty bolero frock in an unusual design. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards for frock, and 1½ yards for bolero. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622952

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Naples



● TWO HAPPY STUDIES of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their Italian tour. One shows them on the roof of a building overlooking the city of Firenze, near Naples . . . In the other they are seen in the street where their passing attracted intense local interest. The Windsors have now toured large parts of Germany, France and Italy and contemplate a visit to America next year. It is still rumored in England that they may return there, either before or after the American tour. —Air Mail photos.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622953

"If Only"—The Complex That Ruins Women's Lives!

VAIN WISHES FOR THINGS TO BE DIFFERENT MERELY SPOIL HAPPINESS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS, famous novelist. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

It is a strange truth about our muddled lives that usually there is just one thing that is worrying us profoundly. If that ONE thing could be settled or changed everything would be wonderful!!

The simplicity with which women admit this would be funny if it wasn't so pathetic.

THEY go on from school days to young womanhood, from bridal hours to the serious business of home-making and child-bearing, from youth to age, eternally explaining that it is just this or just that that keeps their minds from being completely at rest.

We never seem smart enough to learn that it always will be this way.

Then even when the last hour of all arrives, and the family gathers for the long parting, and the doctors are packing up their little bags to go on to the next case, there will be still just that one thing between us and peace—one child or grandchild about whom to worry, one unwritten letter or undelivered message to haunt us as we start on the long journey.

Lucy, for example, doesn't like the Morrison house. Lucy married Harry Morrison seventeen years ago, and his parents gave them the big, ugly, comfortable old place for their home.

Not Enough

LUCY'S children have been born there, they've had Christmas trees and measles and birthdays and picnics, they've turned the old sewing room into a sleeping porch and put in extension telephones and radios and new bathrooms.

But still Lucy doesn't like the Morrison house!

"We're still in that dreadful old red shingled mausoleum," said Lucy to me in 1922, when she had been married about a year.

"You know we're still in the old place, and it never will seem like home to me!" she told me again last week, when I met her in the market.

Janet, on the other hand, has lived in all sorts of fascinating houses and countries. But Janet never has enough money.

She never forgets for one second that she and Tom haven't enough money.

If they go abroad she explains it in a scandalised aside; "Imagine beggars like us on the 'Paris Express!'"

If they stay at home every phase of every subject upon which Janet's brilliant conversation touches is the money phase.

Her daughters have been well educated in private schools. "Don't ask me how we did it," says Janet, "for, of course, we're miles in debt!"

Health Worries

WHETHER she has one servant or seven Janet is always poor.

She first tells you that she can't possibly afford the trip or the matinee or the hair-do, and then proceeds to indulge in them.

She never gives a penny to charity, "because we simply haven't got it!"

Those who love Janet get sick of the topic of money. What her bridge losses were, what her doctors' bills were, what she lost at contract, what Nancy's teeth-straightening is costing, what opera seats are—these are all you hear from Janet.

For thirty years she has had no other topic of conversation, or rather all topics have led straight to this one.

"My dear, if I had enough money I'd be the happiest woman in the world!" says Janet.

JANET first tells you she can't afford the trip or the matinee or the hair do, and then proceds to indulge in all of them.

Mary's trouble is Jacky. Her other four children are perfect specimens, her husband is successful and devoted and charming, married sisters and her mother live near, and adore her.

But in Mary's story there is always the tragedy of Jacky. Something in Jacky's bone-structure is wrong, and Jacky, nine years old now, will never walk.

He is content, busy, he works and studies and laughs and makes models of ships and aeroplanes and reads about Nils and Tarzan and Mowgli like any other boy.

Everyone in the family adores him. Jacky is a completely happy child. But Mary can't leave it that way.

"Why did God send me so much and then give me this bitter cross?" she asks her friends, over and over again.

"I could have given him up in death. But to have my beautiful baby crippled—never to play football and run and swim and race with the others! It's too much. I wish I had never married, and never had a child!"

Thousands of persons in the last few years have made their one individual grievance the bad luck of 1929.

Things are going better now, and they are eating and sleeping comfortably; everyone has somehow got through.

But they can't forget those thousands—those beautiful thousands—that were lost in bad investments.

Why, they could all have gone abroad for a year, they could have bought the house and the car and built a brick wall and put Georgina through college with that money!

It seems too horrible that it was THEIRS—they HAD it—and now it's gone forever.

I know one woman who has reproached her husband with the loss of their fortune every day for five years, and I suppose there are many like her.

All the events of these vital months, the changes and chances and ups and downs have been colored for her by the memory of that money.

"Lewis WOULD invest it that way—it was oil, and oil couldn't fail," she says bitterly. "I couldn't say a thing—how did I know it was like throwing it away!"

She reminds her children of it. "You could do it ten times over if Dad hadn't lost all that money!" she says.

Her friends can hardly venture a conversational opening without eliciting her patient, "Well, we lost everything in 1929, you know," in reply.

If Only—

TO thousands of other women the necessity of having some other person in their lives is the unendurable thing.

If Mamma, or Cousin Ella, or Grandpa was just—well, pleasantly settled somewhere else, the house would run so easily, there would be nothing amiss!

Every one of us has something—something small and annoying and burdensome, just the one thing of all others which we feel ourselves least able to bear.

Not a great sorrow—we can rise to that. But just something—something that stands between us and the full sunlight.

It is a wise woman who learns to expect this small percentage of imperfection in her life, and accepts it.

It is a wise woman who learns that if it disappears in one form it will most certainly present itself in another, that no life is lived without galling conditions of one sort or another.

The real difficulty is perhaps that being imperfect ourselves we create imperfections in our separate schemes. Or perhaps our defective ideals of civilisation leave these gaps.

Whatever the cause, since a constantly changing programme of small troubles is an inescapable part of our lives, it is sensible to train ourselves to bear them with dignity and courage, and to spare our friends as much of them as we can.

There is no pleasure in the world any keener than to meet a friend known to be having difficult times and to realise that she is more than adequate to the demand Fate is making of her; to find her cheerful and resolute and busy where we expected to find her crushed and helpless.

Happy Philosophy

MANY, many years ago a fine old Englishman who used to live in the Californian mountains told me that for a certain time in his life he used to turn his diary's pages three months ahead and write down specifically what was worrying him at the moment.

He said it was absolutely shocking to work through the days and weeks to reach those entries, and discover that the shame and anxiety and disappointment of April were forgotten completely in July, that July had its own new set of humiliations and worries.

The habit perhaps helped to make him the philosopher he became in his old age. Nothing troubled him when I knew him, and it was he who gave me the phrase that I have said to myself almost every day for more than thirty-five years.

"To him that loveth God all things work together for good."

Kathleen Norris Says:

EVERY ONE of us has something—something small and annoying and burdensome, just the one thing of all others which we feel ourselves least able to bear.

* * *

It is a wise woman who learns to expect this small percentage of imperfections in her life, and accepts it. It is a wise woman who learns that if it disappears in one form it will most certainly present itself in another, that no life is lived without galling conditions of one sort or another.

* * *

The real difficulty is perhaps that being imperfect ourselves we create imperfections in our separate schemes.

* * *

Whatever the cause, since a constantly changing programme of small troubles is an inescapable part of our lives, it is sensible to train ourselves to bear them with dignity and courage, and to spare our friends as much of them as we can.

SUN RIPENED OATS
BRING HEALTH TO YOUR GLASS!

TOOHEYS Oatmeal Stout is brewed from the rich, ripe oats of our own sunny country—brewed for Australian conditions and climate. It is the national tonic food.

TOOHEYS OATMEAL STOUT

"HERE'S TOEE"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622954

Dr. Sargent Criticises 'Unworthy Musical' Trends

How Strifes of Mankind Find Their Reflex in Modern Compositions

Dr. Malcolm Sargent, famous conductor now touring Australia, doesn't like compositions representing the steam engine, the aeroplane, the factory, and the underground railway.

In a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, he gave a striking analysis of modern music trends as related to the world's affairs.

"IN Tel Aviv, in Palestine, I conducted the Jewish national orchestra with armored cars outside just in case, and in the pauses of the music shots could be heard from the streets," he said.

"It was illustrative of music's relationship to the military spirit of the times.

"Should music express the spirit of the times?

"When the times are mercenary, machine-made, the spirit of the times is wrong.

"Then music may perform its function best when not expressing the 'spirit of the times,' but expressing an ideal to which the times should get back.

"I am not in favor of the spirit of modern progress when it becomes merely a terrible lust for speed.

"The emotion of 'peace' is perhaps that most needed in modern music. The peace found in the music of Elgar is not the 'spirit of the times,' but the 'spirit of man' that is unchanging."

No Time for It

FOR the music of the machine, Dr. Sargent said he had no time:

"There has been a good deal of music in the last 15 years expressing the nervous striving of the people. I have heard much of it. I don't want to hear it again.

"I know of compositions representing the steam engine, the aeroplane, the linotype machine, the factory, the underground. These things are in themselves none too beautiful in aspect—**I don't need their reproduction in the concert hall.**

"A conductor cannot be expected to be very sympathetic towards purely experimental 'ultra-modern' compositions. An orchestral rehearsal is an expensive item, and the conductor hates wasting a minute on unworthy music.

What conditions were the more favorable to creation of music, Dr. Sargent was asked—those of stress or those of peace?

"One would expect the greatest period of art," he said, "in architecture, statuary, painting, as well as music, to be when prosperity is at its height, as in the Greek and Roman days. It is more likely to flourish most in times of peace and contentment.

"In times of trouble, money is being spent in other directions.

"On the other hand, Beethoven's Mass in D was written at a time when he could even hear the drums of Napoleon's army advancing on Vienna.

War—and Love

"BUT in that composition, the 'Dona Nobis Pacem,' written against a background of rolling drums, was yet the greatest plea for peace ever made. Beethoven was thrown back within himself, by contrast.

"Times of stress, such as war, may develop the better side of the person, as they may also develop the worse side.

"Of course, music can excite to war, but there is Holst's 'Mars' ('The Bringer of War') out of 'The Planets,' and that is more the expression of a tremendous energy. Perhaps fighting is all right, as long as you don't fight with hatred.

"After all, one can fight without hatred. Schoolboys do.

"My own boy said: 'We are allowed to fight, but we have to go to the master first and get the boxing gloves.'

"I thought it an excellent idea, but he said it was a bad one—because by the time you have gone up to get the gloves you don't want to fight."

When Dr. Sargent was asked if an unhappy people would produce finer music, he replied that in any case music is not produced by the people, but by a few artists.

"In any surroundings, or under any conditions," he said, "Providence may decide that a genius shall be born, and no man can gainsay him."

He stressed the importance of the emotions of pure happiness.

"It is easier to moan than to be gay; it's always easier to write miserable music.

"That's why we have those awful crooning things.

"When in love people feel awfully miserable about it—moan about it.

"Sentiment is the easiest of the emotions. That's why we come to the danger of sentimentality.

"People are more easily moved by a line such as 'Fast falls the eventide' than by something expressing the glory of the midday sun.

"The average person, unfortunately, more easily feels spiritual when he is miserable.

"Listening-in on my wireless here I turned on one station after another and found only two sentiments expressed: The first was sentimentality, the crooning spirit; the other a form of intoxication—the 'hot' music.

"Neither of these emotions is exactly 'first-rate.'"

Intense national movements are restricting musical progress, Dr. Sargent says.

"There has been a tremendous need for music since the war. The greatest output has been, not in Germany, Italy, or Russia, traditional music-loving countries, but in England and America.

"Germany and Russia are not now advancing musically—probably because they are doing other things.

Killing Art

"BUT at the moment in Russia I think art is being definitely killed, because the State is insisting that composers shall be national in character, and so is limiting its composers to a certain output.

"Germany is getting rid of her Jews. She is passing through a time of tremendous national feeling, and national feeling can so easily prove to be a limitation of art.

"In Palestine they asked me what could be done to foster a Jewish school of composers, and I said, 'Leave it entirely alone.'

"Music's importance is that it is an international language.

"The English people have achieved a wider musical outlook.

"For centuries the English people never claimed to be nationally musical. They were regarded as not being a musical people.

"Yet now, if you want to hear good German, French, Russian, Czechoslovakian, or Austrian music performed, you can hear it all performed in London, very, very well.

"In general, German musicians do not give a good performance of French music, and the French do not play German music very well.

"But the English musician is much more eclectic and universal. The best English conductors can be trusted to give a good performance of most music."

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, who is giving a series of broadcast concerts for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Indian Nurse is Shy When Talking to Men

There are two things, says Leilavati Ram-Samuj, that a Brahmin woman must not do and that a nurse must do. One is to work and the other to look at a man.

BRAHMINS, also, regard obstetrics as a very lowly profession.

Miss Ram-Samuj, whose pretty Christian name means "Blue Light," decided that she could work as an obstetric and general nurse, and not jeopardise her high Indian caste.

She is a Fijian Indian, daughter of parents who came from India, and her father is a merchant and property-owner in the islands.

Leilavati came to school in Sydney, and attended Chatswood Domestic Science School.

She went back to Fiji, but came again to Sydney, and after 18 months at South Sydney Hospital has passed her A.T.N.A. examination.

She has left for Melbourne to study three or four years at the Epworth Methodist Private Hospital, for her "general."

"We girls are supposed to be veiled and kept in our homes," she said.

"Some of us have broken that tradition, and even the tradition that a Brahmin woman never works, but none, I think, has done before what I am doing.

"I was a bit diffident about doing 'general,' because it is not the custom either to speak to or look at a man.

"One's head must not be covered in front of male foreigners, and if a male enters the room we must cover our face, or leave the room immediately.

"It took quite a little trouble making up my mind about the general course, because I still feel a little shyness speaking to a male.

"I feel that the great need in Fiji is for obstetric nurses, and that is the work I intend to do.

"Later on I want to go to India to study Indian for the benefit of my people in Fiji and specialise in tropical fevers.

"I have never been to India, but we still regard India as our motherland and are very loyal to her.

"I never acknowledge any other country but India."

Cleans smoothly PRESERVES the surface

MONKEY BRAND

B.150.32

Free Friendly Advice on all Travel Subjects

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

A healthy child has all the fun and a beautiful girl is asked everywhere; so make sure your child will be popular by starting her on the road to health with Cornwell's Malt Extract. There is nothing like it for building sturdy, beautiful children.

Sold everywhere.

CORNWELL'S *Malt Extract*

FAMOUS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

W458

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622955

500 GENUINE HAWAIIAN GUITARS GIVEN AWAY FREE

AMAZING OFFER
to all Students booking up for the
LANGFORD GUITAR COURSE

Now YOU can learn to play the instrument you've always admired—the Hawaiian Guitar. Beloved by the Film Stars, enjoyed by folks the world over, its glamorous, pulsating melody will bring the warm romance of far-off sunny lands into your own home.

Just think of it! Under this amazing new system I have evolved you'll find yourself an accomplished player in a few short weeks and you can do this at home, without the necessity of torturing scales and endless drudgery!

You Can't Go Wrong

This course is the result of many years' research both on my part and that of our Mr. Skinner, Australia's leading Guitar teacher and virtuoso. Everything is so simple and easy to understand that it is impossible to go wrong.

Introduced but a few short months ago, this course is already acclaimed an outstanding success by hundreds of happy students.

I want YOU to be the next!!

I WILL GIVE 500 GUITARS AWAY FREE!

Just think of it—a lovely Hawaiian Guitar, perfectly finished, gloriously toned, an instrument you'll be proud to own AND play for years!

And it's yours FREE! providing you decide to book up for this amazing home-study course. I must have your application right away, however, and time is precious, for this offer is subject to a definite time limit.

Hurry the Coupon along NOW!

LEN LANGFORD GUITAR SCHOOL
327 George Street, SYDNEY.
'Phone: B3073.

MAIL COUPON NOW

The Principal,
Len Langford Guitar School,
327 George Street, Sydney.
Enclosed is 4d. in stamps. Please send me full details of your free Hawaiian Guitar offer and Home Study Course, together with your Booklet.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
J.G.1

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Let's All Join the A.J.C.—and I'm Not Joking!

By BETTY GEE

Perhaps the world's great racing clubs, such as the Jockey Club of Old England and the A.J.C. of Sydney, will never consent to give lady members the privilege of full membership, but what about some form of family membership for the women of a member's family?

Here's something the Housewives' Association can take up, to the satisfaction of thousands of women who are interested in racing to varying degrees.

I KNOW it would be difficult to barge into this holy of holies of the men-folk. So holy indeed, that, although none of our sex can now get in even if she had a jemmy or a brace-and-bit, or a burglar's whole kit, male students can nominate.

Since the rush for membership following the great falling off during the depression, older members have nominated sons still attending the University, and one or two have put in comparative youngsters still at college.

There are half a dozen on the waiting-list designated as "students" in their nomination forms.

They'll be in by the time they've settled down comfortably as doctors and lawyers, unless they're real bad scholars like I was.

But reverting to that idea of family lady-membership, there are lots of sound claims, and I'm not sure even conservative males who hold the balance of power at A.J.C. headquarters would not consider them reasonable.

All the Rights

THE man member now holds all rights. He gets his own and three ladies' tickets of admission for the whole season for the £9/16/- he pays annually.

He can buy more ladies' tickets at £1/10/- a piece per day.

He also gets two ladies' official stand tickets at £3/10/- each. These admit to the top of the official stand, Randwick's most exclusive enclosure for women, where only the elite may enter. Here the names and details of dresses worn by the said elite are noted for the newspapers.

Entree is so desirable that even millionaire members may buy only two of the badges admitting. Even at £3/10/- each the A.J.C. isn't going to overrun its most-sought-after enclosure.

Thus a member can buy tickets and privileges almost ad libitum of a cost from 16 guineas up to £20.

Good for All

BUT who gets them? Ah, there's the catch.

Why shouldn't his wife be nominated as an associate member, and also his daughter when she grows old enough to take an interest in racing and race-frocks?

The ladies' tickets would go automatically to them. Their names would be enrolled as official family members. If hubby wanted to buy more, well, that's his business—if he can keep it "under the rose."

Then bachelor members can, if they wish, nominate their lady associate members just as the bachelor mayor chooses his lady mayoress designate, his mother or sister, or any relative. It could be optional.

Even his lady friends could be the elect—but in that case they mustn't quarrel before a season is completed and the ticket becomes null and void.

My suggestion has one important advantage even for the mere man-member.

In many families a car registration is in the name of the wife. In some bachelor families, the sister.

A.J.C. members belonging to such families are in difficulties this season in connection with the admission discs for cars to be driven on to the course. They must submit the registration on applying for such discs, and when a lady's name appears it is "knocked back."

If that lady were the family associate member, no such bother would occur!

We girls feel we've been held out of A.J.C. affairs too long. The Auto Club lets us in, and we drive in their races and competitions.

Tattersall's Club members take us into their domicile, and we have lovely luncheons, dinners, and dances there.

Now it's the A.J.C.'s turn to line up in their right barrier positions.

Kept on the "Outer"

THERE are our husbands, sweethearts, fathers and brothers spending their £16/16/- a year or more, and we have nothing to show for it except admissions.

Another thing. The A.J.C. gives an exclusive luncheon on the course each race day, and an annual dinner at the Australia.

Are we ever invited? We are not.

But I know both would be happier, brighter shows if we were. If we were family associate members they couldn't keep us out, and there'd be a Jockey Club Ball every year, the big thing of the spring social calendar.

Well, ye militant Amazons, there's the suggestion for what it's worth. So gird your loins up. Get to work you wives of members, and I'll bet before long you will have established a left wing among A.J.C. members which will bring this forward, AND CARRY IT, at the next annual meeting.

By the way, that's this month, on August 15.

Now for Rosehill

BUT let's get back to household affairs.

There's a race meeting at Rosehill next Saturday, and my whisper of Kai Tere for the Three and Four-year-old comes straight from the stable, via a stableboy's sweetheart whose brother is our baker's man, so he ought to know.

The Head Waiter gives Correct, and says the stable has been waiting for this, Miss.

Cooranga is my tip for the Rosehill August Handicap. Didn't I see her win like a champion in Queensland?

And I've got Joylo for the Maiden.

THE HEAD WAITER gives Correct for Rosehill next Saturday, says Miss Gee. "The stable has been waiting for this, Miss," he adds.

YOUR SKIN CAN BE LOVELY, TOO, IF YOU USE EMOLIA.*

Nature gave you a perfect skin . . . soft, enticing, glamorous, with the charm of youthful loveliness. Have you kept it so? Or has it become faded and lifeless? Vimard Emolia will banish the blemishes, overcome the faults, restore the original loveliness which you've lost by neglect. Vimard Emolia rejuvenates the dullest skin and revives all the charm of youth. Vimard Emolia can be had from all chemists and department stores—3/- and 5/- per bottle.

Write or call—Sister Vimard's, 139 King Street, Sydney, for a free sample of Vimard's Vardia, Emolia or Hand Lotion.

VIMARD Emolia
For Oily Skins
*Use Vimard VARDIA for Dry Skins. Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

Are You Too Fat?

AND LOSING YOUR GOOD LOOKS?

If your skin is pimply, eyes dull, tongue fur-coated, and you suffer sick headache, biliousness and depression as well, you can be almost certain that the unhealthy fat is being caused by the absorption of waste digestive matter into your blood stream. Constipation is usually the cause of the trouble.

Disperse the poisonous accumulations by taking Pinkettes and see how quickly the unhealthy fat tissue vanishes and what a remarkable difference a few doses make to your skin, eyes, breath and looks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe laxative ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels. They cleanse the stomach and intestinal tract, unload the congested liver. So effective that you reduce the dose as they make you regular and clean inside. At chemists and stores 1/3 bottle.***

Your Problems Solved — ASTROLOGY

By the World's Greatest Professor. Practical and useful knowledge given re your future.

When and Which Lottery to invest in, Lucky periods, Future prospects in Money, Love, Marriage, Travel, Health, Business, and other information of untold value. Write in confidence:

Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. OMAR KYOME, Dept. M., Box 2717T., G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC NOW EATS ANYTHING

"I used to dread the approach of meal time because of my inability to eat ordinary foods. Now I can eat anything that is put before me and enjoy it, thanks to TWIN SODA."

(Extract from satisfied patient's report.) You, too, can gain this wonderful relief. Buy a packet of TWIN SODA from your chemist to-day. It costs only 1/6.***

NAT GOULD'S
Great Romance of Love and the Sport of Kings.

"DOUBLE EVENT"

Thrills from start to finish—as breathless as the Melbourne Cup, as exciting as the Grand Derby, together with a tender love story that will appeal to men and women alike.

Dramatised by Ellis Price with a talented cast of players.

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
7.15 p.m.
2GB

CASH PRIZES AWARDED
Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.
Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

LETTERS WELCOME!
Write to this page what you think about situations met with in everyday life and in your personal contacts with people.

WINNING HUSBANDS

MUCH has been said and written lately about "winning a husband and keeping him."

If a woman has to resort to subterfuges to win a husband, and practise deceits to keep him at her side, surely she is better without him?

Men are not fools, and, while pitying the clinging, helpless woman, prefer an independent companion with a well-developed sense of humor.

Win your husbands, girls, and keep them if you can, by giving them good meals, a peaceful, comfortable home, and plenty of freedom—but do not lose your dignity in the process.

Insist always upon fair treatment for yourself.

£1 for this letter to M. Haise, Yantara, Yenda, N.S.W.

✦ ✦ ✦

NO AMBITION!

IS there no ambition in the child of to-day?

Having asked growing children on numerous occasions what they were planning to be when they left school, I have always received the same answer: "I don't know!"

Schoolchildren in these advanced times should plan and work for the years ahead.

Miss V. Ross, 121 Grafton St., Warwick, Qld.

✦ ✦ ✦

STORK DERBY HERE!

I READ with surprise recently that a member of Parliament advocated the finance of a "Stork Derby," to help raise the birth-rate of this country.

Would it not be a wiser plan for the "House" to give financial support in making jobs for the young men of 20 to 25 years, and so give many of them the courage, heart, and financial standing, that they may marry and so start new families?

Mrs. H. S. Shillingford, 77 Sunderland St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"But surely, just a scratch.."

Never neglect a scratch — however small. The moment the skin is broken a path for germs is opened.

Use 'Dettol' at once. It is a weapon against infection. Yet for all its high germicidal efficiency it is non-staining, non-poisonous, even pleasant to smell.

Remember minor accidents can end in major operations—if neglected.

Never be without a bottle of 'Dettol.'

Your Chemist has 'Dettol.' . . . . Price, 2/-.

DETTOL
TRADE MARK
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC
RECKITT (AUST. SEA) LIMITED (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY.

Should Girls Take All They Can From Escorts?

I DO not agree with Mrs. Thea Lance (16/7/'38) when she says girls should take all they can get when a young man takes them out.

"Gold-diggers" is the term used for such.

I am an ordinary working girl and would not expect expensive outings.

What ordinary working man can be extravagant?

He has the expense of living and his future to consider.

Miss Gwen I. Clough, 36 Le Hunte Avenue, Prospect, Adelaide.

Can Afford It

MRS. THEA LANCE is right when she tells girls to take all they can.

The young man of to-day is paid higher wages than girls. It doesn't cost him as much to dress.

Why, then, should a girl consider a man's pocket and go without that extra bit of enjoyment?

When a couple become engaged, it is time enough to think about curtailing expenses.

Miss E. Murray, 611 Schubach St., Albury, N.S.W.

Best Sign

WHEN a man is interested in a girl enough to take her out it is his natural instinct to lavish all he can on her.

It is a bad sign if he begins to give her second best and considers expenses.

As a girl starts, so she will keep on.

If her friend doesn't give her the best at first, he won't later on.

M. Curtis, Devon Rd., Bassendean, W.A.

Gold-Diggers

IN reply to Mrs. Lance's statement, "Take all you can get," my opinion is that in so doing a girl is merely labelling herself as a gold-digger.

Why can't she suit her tastes to her escort's pocket?

Miss Pamelus Dunn, Valda Grove, Middle Brighton S5, Vic.

Too Grasping

IT is a great pity that a large majority of young girls to-day are so grasping, mercenary, and eager for false spoils as Mrs. Thea Lance makes evident.

It is a terrible thing for a young man to spend all his hard-earned savings on an unappreciative girl friend, who literally holds her companionship out for sale to the highest bidder.

M. Fitzsimons, 36 Park Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Think of Future

FROM my own experiences, and those of several of my acquaintances, I have found that the girls who are contented to receive their enjoyment in a moderate way, and consider their escorts' pocket, are thought more of than those who try to get all they can out of their escorts.

It is they who get the most marriage proposals.

Mrs. G. J. McInerney, 12 Lennox St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

Just a gold-digger!

Thought More Of

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Lance that the more a girl expects and takes from a boy the more she is thought of.

Usually the unselfish type of girl is the one who is left out of all pleasures, while her selfish sister is sought after.

I admire the unselfish one, and I think she would make people happier.

But I would advise girls to take all they can.

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

Life Unbearable Without Worldly Wealth?

YOU are quite right, Miss A. Bullock (16/7/'38). Life is unbearable without money. Next to health, it means everything.

A wealthy person may plan his whole life without having one dull moment.

He may choose his own friends, and spend his day as he likes, for his time is his own.

Mrs. A. Baillie, 37 Goodwin St., Bundaberg, Qld.

Cannot Buy Love

I DO not agree with Miss Bullock when she says that wealth allows one to snap one's fingers at the world.

Money is only a token of exchange. It cannot buy the things that count most in life—real friendships and love.

Mrs. A. Muxworthy, 29 Crofton St., Geelong West, Vic.

The Worst Situation

LIFE without money would certainly be unbearable.

Yet a great many of us manage with very little, and are quite content, chiefly because we have not been accustomed to it.

To have wealth and lose it would be the most unhappy state.

Miss E. Ferguson, First Floor, 89 Queen St., Melbourne Cl.

Causes Discontent

MONEY does not rank next in importance to health.

Is it so important to be able to snap our fingers at the world after all?

No amount of money can bring happiness.

In some cases, money causes discontent and unrest.

I should rather say, next to health comes, not money, but the faculty of being contented with one's lot.

Miss Frances Arnold, Tauri, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Mysterious Medicine

WHY are doctors' prescriptions still written in Latin?

Is it to make the medicine appear more important, as did the canting of the old witches of years ago, when they brewed their mysterious concoctions?

In these years of realism and enlightenment, surely patients have a right to know the nature of the mixture which they swallow.

Is there any other commodity besides medicine which we would purchase and cheerfully consume in such complete ignorance?

Mrs. David O'Connor, Public School, Gum Flat, via Inverell, N.S.W.

Smooths Our Way

LIFE without money is a constant struggle, a ceaseless worry, a never-ending camouflage.

Every pleasure is shadowed by ill-fitting clothes, imperfect grooming, and the knowledge that we shouldn't be spending money.

Miss Joan Braithwait, 104 William Street, Norwood, S.A.

Missing Happiness

YOU are wrong, Miss Bullock, in thinking that life without money is unbearable.

I feel very sorry for you when I think of the beautiful things in life you must be missing.

The happiest time of my life was spent at a week-end Guide camp, with bathing and camp fires as pleasures, and one did not need money to enjoy it.

Miss V. Ritchie, 49 Upton Street, Launceston, Tas.

Money is Power

UNFORTUNATELY, money is power.

You may be unhappy or ill, but at least you can have every comfort when you have money.

Financial worries are most destructive to the sensitive mind.

Mrs. Milton Chick, 6 The Grosvenor, Wynna Road, Point Piper, N.S.W.

Have Women No Ideals In Marriage?

YES, Miss Paull, young girls do lack ideals in seeking a husband (16/7/'38).

In these free-and-easy times they get to know lots of men, go out with practically anybody who asks them, and never bother to inquire into what sort of lives they have led. They don't even worry much if they are married already.

Divorce is comparatively easy these days; a husband is not a lifetime possession, and consequently girls are inclined to be careless in their choice.

Chaperons a good idea.

Far better were the days when parents carefully inquired into the character of their daughter's suitors, saw that she was well chaperoned when she went out, and watched that she did not make a foolish marriage.

E. W. Thompson, Bosanquet Ave., Prospect, S.A.

Divorce Makes Public

IN view of the fact that the present-day girl has far more opportunities to know and understand her husband before marriage than did her mother, Miss Paull (16/7/'38) asks why there should be so many more unhappy marriages, and says that apparently women have no ideals these days.

Unhappy marriages are only more obvious to-day because women have the opportunity to make a change for the better through divorce courts.

In the past they had to accept whatever situation arose, through fear of scandal.

Miss W. Byers, 69 Liverpool Rd., Sth. Strathfield, N.S.W.

Worse Sin

IT was with amusement that I read Miss Paull's letter regarding unhappy marriages, and couples of to-day having no ideals.

In former times, couples stayed together, although unhappy, for fear of scandal, caused by separation.

People of to-day still have ideals and live up to them.

For to stay with your husband when you do not love him, in my opinion, is a worse sin than divorce was in former days.

Theodora White, Flat 4, Thorlinda, 168 Wellington Pde., East Melbourne.

Selfish Age

MISS PAULL wonders why there are so many unhappy marriages these days.

Might not the solution be found in the fact that people are not prepared to sacrifice anything in these modern times?

Marriage, like anything else worth while, demands sacrifice.

This present-day lack of sacrifice is evidenced in every walk of life. Men and women are not willing to give up comforts to develop the outback as the pioneers did under much harder conditions.

Everyone wants the "cushy" job, the easy and selfish life.

K. G. Porter, Karaweena, Jimbour, Qld.

Cynical Moderns

I AGREE that there are more unhappy marriages than there should be in these enlightened days.

But we must not forget that in the old days divorce was a shameful thing, and women preferred to suffer silently than endure the social ostracism extended a divorcee.

The girl of to-day, however, does seem to demand very little for her prospective husband.

She goes out with the first man who asks her, and is content eventually to marry him.

Girls seem so cynical, too, and so disillusioned.

Mary Fitzsimmons, Millingen St., West Perth.

HAPPY AUSSIES

RECENTLY I listened to a chat given by a distinguished foreign visitor.

He said that the first thing he noticed about Australians was their carefree, happy outlook.

Free from international complications and internal strife, we have much to be thankful for.

Miss Grace Riethwuller, 229 Clarence St., Sydney.

✦ ✦ ✦

"OUT OF FASHION"

SOMEONE remarked to me the other day: "You might as well be dead as out of fashion."

Do most of us feel like this?

Are we only happy to be following the crowd in choosing our clothes and furnishings?

Surely each of us can be courageous enough to take from the new fashions only what pleases us, and to keep from the old what still may seem beautiful.

M. Hardwick, 2 Abukica Rd., Epping, N.S.W.

✦ ✦ ✦

HITLER RULES

A FRIEND of mine said recently: "If more men married, there would be fewer women taking men's jobs.

"I do not think that it would be an unjust law which compelled all eligible bachelors earning the basic wage and over to marry, under penalty of a special tax to cover the cost of child endowment.

"Childless couples should also pay their share."

What do readers think?

C. Morris, 74 Cambridge St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

✦ ✦ ✦

MARITAL HONOR

WHAT is the bond that makes for real happiness between husband and wife? My answer would be "honor between themselves."

If a husband and wife know that whatever passes between them will never go any further, they have a wonderful bond of trust which means true happiness.

It is when the private affairs of a home are allowed to go beyond its confines that unhappiness results.

Mrs. J. E. Harding, 10 Rundle St., Rockhampton, Qld.

NO MORE SKIN BLEMISHES FOR ME NOW THAT I USE REXONA SOAP

Your skin can have the clear loveliness you have always desired with one simple care—regular washing with Rexona Soap. Rexona's special medications quickly banish blemishes from dull skins and give normal skins a new beauty they never had before. For more serious skin troubles, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.

AT YOUR CHEMIST'S OR STORE NOW!

SOAP—9d. per Tablet (City and Suburbs). OINTMENT—1/9 per Tin. NOW also extra large size, three times the quantity, 2/-.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622957

Conduct Unbecoming

Continued from Page 5

"MET tons of people."

"Do ye tell me now! That's gran', that's gran'. Maybe Sir Matthew'll be havin' ye in next time he takes the measles."

Finlay colored.

"As a matter of fact," he observed loftily. "I danced most of the evening with Sir Matthew's cousin!"

"Sir Matthew's cousin?"

"Exactly! With Miss Malcolm."

"Miss Malcolm," Cameron echoed blankly, then covered his amazement by falling hastily on his kipper. "Ay, ay, she is some connection of the Sinclairs. Not a first cousin, I shouldn't say, no, no, hardly as near as that. But a nice enough body, none the less."

"She is, indeed! A charming girl!"

This time Cameron nearly had a fit. He choked and spluttered, but finally coughed the paroxysm away.

"It's these kippers," he wheezed. "They're full of bones! What was it you were saying about Miss Malcolm?"

"Just that she was charming," he answered absently. "I must look her up one day soon."

Cameron scraped back his chair decisively.

"You're far too busy for any such thing. You're a working doctor, Finlay, man. Not a darn troubadour."

It was curious, in the light of that remark, that Finlay was run off his legs for the next few days. Cameron piled the work upon him mercilessly.

For an entire fortnight not one moment of leisure did Finlay have in which he might have called to see Miss Malcolm. At the end of that period, however, a note arrived, written on plain white paper, mat surface, deckle edges, smelling delicately of verbena.

"I had expected you to come and see me as a friend. Now, alas! I must invoke you as a doctor. I am not quite well. Nothing serious. But a nuisance rather. Come in the evening if you can, and I shall give you coffee."

Finlay sniffed the note. What a charming perfume. So she was ill, poor soul, and he had neglected her shamefully. Ah, it was too bad, altogether too bad.

"There's call for Miss Malcolm," he informed Cameron at lunch time.

Cameron's brows jerked up, and he looked as though he might rap out an oath. But he said nothing.

"I'll do it, of course," Finlay answered calmly.

A pause.

"I'll go round and see her——"

"In the evening!" shouted Cameron. And putting down his head he began to sup his Scotch broth like a lunatic.

Finlay admired Miss Malcolm's house the moment he entered it.

Miss Malcolm's house was — like Miss Malcolm and Miss Malcolm's notepaper — charming, perfectly charming. It was not a villa—the mere word alone was too obnoxious—but a gracious old house of weathered red sandstone.

It stood in a crescent with a carriage-step in front; its rooms were large and spacious, breathing gentility, and its furnishing was in keeping with the whole.

Miss Malcolm had travelled greatly and had picked up many bits and pieces on her travels.

"You like my painted chest? It is rather good. I got it from a funny little gasthof in the Tyrol." Or "These odd candlesticks. They're Quimper ware, of course. I bought them from the dearest old Breton woman in Val Andre."

Miss Malcolm was in the drawing-room reclining in a long chair beside the fire. An old silver tray with Spode china and a Georgian coffee-pot stood at her elbow.

"Faithless one!" she exclaimed brightly. "If I hadn't been taken ill I believe I should never have seen you again."

He protested.

"Oh, no, Miss Malcolm! I've been wanting to come round. But I've been so busy. Tell me, though, what's the trouble?"

"I think we danced together too much the other night. My heart—it's nothing, of course—a mere nothing."

Full of concern, he examined her heart. As his dark head bent over her she closed her eyes. There was not much wrong that he could make out—a faint murmur, perhaps, but no perceptible lesion. He straightened himself, addressed her solicitously.

"You must rest. That's it. You must rest for a bit. And I'll make you up a little tonic. I'll make it up myself. Trust me. I'll look after you."

She thanked him, adding—

"Ever since I went climbing in Arosa I've been rather bothered. I'm perfectly strong, of course. Perfectly sound in wind and limb."

While she gave him coffee he talked to her of climbing in Switzerland, which they both agreed he would adore.

THE coffee was delicious—not like Janet's coffee, which was good in a homely way, but fragrant, aromatic, full of sensuous essences. She begged him, please, to smoke his pipe. She adored a pipe.

Then they talked of travel, of the fascinating, exotic places of the East, of books. She talked intelligently, provocatively, wittily. She had read widely.

Occasionally she slipped into French or German—a little phrase unostentatiously introduced. Her accent was perfect. He gazed across at her admiringly.

Under the softly-shaded lights, surrounded by her own atmosphere, by the fragrance of the coffee and the faint, elusive odor of verbena, she looked quite beautiful.

She was on the thin side, it is true, and her liquid brown eyes were big, full, even prominent. Her teeth, too, were rather prominent. The skin of her neck had a dry look, and her nose, from certain angles, had a queer sharpness. But she had a way of holding herself, a way of animating her features which dispelled critical analysis.

She had fine, well-cared-for hands. She was elegant. She was so right, assured, well-bred—such a lady.

She never said, "Come away now, Dr. Hyslop, you're eating nothing, is your coffee out?" Never crooked her little finger. Never jarred on him.

Finlay thought her a most delightful, stimulating person. He was immensely attracted to her. She gave him a sense of his own value, a feeling that he was lost in a wretched hole like Levenford.

He began, with her, to despise Levenford. It was ten o'clock when, reluctantly, he rose to go. He promised to look in without fail the following evening.

As they shook hands in good-bye, he felt a gentle pressure of her fingers on his.

The following evening came. And Finlay "looked in" to see Miss Malcolm. The next evening, too, and the next.

THEY were professional visits, she emphatically insisted—she was comfortably off, she said: she demanded to be treated, like an ordinary patient, and every time, before coffee and conversation Finlay listened most assiduously to her heart.

About ten days later Cameron came up to Finlay in the dispensary. He hummed and hawed a little, then abruptly declared:

"You're calling pretty often to see Miss Malcolm!"

"Why, yes," said Finlay, surprised. "She's knocked up her heart a little."

"Her heart?" Cameron echoed dryly. "Ay, ay. So they're all professional visits."

"Certainly!" Finlay exclaimed indignantly. "What are you looking at me like that for? I've done nothing unprofessional. But if you want to know the truth, I enjoy going, to see Miss Malcolm immensely. She's got a brilliant mind——"

"Are you in love with the darned woman?" Cameron demanded violently.

"She's not a darned woman! She's a lady! And I'm extremely attracted to her."

Cameron threw up his hands.

"My God!" he groaned. "And I thought ye had sense."

Then he walked out of the room.

That evening Finlay went round determinedly to Miss Malcolm's house. Cameron's attitude made him all the more stubborn. He gave an extra pressure to her hand. He said how glad he was to see her. And then he took out his stethoscope to sound her heart.

There might have been a very different ending to this tale if Miss Malcolm had only kept her head. But, carried away by Finlay's extra cordiality, Miss Malcolm completely lost her head.

As Finlay bent close to examine her heart she flung her arms round his neck.

"I can't help it, Finlay," she murmured. "You're too sweet for words!" And she kissed him on the lips.

Finlay recoiled as though a snake had stung him.

"You mustn't," he stammered. "You mustn't do that."

Everything in his training revolted at the idea. A patient's arms round his neck. Conduct unbecoming in a professional respect. A man might lose his sheepskin, be struck off the register for less.

Panic seized him. He stared at her as she lay there with her big, brown eyes melting up at him. He blurted out an excuse, and bolted from the room.

He went straight to Cameron and told him everything. Cameron looked at him in that canny style of his.

"So you've had your lesson at last, my lad! I'll not say I'm sorry. Listen! Now that you're in a condition to understand, how old do you think your braw Miss Malcolm is?"

Finlay mumbled——

"I don't know."

"She's forty-two if she's a day! Forty-two! And she's been lookin' for a man these last four and twenty years. Listen! Have ye ever seen her in the mornin'?"

"No," said Finlay feebly. "She's always asked me to come——"

"In the evening," Cameron acidly cut in. He paused impressively. "But if you'd seen her in the mornin'—" And that was all.

Next day Cameron paid the visit to Miss Malcolm himself. He went in the morning, and he didn't stay long.

But the odd fact is that Miss Malcolm's strained heart got better immediately.

(Copyright)

GIRLS . . . FOLLOW THE LEAD OF AUSTRALIA'S GLAMOUR GIRL . . .

She says:
"I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly . . . it leaves my skin so soft and smooth."

All eyes are on Mary Maguire, radiant young Australian, whose beauty is now dazzling Hollywood. Her rise has been meteoric . . . and her gloriously clear, young complexion has contributed vitally to her success. One thing Mary has in common with 9 out of 10 of the greatest Hollywood stars is her choice of Lux Toilet Soap for daily skin care. It's something *you* can have in common with these glamorous stars, too. Use this special supercreamed soap regularly and watch *your* skin grow softer and smoother . . . radiantly clear.

LUX TOILET SOAP guards the vital softening oils of your skin . . . because it's *Supercreamed*
(Skin-cream-in-the-soap)

SUPERCREAMING is the blending of a little precious skin cream into every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. The rich, supercreamed lather keeps the tissues soft and supple . . . preserves the vital, natural oils that ordinary toilet soaps dry out of your skin. So for clear, youthful loveliness, use Lux Toilet Soap, it's *supercreamed*.

Make this test—and see for yourself

Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now, or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual CREAM you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

6,290.15

A LEVER PRODUCT

the ONLY cough drop
medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.
VICKS COUGH DROP

TRY THIS FOR INDIGESTION
Go to your chemist for a packet of TWIN SODA and take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Acidity, Wind, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, and similar ailments. Large packets of TWIN SODA cost only 1/6.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622958

The Movie World

• 1. JACK BUCHANAN and Maurice Chevalier, two scatter-brained vaudeville artists, return home from the day's labor.

• 2. BEARDED GENTLEMAN is Jack Buchanan, in disguise in a mythical kingdom, where he is mistaken for a spy. The lady is Marta Labarr.

• 3. JACK BUCHANAN, star and producer of the film.

• 4. BUCHANAN and Chevalier putting all they've got into their vaudeville turn.

• 5. JUNE KNIGHT (above) hires them to play eighteenth century French courtiers in her musical comedy production.

• 6. MAURICE CHEVALIER sings, no whit disturbed by the anguished looks of stage hands.

Anglo-French Frivolity

• ENGLISH JACK BUCHANAN and French Maurice Chevalier are the stars of "Break the News," film musical comedy, released by Gaumont-British. They play a pair of dud vaudeville artists who concoct an elaborate plan to get themselves into the limelight.

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Songster's Return

FOR some time rumors have been current that Grace Moore would quit her film career and devote her time to concert work. She has long been dissatisfied with the roles she has been given.

However, she is now returning to Hollywood, and Columbia has the script of a new musical, "Never To Forget," ready for her to read.

If it meets with her approval, production will start immediately.

* * *

Annabella to Stay

ANNABELLA has leased a home in Hollywood for three years.

There have been rumors that she would return to her native France on completion of "Suez," but she says that if she does return to France it will only be for a short visit.

* * *

No Hard Feelings

HAVE you ever wondered what became of Sari Maritza, the little European actress who came to Hollywood a few years ago, then suddenly disappeared from the screen?

Sari gave up her film career when she married Sam Katz, M.-G.-M. production chief. She has now announced that she is divorcing Katz, and will attempt a screen comeback.

Katz will try to get her a job at his studio!

Chatterton's Next Film

RUTH CHATTERTON, after making "The Rat," a British film, went to Paris for a holiday. She was dining with Francoise Rosay, famous French film star, when Pierre Banchar, another French star, walked in. "What an ideal Napoleon and Josephine you and he would make," said Francoise to Ruth.

And that is how the play, "The Royal Divorce," came to be filmed at Denham.

* * *

Veteran Ailing

MAY ROBSON is still suffering from the effects of an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and doctors have told her she must take a long rest when her present picture is completed.

The seventy-year-old Australian actress, who has spent more than fifty years in the theatrical business, is finishing her part in "Sister Act," but has a nurse in constant attendance on the set.

* * *

Tyrone Power, Author

FOR one hour every evening Tyrone Power sits down at his desk and writes additional pages for the life story of his father, a famous actor.

The book was started by his father as an autobiography, but was only half finished when he died in 1931.

Tyrone has now almost finished the job, and has already received offers from several publishers for it.

A gorgeous new Paramount Star uses Max Factor's Make-Up

OLYMPE BRADNA

She's the year's film sensation . . . exotic Olympe Bradna, the star of Paramount's "Stolen Heaven" . . . and she uses Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up to enrich the color appeal of her beauty. So do 96 per cent. of all the Hollywood stars. So can you! Max Factor has created exclusive shades of powder, rouge and harmonising lipstick for blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads. By filling in the coupon below, you will receive from Max Factor your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, which lists the correct shades for your individual type. If you can, come along and see Max Factor's new salon in Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Olympe Bradna, star of "Stolen Heaven," A Paramount Picture.

Olympe Bradna is an enthusiastic user of Max Factor's Face Powder.

Olympe Bradna gives soft color to her cheeks with Max Factor's rouge.

Olympe Bradna using Max Factor's Super Indelible lipstick to dramatise the beauty of her lips.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists

Max Factor's, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor's purse-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. FREE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE AS7

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light	Blue	BLONDE: Light / Dark	Dry
Fair	Grey		Oily
Creamy	Green	BROWNETTE: Light / Dark	Normal
Medium	Hazel		
Ruddy	Brown	BRUNETTE: Light / Dark	LIPS: Moist / Dry
Sallow	Black		
Freckled	LASHES: Light	REDHEAD: Light / Dark	AGE
Olive	Dark		

Max Factor Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: JAMES & ANDERSON, Box 3962 V, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622959

Edwardian Fashions for New Film

DRAT these speed gangsters, sighs Dame Fashion. Tearing Time to tatters in their mad rush forward to the future. Soon there'll be no time left. No time for home life, no time to develop friendships, no time for any of the lovely things that belong to leisure. No time, perhaps, for dress. So what?

So, as for me, I'll turn my eyes back to the more spacious days of Queen Victoria. A dress was a dress and a woman was a woman in those days. Not a rag and a bone and a haircut.

Back must come the off-the-shoulder decolletes, boned bodices, full skirts sweeping into near-bustles, pleatings, ruffles, fussy bows, feathers, and fal-lals . . . —THE FASHION EDITOR

Miss Steppe Steps Out . . One of the notable attractions of Cinesound's forthcoming production, "Dad and Dave Come to Town," is a fashion parade. Leila Steppe, well-known American glamor girl, takes the role of a mannequin and shows a beautiful collection of gowns.

Photographs on this page show Miss Steppe in some of the models she will show in the film. The whole collection, designed by Miss Mavis Ripper, charmingly exemplifies the Edwardian and Victorian trend for the coming season. Miss Steppe has adopted a coiffure in keeping with the return to the 'nineties.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622960

To-day's Picturesque Frocks Have Recaptured Yesterday's Charm

● An unusual color contrast is achieved by the negligee at the top left. Of taffeta, it is stitched with ribbon to get a candy-stripe effect. The laced corselet is one of the most popular of the many Edwardian revivals of fashion which mark the season's mode.

● Another lovely leisure-hour gown is shown at the left. Neckline and puffed sleeves are trimmed with ruffles faintly edged with black.

● From the Victorian era comes the inspiration of the taffeta model at left above. The three-tiered skirt sweeps into a bustle, and the net shoulder-straps are finished with posies of old-fashioned flowers.

● Quite Victorian, too, is the ruffled off-the-shoulder line of the lovely taffeta frock above. The shorter hemline in front gives a glimpse of a finely-pleated blue tulle petticoat. The bodice is boned.

● A finely-braided basque and a demure yoke of net give an air of quaint simplicity to the supple satin frock at the top right of this page.

● Layers of shaded green net compose the filmy frock at the right, the deepest shade of green forming the first layer. It has the old-world shoulder-line and is trimmed with black velvet ribbon bows and circles of shaded net.

◀ Natural color photographs reproduced by our special colorgravure process. ▶

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622961

Hollywood Is No City of Glamor

● The Third of Our Sensational Series of Hollywood Revelations

.... Says Paul Holt

CABLING FROM HOLLYWOOD, PAUL HOLT GIVES YOU HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND SOME COLD, HARD FACTS ABOUT FAMOUS SCREEN PLAYERS AND THEIR HOME TOWN

HOLLYWOOD? There is no such place. The town is a long straggling village with criss-cross streets that run on indefinitely to nowhere.

Bungalows; waste patches; weeds growing high on tram tracks; wooden bungalows looking hardly strong enough to hold up their weight; neon signs that announce simply, "Eat," "Liquor," "Funeral Parlor," "Tabernacle," "Loans." (The needs of citizens catered for impartially—to be fed, to drink, to die impressively, to pray for a better life, to have a better one here by borrowing cash on the family car.)

Every time you drive along a boulevard it takes you to the sea.

You reach nothingness of ocean after a long stretch of disappointments—lovely laid out gardens with statues and ornamental ponds flanked by old car tyre dumps; a great stucco church with brass doors and stained windows shares a waste patch with a cigar stand.

When the great flood came last winter it swept away hundreds of lovely homes, and left no trace of mansions built on six-inch foundations, made of wood frames, with wire netting for plaster to stick to.

No one walks in the streets in Hollywood. The place is deserted from dawn to midnight.

The saying here is that if two people are seen walking together down Sunset Boulevard natives think it's a parade.

All take cars to post letters. Probably that is why you rarely see lovely women here.

New York is full of beauties. They wear crazy hats designed to look like orchids, onions, butterflies, and beanstalks.

They wear short swinging skirts, and have themselves led about town by panting rough-haired terriers—Myrna Loy "Thin Man" complex.

Hollywood women look as though they had never heard of hats, Loy, dogs, or clothes.

When they do appear it is in slacks—hair wild, not made up at all—or straight from studios, looking hideous in working masks. They carry shopping baskets on their arms.

Only at night do they like to dress up and dig out chinchilla.

Then they gaily career off to a swank eating-house squired by males in dirty flannels with cowboy handkerchiefs round their necks.

I have seen only three men in evening clothes; they were taking out to dine a lovely, tiny blonde in yellow slacks, woolly overcoat, and head hanky.

Mostly stars stay at home. For fun they pull down the blinds and play expertly children's games, and gossip.

Locals attribute this to swarming radio columnists who have movie personalities engaged before they've come through swing doors, and divorced before they've gone out again.

Recently I dined in the famous Brown Derby, neighbored by three oil men from Cleveland and a typical young American family—father, mother, and two crying infants who should have been in bed hours before.

By day this town looks like a world fair that is just about to be pulled down.

By night it's lovely from the hills—like a glittering carpet, fairy lights, all colors—a dress spread out for Titania's approval. Night is kind to the city of illusions.

Buildings Are New

DRIVE along the New Bond Street of the town which has sprung up in the past two years—exotic bungalow buildings, floodlit, priceless antiques from Europe in windows; shops with paint hardly dry.

A great neon sign on a milk-white building states with simple dignity that Max Reinhardt, that great impresario, has set up shop here, establishing a school for culture.

Opposite an even lovelier building says in even bigger neon: "Funeral Home."

Over the facade hangs a great clock with ten-foot pendulum glowing a tasteful blue, ticking off your last minutes, flanked with a slogan which says, "One telephone call fixes everything."

On a strip stand the offices of the great agents—kings of Hollywood. Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Selznick, Orsatti, Schulberg, are painted tastefully, very small, over doors.

They don't need to advertise.

For any other sign of picture-making you have to drive miles out to Culver City lying beyond the thick million-dollar belt of stars' homes.

Westward lies the great M.-G.-M. studios, the vastest, most complete film factory in the world.

Watching Production

LIKE most things, the Hollywood entrance is flanked by huge stucco church, cigar stand, petrol station, and mortician's shop. Mortician is even higher class than funeral.

The only buildings I've seen in this town with the remotest hope of survival in ten years are the great sound stages here that spread over acres and tower like scrapers.

In Sound Stage Seven are Myrna Loy and Clark Gable at work on "Too Hot to Handle"—newsreel cameraman's saga due to out-thrill "Test Pilot."

Myrna looks a hundred per cent. better than when I saw her last.

She is still as delightfully vague and sits in the dressing-room between takes playing Maxine Sullivan swing records on a portable gramophone.

Her hair is light paprika, down-soft, and her voice wanders off into unintelligible conjectures.

When wanted by the cameras she trots to her place like a dutiful sheepdog. She seems to have lost most of her freckles.

Clark Gable is larger than life, a great bull of a man. If he gestures to make a point he sets up a wind five yards round. He thunders along rather than walks, laughs like a bomb going off behind you.

But when he strikes a snag in script he puzzles over it.

He speaks the lines first of all in violent unprintable slang, gradually breaks them down to decencies of dialogue. Is in high spirits, and looks it though overworking.

I am lunching with Spencer Tracy, going races with Joe E. Brown, going fights with Robert Taylor. I hope to tell you all about it—if I stand the pace.

● *CLARK GABLE is larger than life, a great bull of a man . . . when he strikes a snag in script he puzzles over it.*

Sally was Pale and "Nervy"

Is Your Child Highly Strung, "Nervy"?

SO OFTEN when a child tires easily, looks pale, is "nervy", food-faddy, or restless at night, the trouble is Night Starvation. Get Horlicks to-day. Use the Horlicks Mixer, it makes Horlicks taste twice as nice. If you have not a mixer ask your Chemist or Grocer for a special pack containing a ½ lb. tin Horlicks, Mixer and Measuring Spoon, all for 2/-. Horlicks is also obtainable in ½ lb. tins at 1/6 and 1 lb. tins (economy size) at 2/9.

HORLICKS at bedtime builds appetite, and strengthens nerves by guarding children against Night Starvation.

Jane Heriote

STYLES FOR THE NOT-SO-SLENDER

OBTAINABLE AT GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622962

Here's Hot News From All the Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

THE announcement that Norma Shearer will play Scarlett Hara, heroine of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," has met with undivided approval. They think she is not well cast as temperamental Scarlett.

Everyone is well satisfied with Clark Gable as Rhett Butler.

With regard to the rest of the cast, Walter Connolly gets the powerful role of Gerald, Scarlett's father, and Margaret Tallichet will play Carreen.

Tyrone Power is the only one being considered for the part of Ashley Wilkes, although he in no way resembles the dreamy-eyed, fair young man described by Margaret Mitchell's book.

Who will play the gentle Melanie has not been decided. Janet Gaynor has been mentioned.

* * *

THE stars at Warner Brothers are doing more than their share towards increasing the population this year.

Recently the Claude Rains' acquired a bouncing baby girl and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Knowles a son. Comedian Ben Jenkins is also a proud recent parent.

Youngest of all, however, is the little daughter born to Joan Blondell and Dick Powell a few weeks ago.

* * *

RIN TIN TIN, gone now for many years, is not forgotten. Jack Warner, head of Warner Bros., heard that Lady, Rin Tin Tin's daughter, now at the advanced age of 12, was being abandoned by her trainer because he could no longer keep her. Warner immediately sent this telegram to Lady:

"Come home to Warners, where we'll make you comfortable in Rin Tin Tin's old kennel on the lot for the rest of your days."

DOTS... and DASHES--

● Claudette Colbert back from Europe with a new dachshund called Hansie. ● Jimmy Stewart escorting Merle Oberon since her return to Hollywood. ● Gossips once more insisting Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes will be married in the near future. ● The Earl of Warwick (Michael Brooke) down with flu. ● Myrna Loy proudly exhibiting a letter of glowing praise written her by Norma Shearer after seeing "Test Pilot." ● Kay Francis telling friends she won't use the title when she marries Baron Barnekow.

CLARA BOW, who is married to Rex Bell, has been seriously ill since the birth of her second son a few weeks ago.

However, doctors say she is recovering slowly. Both Rex and Clara are delighted over the new brother for their three-year-old Tony.

* * *

LATEST romance rumor is that Binnie Barnes may re-marry her ex-husband, Samuel Joseph, from whom she was divorced three years ago.

There have been several long conversations over the transatlantic telephone between Binnie in Hollywood and Joseph, who is a bookseller in London.

* * *

ROBERT DONAT watched Dilys Davies, a Welshwoman, playing her first part, Mrs. Blodwen Page, in "The Citadel."

He was amazed at her acting, and enjoyed the way she handled the dramatic scenes. "Anyone would think you were a doctor's wife in real life," he said.

"I am," she replied.

* * *

MARY MAGUIRE'S "heart interest" in the film "Keep Smiling," is Peter Coke; born in Kenya, son of a coffee-planter, public school product, and aged 24.

ANNE SHIRLEY has the leading feminine role in "Room Service," R.K.O.'s screen version of the famous Broadway hit, in which the three Marx brothers will resume play.

* * *

JOSEPH SCHENCK'S attention has turned from Mary Maguire to Simone Simon.

It looks like romance between Constance Worth and Ivan Goff, the writer.

Gertrude Michael is coming back to Hollywood after many months in Europe.

With Robert Taylor in New York, Barbara Stanwyck is being escorted by her handsome young son, Dion.

Patsy Kelly, by painful dieting, dropped 40 pounds and looks as slender as she did five years ago.

LUNCHING at the Tropics, Beverly Hills, the other day, were Arline Judge, her new husband, Dan Topping, and her small son, Wesley Ruggles, jun.

A few moments later, in walked Arline's ex-husband, Wesley Ruggles, sen., sat down at the table with Arline and Topping, and had a long and amiable conversation!

* * *

ROBERT DONAT has signed an extended-term contract with M.-G.-M. under terms of which he will make at least six pictures for that company.

The first two will be "The Citadel," in which he co-stars with Rosalind Russell, and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," which will be made in England.

* * *

IT costs Madge Evans 11,000 dollars a year to keep herself looking like a glamorous movie actress. She explains that she has to spend this amount. If she didn't, she would soon drop out of the public eye.

About a third of this money goes for wardrobe accessories, and the rest for make-up, wigs and photographs for fans.

● CONSTANCE BENNETT and Gilbert Roland are two of Hollywood's most constant companions. Here they are, taken unawares at the Santa Anita racecourse at Hollywood. Constance studies the programme while Roland seeks refreshment.

● GINGER ROGERS and Fred Astaire study their lines on the set of their new musical, "Carefree." The sombre gentleman on the left is Ralph Bellamy, who has an important role in the picture.

Vicki Lester
Warner Brothers Star

One of the most beautiful and talented girls on the screen. Splendid actress, ice skater, dancer and swimmer. Favourite color, blue . . . favourite flower, the gardenia. Has a knack of wearing clothes.

You have to be outstanding to get anywhere nowadays, and that's why Charmosan face powder is used by tens of thousands of women everywhere because it does things other powder cannot do.

For instance, it brings immediate charm to your skin, for it conceals and subdues faults so that they seem no longer there. It stays on for hours, so that you can forget about your powder puff. And it is fragranced with one of the most exquisite perfumes in France, which is reserved specially for it.

Charmosan face powder

All shades and sunten. Big double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

Wrinkles

Not for me, thank you. I was told today that massage with Charmosan cold cream works wonders with them. So here goes.

Charmosan cold cream

Boudoir jars 2/6; tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.***

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

Hacking Cough?

You've got to get rid of the germ-laden phlegm on your chest before your cough will go. All phlegm teems with infectious streptococci, which, under a microscope, look like this as well as stophylococci and the deadly pneumonia germs called pneumococci. Scientists discovered that the *pectoral oxymel* made from *carrageen*, which is a seaweed found on the Irish coast, gets germ-laden phlegm away from your mucous membranes with lightning speed. Only Bonnington's Irish Moss contains this *pectoral oxymel of carrageen!*

★ As you swallow that soothing Bonnington's Irish Moss the *pectoral oxymel of carrageen* which it exclusively contains, immediately flows to the mucous membranes, loosening the germ-laden phlegm. At the same time a protective antiseptic film is spread over delicate tissues which have been irritated by coughs and sneezes. You've never known phlegm to come away so quickly before . . And when that phlegm goes, your cold goes, too.

1/9 A BOTTLE

Avoid Imitations.

Bonnington's Irish Moss

The fastest way to break the heaviest cough or cold!

CUT THIS OUT POST TO-DAY

Your Future FORECAST

By ALOR SHAN

WORLD-FAMOUS ASTROLOGER

A forecast which is distinctly different from the usual—and giving fullest details re Finance, Lottery Luck, Travel, Speculation, Romance, Love, Marriage, Legacies, Lucky Periods, Occupation, Health, Business, etc. Questions answered. Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, year, and Stamped Addressed Envelope.

ALOR SHAN, Dept. D1, Box 3123R., G.P.O., Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622963

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer is famous, among other things, for its great roster of stars . . . popular artists who play *exclusively* in *M-G-M* Pictures.

* * *

Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery . . . these are just a few of the veteran *M-G-M* stars.

* * *

In the past two years alone, *M-G-M* has given such excellent opportunities to some players that they, too, have become favourites of the screen. These include *Robert Taylor, Luise Rainer, Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell, Spencer Tracy* . . .

* * *

Year after year *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* pursues its basic policy of developing new stars so that the picture-going public will always be able to look forward to a variety of casts in *M-G-M* Pictures.

* * *

At the moment there are several players in *M-G-M* pictures who are rapidly approaching stardom. Some already have won large followings (*Judy Garland*, who is now to be seen in "Everybody Sing"; *Mickey Rooney*, who appears as Lewis Stone's son in "Judge Hardy's Children" and "You're Only Young Once"; *Alan Curtis*, who attracted immediate attention opposite Joan Crawford in "Mannequin"), and some have yet to be introduced to fans (watch for *Dennis O'Keefe* in "The Bad Man of Brimstone" and "Hold That Kiss"; watch for *Ilona Massey* in "Rosalie"; watch for all newcomers in every *M-G-M* picture!).

* * *

And don't miss *M-G-M's* newest bright star, *Margaret Sullavan* who wins a memorable place in screen history opposite Robert Taylor in *M-G-M's "Three Comrades"* with Franchot Tone and Robert Young. She's marvellous, and is a worthy new member of *M-G-M* exclusive circle of superbly talented stars!

Yours for the best in entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

BRITON'S BABY CHICKS
From Champion Laying Strains
Live delivery guaranteed N.S.W. Catalogue, Price List, Rearing Instructions posted free.
W. W. BRITON
Winston Hatcheries, Epping, N.S.W.

THEATRE ROYAL
NOW PLAYING: NIGHTLY at 8, Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.
MISS BETTY BALFOUR
in
"PERSONAL APPEARANCE"
The gayest stage success in years.

For Men

Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

Certainly those business men who have many payments to make over a considerable area need cheque accounts, but even those, in common with all other men, will find the Savings Account a most useful and convenient aid to money accumulation.

There is nothing undignified in the transaction of Savings Bank business, but there is interest profit to be earned on such monies as would otherwise lie idle.

Throughout Australia there are Branches and Post Office Agencies of the

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★ BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE

Virginia Bruce, Wallace Beery. (M.G.M.)

YIPPEE, hombres and gals, the West is wild again!

"Bad Man of Brimstone" is a tale of the old West produced on as grand a scale as "The Plainsman" or "Wells Fargo," but, unlike those excellent productions, it makes no pretensions to being the epic of an epoch.

It's just a fast and furious adventure yarn, with unlimited action, genuine drama, a simple love story and a rich vein of comedy.

Wallace Beery has never been better than in his role of a reckless outlaw with a sardonic sense of humor—and, of course, the inevitable substratum of sentiment.

Women like roughnecks on the screen—even if not at home—but they like them genial, devil-may-care, and very human. That's just what "The Bad Man of Brimstone" is, in Beery's appealing interpretation.

In the midst of a career of lawlessness and riotous living, the bad man comes up against a young hero of law and order, who is really the bad man's own son. The son doesn't know this, and it makes the situation all the more difficult . . . and interesting.

Denis O'Keefe, a new juvenile lead, has a straight but not stupid role as the young hero, and he makes a distinct appeal.

Virginia Bruce, though accustomed to sophisticated roles, makes an excellent job of the part of a little prairie flower.

Guy Kibbee, as the slick man-about-town in the town that is just a long street, creates a very real and humorous character.

Joseph Calleia is a sombre villain, and Bruce Cabot a colorful young Western adventurer. But one of the finest performances in the story is that of Lewis Stone.—State; showing.

★★ THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Mara Loseff, Jack Buchanan. (G.B.D.)

FOLLOWING the gay nonsense of Jack Hulbert at the Mayfair comes the gay nonsense of Jack Buchanan. And "The Sky's the Limit" is an even more entertaining comedy than "Kate Plus Ten"—for those who love English romantic farce.

Ardent devotees of the harder, brighter, more sardonic humor of America find Jack Buchanan a bit too much the old-style musical comedy juvenile, and his stories a little too soft and silly.

But there's a charm and lightness about Buchanan's work that appeals, in its own way, more than all Hollywood's wisecracks and crazy situations, and there will always be a public for his gay, purely theatrical romances.

In "The Sky's The Limit" he impersonates a romantic and devil-may-care young man whose delight is to fly high—both aerially and in everyday life.

One feels his wings may be clipped when he crashes hard for the beautiful Mara Loseff—but it's only a forced landing really, and Jack and Mara sing and play their way through a frothy plot to a finale of laughs and kisses.

The plot is negligible, but the dialogue witty and slick, while the best scenes are lovely.

Mara Loseff, a newcomer to English films, is a Russian comic opera singer with a fascinating voice and a vivacious blonde charm.—Mayfair; showing.

> *OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM*
> *No stars—below average.*
> ★ *One star—average entertainment*
> ★★ *Two stars—above average*
> ★★★ *Three stars—excellent*

★ WHEN G-MEN STEP IN

Jaqueline Wells, Don Terry. (Columbia.)

SINISTER stuff, this. Though law and order, naturally, triumph in the end, the picture of the American underworld presented in this film is grim and terrifying, especially when one knows from authentic cases that it is not an extravagant picture.

It deals wth the "Big Shots" of crime — the leaders of criminal "rackets" as highly-organised as major industries—and, indeed, crime has become one of America's most highly-capitalised industries.

A group of exploiters is revealed battening on respectable industry, enmeshing hitherto innocent citizens in the toils, and defying all the ordinary agencies of law.

Blackmail, terrorism, bribery and murder are all used to wipe out opposition to the ruthless money-hunger of the crime-bosses.

It is only "When the G-Men Step In"—that is, when the incorruptible Federal police take a hand—that the criminals are forced to fight it out.

Against this evil background is played a personal plot that reaches emotional melodrama in its climaxes, but, unfortunately, this personal story isn't as credible or convincing as the actual war on crime.

Don Terry, a really capable actor, plays a young and polished gangster—an "under-cover man"—who collects the profits of the gang's work.

But this racketeer has a brother who is a G-Man—a Federal agent—and the clash between them is harrowing enough, even without the grim threat hanging over the love and happiness of pretty Jaqueline Wells.

The well-directed action and authentic atmosphere of this thriller make it good entertainment, but it is a sombre theme, and only for those who like crime films.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ **Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.** Feature-length fairy tale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 10th week.
- ★★ **The Divorce of Lady X.** Merle Oberon, Laurence Oliver; modern comedy.—Century, 4th week.
- ★★ **Jezebel.** Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; colorful period drama.—Embassy, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Let George Do It.** Letty Craydon, George Wallace; romantic melodrama.—Capitol, 3rd week.
- ★★ **Three Comrades.** Margaret Sullavan, Robert Taylor; post-war drama.—St. James, 2nd week.
- ★★ **Vivacious Lady.** Ginger Rogers, James Stewart; romantic farce.—Regent, 2nd week.

★ SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

June Clyde, Rex Harrison. (G.B.D.)

DON'T take your husband along to this in the hope that he'll really learn anything. There's little in it he doesn't know already, and the rest won't be good for him.

The plot is the familiar one of the wife who plans to teach her husband a lesson, and becomes involved in a situation that is salutary for herself as well.

But the plot doesn't matter so much as the dialogue and the handling of it.

At this, the real star is Romney Brent, a quiet Englishman whom you may remember in "Dinner at the Ritz." He has a gift for witty comedy . . . even when the script isn't particularly witty—and he carries a lot of the show.

Rex Harrison, a stagy-looking fellow, fails to measure up to a rather exacting role. He is supposed to play a fairly straight character and make it amusing—a hard job for any but an outstanding actor.

June Clyde is just an average English actress.

All round, "A School For Husbands" is just a passable picture. It has its moments.—Mayfair; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES
By Captain Fawcett

★ NURSE FROM BROOKLYN

Sally Eilers, Paul Kelly. (Universal.)

THIS is the latest opus in the Doctor-and-Nurse cycle, which has been producing about one tense drama a month for several years now.

Some of them have been imposing presentations, some of them arrant quickies, but few have been good. This one ranks just average.

Its best feature is the acting, which, on the part of the two stars particularly, is convincing and even stirring at times.

Sally Eilers, one of the few minor screen actresses who possess the ability to make their characters seem human, is excellent as the gallant little nurse with a sense of humor and an independent philosophy who finds herself caught up in tangled webs of love and intrigue.

Paul Kelly, who has risen rapidly in the better sort of melodramas, has a fairly ordinary role, but makes it live.

Behind the story is always the nerve-racking drama of life and death, self-interest and self-sacrifice, and the story works itself out in a fairly obvious but entertaining way, with the little nurse from Brooklyn struggling through, if not to the top, at least to happiness.—State; showing.

★ WHEN WERE YOU BORN?

Anna May Wong, Anthony Averill. (Warner Bros.)

IF you believe in astrology, you'll be interested in this film, which takes seriously the claims of astrologers that human character and individual destiny are pre-ordained by the stars.

The story for the film was written by a well-known American astrologer, and, whether you are a devotee or not, you must admit its ingenuity.

A murder is committed, and there are several suspects, with what looks like evidence against each. After police and investigators have failed to solve the mystery, an astrologer gets permission to study the horoscope of each suspect, and from the indications of character and fatality is able to advance a plausible theory of the crime.

The whole novel plot is very well worked out, and the picture makes good light entertainment with genuine thrills.

Anthony Averill and the handsome Margaret Lindsay are notable among the actors, with Anna May Wong supplying her usual exotic note.—Regent; showing.

★ ONE WILD NIGHT

June Lang, Dick Baldwin. (20th Century-Fox.)

HIGH-SPEED farce, with a light love-interest.

June Lang, pretty in a conventional way, and a conventional actress, lets herself go in crazy comedy, and does as well at it as many more celebrated stars. Dick Baldwin is a rather callow young man, but possesses the innocent enthusiasm that makes farce go.

These two start out to solve a crime mystery—and in the manner of amateur detectives in fact as well as fiction they get themselves into a variety of colorful messes.

Lyle Talbot and Sydney Toler supply some character comedy, and the show goes merrily.

Good light relief for the serious crime drama it accompanies.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

STUFFY HEAD COLDS
Catarrh, Coughs, Adenoids & Tonsils
STOPPED INSTANTLY
Five drops of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox in each nostril kills germs and soothes soreness. In flask complete with dropper.
50 DOSES, 3/6
Treatment size, 10/-.
Get Kanatox at any chemist.
KANATOX

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE
Caused by Tired Kidneys
Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.
The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.
If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this poisonous waste stays in the body. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.
Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

Real Life Stories

Dicing with Death in a Tropic Storm . . .

South Sea Thrill

A nightmare voyage in a native schooner, battling with tropic storms interspersed with five days of calm, during which hungry sharks encircled their little vessel . . . then a desperate juggle with death to reach safety inside an island reef at the height of a gale.

That was the thrilling adventure of Mrs. A. E. Liston, of Alton Road, Cooranbong, N.S.W., and her story wins this week's guinea prize for Real Life Stories.

IN June, 1922 (writes Mrs. Liston) I was travelling with my husband and infant son on a native schooner of about 35 tons from the island of Rurutu, in the Austral Group, up to Tahiti. The small vessel was heavily laden and, besides its native crew, carried as passengers a French doctor, two Chinese, some native women, and ourselves.

The small glory hole was crowded with natives, and being devoid of fresh air we decided to spread our mattresses on its roof, and there we stayed day and night through rain and shine.

The boom swaying only a few inches above our heads made it impossible to rig up any permanent shelter from the tropic sun by day, or the almost sunlight radiance of the full tropic moon by night. Our eyes ached for rest.

Five weary days we lay becalmed with the boom idly creaking back and forth, as we watched hungry sharks lazily circling our ship; then for two days and nights the vessel drove out of her course before a freshening gale.

For several hours in the night she was heeled over at such an angle that my husband had to hold on to the upper side of the cabin roof with one hand while he clasped me with the other to prevent our slipping overboard into the curling white waves below. The baby we had to send below for safety.

At length we were headed for Tahiti again. In the distance we saw the dim outlines of what the natives took to be the coast of the island.

As the day wore on the blackness of a tropic storm gathered on the horizon, and a freshening wind made it necessary for the leaky, frail schooner to drive before it.

The French doctor, whose nerves had become unstrung by the experiences of the past twelve days, ordered the ship's boat to be lowered, so that he and others might make for land.

Worn out with sickness and lack of food, I decided that if others were going in the boat I would be with them. Anything seemed less terrible than the thought of meeting another storm, and spending another night on the deck of that crazy vessel.

The best seamen were commissioned to man the boat, and we pulled away from the larger vessel, having miles to go, and not knowing what lay ahead.

After rowing a few hundred yards the storm closed in around us, shutting from view the schooner, which had had to race before the gale, and blotting from sight the coast for which we were heading. We could not see a boat's length ahead, and were guided only by the roar on the reef, which stood out a mile or more from land.

As we drew nearer the roar of the breakers drowned all other sound. Then, to our horror, the native at the tiller discovered that the reef was without an opening, and that we must attempt to ride the breakers in the hope that an O.S. wave would carry us safely over the jagged edges of that wall of death.

Tensely each man bent to his oar, and strained with the last ounce of energy as Nono shouted the command to "pull!"

I lay along the side of the boat, wrapped in a heavy seaman's cloak, with my baby clasped in my arms, and closing my eyes I offered a silent prayer that God would save in that hour of peril.

Over the reef we shot! Were we safe? Would our little boat get far enough over before the next wave crashed on her stern and sucked her back to destruction?

The boat grated on the reef beneath, but instantly, with shouted orders, the sailors were in the water and, up to their shoulders in foam, they dragged her bodily inshore ere the next wave crashed with thunderous roar behind us.

"THE BOAT was heeled over at such an angle that my husband had to hold on to the upper side of the cabin roof with one hand while he clasped me with the other to prevent our slipping overboard."

Face to Face With a Lion

FACE to face with a real live lion! And a savage one at that. Yes, that is one of my most vivid memories.

Each year my parents went to Rhodesia for big game shooting. The children were taken along, but had to remain in camp.

Came the day when I bribed one of the native beaters to take me with him. He blackened my face and hands and, dressed as a boy, off I went with the hunters.

When it came to the real business of the day I did not feel so happy and wished I were back in camp.

But when we sighted two lions I forgot my fright. My father fired at one, but only wounded it and it made straight for him.

I grabbed my uncle's rifle out of his hand and, without thinking, ran in front of father straight for the lion. He could not shoot again as I was in the line of fire and then——

I shut my eyes and pulled the trigger.

The bullet caught the lion in the head and I was so close that when it fell it knocked me over.

It all happened in a few seconds, but it seemed a life-time.

Needless to say I was in disgrace, but was forgiven. I still have a claw of the lion to-day.

5/- to Mrs. E. Caldwell, Murkaby Station, Kooringa, S.A.

Dream Came True

MY husband was a donkeyman on the Koombana, and the night before he was due to sail I had a horrible and realistic dream.

I was watching the Koombana sail, and as she gained the sea she heeled over and the waves hid her from my view. Suddenly the storm abated and where the Koombana had been was just a struggling mass of humanity.

I awoke in a hysterical mood and begged my husband not to board the boat, but to no avail. On our way to the wharf, however, an old seafarer friend persuaded him to join his boat, the Junee, bound for the islands.

A fortnight later my husband read that the Koombana had foundered off the West Coast of Australia with all hands.

5/- to Mrs. E. Murray, Carry St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Prisoner in Church

AS I was about to leave England for Australia the following week I decided to have a last look round the old village church.

But when I turned to leave, I found the door was locked. I was a prisoner for the night.

I thought of ringing the bell, but I was too scared to go up in the belfry.

The church was being renovated, and coffins that had been buried under the floor had been dug up and were still strewn about the church, and the churchyard.

This thought made me panicky.

However, I climbed up to one of the windows, knocked, and shouted frantically for some time, and eventually managed to attract the attention of the sexton's wife, who unlocked the door.

5/- to Mrs. A. Higson, 46 Stephens Avenue, Torrensville, S.A.

Lucky Oversight

LATE shopping night! We had a business in a Melbourne suburb and it was my habit to place the day's takings under the mattress of my bed. But this night——

I had not been asleep for long when I was awakened by the noise of drawers being pulled out. It was pitch dark and the intruder showed no light. I dared not move.

All I could do was to stare into the darkness, with perspiration pouring from me. I was afraid to call my husband. There had been a gang netting the neighborhood, and they had murdered one shopkeeper who had disturbed them.

But when the man left the room I screamed, and my husband ran in.

Not until then did I remember that I had not taken the money from the drawer, after putting our takings with it. It was gone—nearly £50.

The detectives told me I was lucky to be alive. There had been four or more concerned in the robbery, and had I hidden the money they would have resorted to violence to force me to reveal the hiding place.

5/- to Mrs. T. Henry, Post Office, Bendigo, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 2.

Successful Bluff

WHILE living in New Guinea I had considerable trouble with a native servant and had found it necessary to have him punished.

Determined to "pay back" he had stolen and secreted two detonators, and although I had searched the natives' houses and their belongings I had not been able to trace them.

One day I had just turned and walked a few steps away from the open fire when I was nearly deafened by a loud explosion. At first I thought a revolver had been fired at me, but looking about I saw a large hole in the fireplace and recalled the lost detonators.

Remembering that two were missing, I looked for and found the other a few inches from the flames, and quickly picked it up. Then I called the boy in and made him stand alongside me in front of the fire.

I told him he couldn't kill me, as a "tamberan"—that is, magic—was looking after me. I gave him the detonator and told him to throw it in the fire to prove what I said.

He couldn't turn white as his skin was black, but he was a very frightened boy and kept saying, "me no like, me no like."

What might have happened if he had thrown it in I don't care to think about. I took a risk. However, he became a very good and loyal boy after that.

5/- to Mrs. Helena M. Rex, c/o Post Office, Mossman, Nth. Qld.

"Mother.. with NADCO DYES

you can achieve that wonderful feeling of pride and satisfaction . . .

ALONE I DID IT!"

"I have restored, transformed and beautified my home and it is so fascinating and pleasing to have that grand feeling of satisfaction.

"I have renewed the appearance of my home so cheaply and with NADCO DYES it is done so quickly and easily. I have done those faded curtains, the cushion covers, bedspreads, table covers and runners, and now I am going to do the loose covers of the lounge chairs.

"NADCO is nice to use too, not messy."

There is no doubt about it NADCO DYES make a house a bright, attractive HOME. Obtainable in 20 shades, all attractive and modern, giving you a wide range from which to exercise your artistic touch.

Nadco Dyes are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores

NADCO

30 MODERN — SHADES

FAST HOME DYES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622965

RADIANT HEALTH!

thanks to FIGSEN!

NEW health, new happiness, and new enjoyment of life awaits all who realise what NYAL FIGSEN can do in assisting nature to stimulate normal bowel action and end constipation.

Constipation is serious, yet it can be banished without purging, griping or forming a habit, by taking this pleasant tasting NYAL FIGSEN. For children or adults, for people who are delicate or those who are strong, there is no more gentle and effective natural laxative than NYAL FIGSEN. Why not be entirely free of headaches, sleeplessness, depression, blotchy complexion, etc., which are so often the symptoms of constipation? Call in at the next pharmacy you pass and buy a tin of NYAL FIGSEN.

1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN

Sore Throat-Chest Colds

Quick Treatment

Sloans is just the help Nature needs to overcome chest colds and sore throat. Applied to the chest, back and round the throat, Sloans penetrates without rubbing and gives amazing relief. Sloans is a concentrated medicament containing *active* ingredients only.

1/9 at all Chemists.

SLOANS LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2382

What Women Are Doing

Bicycle Tour

IN search of adventure and a career Miss Leona Deane, of Sydney, intends making a bicycle tour of Europe. She is a radio copy-writer and hopes to do similar work in England.

One of her chief ambitions is to visit all the European radio stations, especially PCJ, the world-famous short-wave station in Holland.

✦ ✦ ✦

Intends to Write Life History of Silverfish

THAT bane of all housewives—the silverfish—is the subject of intense study by Miss Eder Lindsay, one of the few women graduates in Agricultural Science in Victoria. In order to discover a solution which will render articles immune from their attack, she has been studying and experimenting with silverfish at the School of Agricultural Science at Melbourne University ever since she graduated in 1936.

Although the work is still in the experimental stage, a harmless, odorless, and colorless solution has been found which, when sprayed on wallpapers, photographs, and such, makes them unpalatable to silverfish, and it is hoped to extend the success to silk and other fabrics. Miss Lindsay finds the study fascinating, and intends to write the life history of the silverfish.

✦ ✦ ✦

Pioneer of Infant Welfare and Assistant Director

SISTER MURIEL A. PECK, assistant to the Director of Infant Welfare, Victoria, was recently paid a special honor by the Health Commission when she was presented with a cheque for her twenty-one years' service.

Sister Peck was one of the pioneers of this work, and has written two books which are widely used in nursing circles. During her eleven years' service as assistant director of Infant Welfare she has been responsible for establishing 76 per cent. of the 171 centres in Victoria. She organised the Mothercraft Nursing Scheme, to which 480 nurses are now attached.

Twenty-one years ago Sister Peck was in a little office at Richmond, Victoria, receiving the five mothers who were the first day clients of this, the original Infant Welfare Centre. Nowadays she sits in her office with paper files and information from all corners of the State at her finger-ends.

✦ ✦ ✦

Has Charge of Timber Yard

MISS DOROTHY GROSSMAN is probably the only woman in Sydney to have charge of a timber yard. Her father was a sailor, but when he was left with a small, motherless daughter he gave up the sea and became caretaker of a timber yard at Blackwattle Bay, Sydney. When he died Miss Grossman elected to take over the work.

She had received a good education and was qualified for any clerical position, but she had been her father's right hand all her life and so was well fitted to carry on the duties. These include taking soundings of three lighters at intervals for leakage, and walking over logs rafted far out in the bay to place lights for the guidance of passing boats.

✦ ✦ ✦

To Write Light Opera Is Her Ambition

EIGHTEEN months ago, Miss Irene Tucker, well known in musical and dramatic circles in Adelaide, decided to enter the literary field, and since then she has written numerous short stories, two plays, and is now engaged in writing a novel.

Miss Tucker —Mora.

She is an accomplished pianist, and her vocal repertoire includes French, German and Italian works.

She composes the music for her own plays, and wrote musical settings for the Repertory production, "While Parents Sleep," in which she played a leading part. She will produce and play the leading role in her latest play, "The Lady Accepts," at the Writers and Artists' Club this month. Miss Tucker has been in many J. C. Williamson productions, including "The Country Girl," "White Horse Inn," and "Roberta." Her ambition is to write light opera.

✦ FAMOUS ✦ BALLERINA

ONLY nineteen years old, Baronova, leading ballerina of the Monte Carlo Company, is one of the most brilliant stars of the New Covent Garden Ballet, which is to visit Australia in October.

Baronova is the rival of her great friend, Toumanova, for the title of the world's greatest ballerina. Renowned for her outstanding technique and her genius for mime, she has been acclaimed by competent critics to be a worthy successor to Pavlova. She is a native of Russia.

Secretary and Treasurer of Tennis and Golf Clubs

ACTIVELY interested in sport, Mrs. T. H. Dowling, of Brisbane, is a tennis and golf enthusiast. She is a foundation member and honorary secretary of the Queensland suburban mid-week tennis association, which has a membership of 600.

Mrs. Dowling —Noel Malliand.

Elected secretary at the inaugural meeting in 1926, she has held office ever since. Mrs. Dowling has been ladies' singles and doubles champion of the association on several occasions. A member of the Queensland Lawn Tennis Association, she is also on the Greater Brisbane Board committee.

An associate member and honorary treasurer of the Enoggera Golf Club, Mrs. Dowling has the distinction of being the lowest marker—she is on a 12-9 handicap.

✦ ✦ ✦

Have Promised Not To Marry for Two Years

NINE enterprising girls travelled to Australia in the Orama on its recent trip and will take up positions as children's nurses, housemaids and parlormaids when they arrive at their destinations. The girls have come under the auspices of the Church of England Migration Advisory Council for Empire Settlement, and have positions assured them, two at Adelaide and the remainder in Sydney.

Coming from scattered parts of the British Isles they have signed a two years' contract and have promised not to marry during that time.

Acting as matron-in-charge was Mrs. B. Anderson, an Australian who has not seen her native land since before the war. Mrs. Anderson has not had previous experience in conducting a group of girls, but during the war did secretarial work at St. James Palace and later at Admiralty House.

She will be in Australia for six months, and will visit her father, Captain J. T. Anderson, a retired naval officer who now lives at Camberwell, Victoria.

✦ ✦ ✦

Saves Time by Flying Everywhere

AFTER having spent several months abroad, Miss Vgeina Siebert, a member of the Australian Board of the National Council of Women, returned by the Orama to her home in Adelaide. While in Belgium she met the Baroness Boel, who is world president of the N.C.W., and also the world treasurer, Miss Karen Glaesel, of Denmark, who is kept constantly on the move by her responsible position, and saves time by flying everywhere.

Miss Siebert said that there was a movement afoot to hold the 1940 conference of the N.C.W. in Australia. The Country Women's Association was making arrangements to hold its 1940 conference here, and it was the aim of the N.C.W. to bring the two organisations together and benefit from the exchange of ideas.

Miss Siebert left London shortly before the presentation made to Lady Aberdeen, who was the inaugurator and for fifty years president of the National Council of Women. Donations were received from every branch in the world, and the occasion was a momentous one.

Actress and Singer Gives Radio Talks on Ireland

MRS. AILEEN BROOKSBANK, well-known radio artist often heard over the air from A.B.C. stations in Victoria in a session entitled "Ireland in Song and Story," is a native of Galway in the West of Ireland. Lovers of Ireland should derive great pleasure from listening to her attractive brogue. Singer and actress, she has played in England, Ireland and Scotland.

Mrs. Brooksbank. —Antoine.

"Ireland in Song and Story" was written by Mrs. Brooksbank and her husband, Walter Brooksbank, the popular playwright and author, and in the session Mrs. Brooksbank introduced four or five songs on which the story has a bearing.

In addition to this special session she gives talks on Ireland in the women's session from 3LO, Melbourne.

✦ ✦ ✦

Collecting World Literature on Fishery Research

AFTER doing research work at the Melbourne University, Miss Fay Murray has joined the staff of the fishery research section of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research at Cronulla, Sydney. She is working in the library and collecting literature from all parts of the world on marine biology and fishery research.

A Master of Science, Miss Murray is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Murray, of Tasmania, and is one of a family of five who have graduated from the Melbourne University.

✦ ✦ ✦

Inaugurated Successful Bridge Club for Charity

SINCE the Lady Mayoress of Brisbane, Mrs. A. J. Jones, inaugurated a charity bridge club last March, she has had a wonderful response, and already there is quite a substantial credit balance in the bank. At the end of the year this money will be distributed among various charitable organisations.

Players meet every Friday, and at the recent quarterly meeting Mrs. W. Kilby was presented with a special prize for having been present every Friday afternoon since the first meeting.

✦ ✦ ✦

Spent 11 Years in India in Charge of Hospital

CUSTOMS and superstitions among native women make it difficult to run a hospital in India on ordinary lines, according to Dr. Honor Newell, who is visiting Australia from India en route to New Zealand. Dr. Newell has spent eleven years in charge of the London Missionary Society Hospital for Women and Children in Jiaganj, Bengal.

When she first went to the hospital patients used to eat facing the wall so that the shadow of a person of another caste would not fall on their food. However, this and other customs are not now so strictly adhered to by the more educated Indians.

The natives have an implicit faith in the hospital, and seem to think that once the patient enters it the cure is effected.

✦ ✦ ✦

Specialises in Songs of Native Land

"WHEN I sing my Maori songs I am back in the Maori forest, where no foot has trodden save that of the Maori," says Miss Te Mauri Meihana, talented Maori singer who has been engaged by the A.B.C. for special broadcasts from Sydney stations this month. Te Mauri Meihana is one of the best-known and most popular members of the Rotorua Maori Entertainers.

Miss Te Mauri Meihana

Visitors to Rotorua will remember her as Guide Molly, for Molly Mason is the English translation of her name.

Miss Meihana has a keen appreciation of Mr. Alfred Hill's interpretation of Maori music. "We look to Mr. Hill and others of like genius to translate for us the old Maori spirit into modern melody," she says.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

"GIVING the Bride away" is an ancient and honourable custom designed to give Father an opportunity to edge into the ceremony and enjoy one brief moment of the spotlight. An acknowledgment, perhaps, of the part he plays (financially) in all the arrangements!

Father and all the family are in their most expansive mood when a wedding is on the horizon, and nothing but the best is good enough for the honour of the house and the dignity of the occasion.

So, Bride-to-be, you'll find when you bring up the subject of the trousseau and home planning, that Beharfalds, the headquarters of the modern Homemaker, will give you assurance and perfect satisfaction.

To pave the way through the smaller yet more worrying difficulties of the Ceremony I have prepared the Bride's Book. This is beautifully illustrated, and explains all these problems.

FREE BRIDE'S BOOK to engaged girls only. If you cannot call, write for it.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Home Planning Bureau, 3rd Floor,
BEBARFALDS LTD.,
Opp. Town Hall, Sydney.

Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge, or without obligation.

(Bride's Book) ( )

"Home News" in natural colour ( )

Name ....

Address WW11

Heal CHAPPED HANDS

YOU need not suffer the discomfort of painful chapped hands; Rexona Ointment will soothe the pain instantly. Its special medications quickly heal chapped skin, leaving it smooth and supple again.

TREATMENT—Before retiring wash the hands with Rexona Medicated Soap and warm water. Dry thoroughly and apply plenty of Rexona Ointment. A bandage or cotton gloves will keep the ointment in contact with the skin and hasten the cure.

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tins, three times the quantity for 3/-.
REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

Farmer's

Crease-resisting summer frocks

LINENS ARRIVE

Colours as fresh as a lark in lettuce-crisp fabrics are here for the opening of the new season. Crease-resisting linens, French Hopsack satins at prices just as irresistible as the frocks themselves. Lay-by!

CREASE-RESISTING LINEN in white, natural, blue, green and pink. Shirtmaker bodice has contrasting stitching with a good skirt stitch to match buttons and buckle. Sizes 32 to 40 in. Price **35/-**

HOPSACK COTTON imported from France. In green, blue, beige, or pink. Bodice has panelled pockets, the skirt has pleats. Cuffs and collars stitched to match buttons and belt. 32 to 38. Each **32/6**

"Cotton Frock Shop," Second Floor

'Ruffies' shoes go

Usual 14/11 **10/-**

All remaining stocks of "Ruffie" suede shoes to be sacrificed at just ten shillings a pair. All sizes represented, but not in every style and colour: Blacks, blues, greens and browns.

A. 'Trailer'. Black, blue and brown briarproof suede. Sturdy leather soles, leather heels.

B. 'Dundee'. Briarproof suede ghillie with all-leather heels. In black, brown or navy.

C. 'Tyrol'. Black, brown or navy briarproof suede with all-leather heels. Use lay-by!

Shoe Salon, Third Floor. Make a lay-by!

SHEEREST SILKS

For 'tween-season weather you need a hat with the capabilities and smartness of this one. Brown, black or navy. Upturned brim. **14/11**

Millinery—Third Floor.

MATERNITY FROCKS

New season's heavyweight satin backed silk. Cut on lines that conceal the figure. It is wrapover type that can easily be adjusted. You wear a hip-length sleeveless coatee over the frock. Navy or brown in sizes 34, 36, 38 ins. Price (with both coatee and frock) complete, at **63/-**

Popular Salon—Second Floor.

MAIL ORDERS to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney. Telephone number M 2405

Honey jar

Clear glass honey jars with a chrome plated lid and spoon, red, white and blue tops. Special price, just **1/6**

Kitchenware Lower Ground Flr.

California pastels are here!

- ★ Sierra Rose
- ★ Pacific Green
- ★ Cantaloupe
- ★ Ramona Pink
- ★ Ventura Blue
- ★ Pomona Peach
- ★ Catalina Sand
- ★ Pasadena Pink
- ★ Monterey Blue
- ★ 'Malibu' Mustard

SPRING FABRIC PREVIEW

Special displays! Mannequins parade! Exciting new California pastels

COTTON CUES . . . Crisp foulard weaves in a troop of boisterous young prints. Tahitian Monotones for sunlight and moonlight. Cotton laces and organdis in a drift of sentimental florals. Linens, rebellious against the doldrums arrive in bewildering new guises . . . emphatically printed or plain . . . crocheted or crimped . . . netty, lacy, fussy or prim. Voiles, Cruiselins and a flock of new additions to the bright crease-resisting clan . . . all ablooming on the first floor.

SILK NOTES. Sheers first. Prints next . . . from orderly dots to crazy French brainstorms. Brilliant paisleys and flower prints . . . a dramatic blaze of Mexicana stripes. Engrossing motif prints, ingenious Bayaderes, scenic crepes and huge untrammelled Monotone prints inspired by the pareos of Gauguin's Tahitian models. Crepe Broderies for afternoon elegancies. Hand-painted effect in many florals keenly realistic . . . fresh as an ocean breeze. See Surah. The Marquisettes. The sheers . . . . . .

MANNEQUINS PARADE! This week Mannequins parade frocks, made up from Butterick and Australian Home Journal patterns, from the dress weaves that will be appearing in this greatest of all piece goods expositions. Step out onto the First Floor.

Select your patterns and fabrics at Farmer's and experts will do the cutting-out free!

PERMANENT WAVE SET, 5/11. The "Charmette" is for home use. It leaves nothing to chance—step by step taking you every inch of the way from straight hair to tumbling curlilocks. Farmer's price is now just 5/11.

Hair Accessories, Ground Floor

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622967

"Taking the bow"

Taking the bow after a successful performance is a very proud moment — even with years of study the success or failure of a piano recital depends to the same degree on the quality and reliability of the piano used —

You will find Nicholson's pianos used in all the important recitals for this obvious reason . . .

By master and student alike, their trust and success is secure, much the same as you can be assured of every satisfaction in purchasing for your home

a Piano by . . .

Nicholson's

"The Musical Firm"

416-418 GEORGE STR. SYDNEY

CUT THIS OUT

For Reference when thinking about

HOLIDAYS

ALL QUOTES ARE FROM SYDNEY

Burragorang Valley, with car and accommodation, 7 days, £3/15/0; Canberra, Kangaroo Valley, Jervis Bay, car and accommodation, 11 days, £10/15/0; Day Dream Island, Barrier Reef, 14 days, £16/11/0; Coolangatta, Riviera of the North, boat and car from £7/15/0; Coolangatta and Brisbane, 16 days, £12; Coolangatta, 15 days, £10; S.A. Gulfs (2672 miles by sea), 21 days in all, with a week in Adelaide, £19/10/0; Adelaide, the Blue Lakes at Mt. Gambier and Naracoorte Caves, 14 days, £19; Lord Howe, 9 days, £13/5/0 (18 days, £16/15/0); Lord Howe Special, 9 days, £10/18/0; New Zealand, 13 days, from 13½ guineas; Noumea and New Hebrides, Sept. 15, 21 days, £35; Canberra, 4 days, from £6/17/6; Mt. Buffalo, Canberra; Lorne and Melbourne, land and sea, 14 days, £18/15/0.

TASMANIAN XMAS & SUMMER PARTIES

COMMENCING NOVEMBER 23

13 DAYS (First Class) £15/17/6

COLOMBO FOR XMAS

SPECIAL PARTY ..... Inclusive Price, £50

GOING ABROAD? WRITE US

Free Friendly Advice on All Holidays.

Full Particulars from

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

Tel. MA4496.

Books

Reviewed by . . . ESME FENSTON

VIRGINIA WOOLF outlines a set of values for successful women of the future. Successful men of to-day, please note!

VIRGINIA WOOLF, whose book, "Three Guineas," suggests what women may do to prevent war.

IF rich women were as numerous as rich men, what then could women do for the world? Virginia Woolf poses this question in her latest work, "Three Guineas," a book for thoughtful readers.

Speculating on what wealth could mean to women, she writes:

"Consider what it would mean if among us there were now a woman motor-car manufacturer who with a stroke of her pen could endow the women's colleges with two or three hundred thousand pounds apiece . . .

"And suppose that there were not merely one rich woman, but that rich women were as common as rich men. What could you not do?

"You could finance a woman's party in the House of Commons. You could run a daily newspaper committed to a conspiracy, not of silence, but of speech. You could get pensions for spinsters, those victims of the patriarchal system . . . You could get equal pay for equal work.

"You could provide every mother with chloroform when her child is born; bring down the maternal death-rate from four in every thousand to none at all, perhaps.

"In one session you could pass Bills that will now take you perhaps a hundred years of hard and continuous labor to get through the House of Commons.

"There seems at first sight nothing that you could not do, if you had the same capital at your disposal as your brothers have at theirs."

She sees this dazzling possibility as a result of women's entry into the professions, if they cease to be mere entrants and rise rapidly to the top with the cash rewards that would then come their way.

Then she turns the picture round and looks at the other side. What do the professions do to those who practise them so successfully?

Warning to Women

SHE quotes the opinions of several professional leaders to prove that the earning of thousands a year wears them out, gives them no leisure or freedom, and destroys their appreciation of the best things in life.

She contends that male opposition to women's entry into the professions proves these leaders to be greedy and exclusive.

"In another century or so, if we practise the professions in the same way, shall we not be just as possessive, just as jealous, just as pugnacious, just as positive as to the verdict of God, Nature, Law and Property as these gentlemen are now?"

But since women's right to earn their own living, to be independent of male money and male domination, is a hard-won and unquestionably valuable right, she suggests what they might do to be saved.

They must ever become exclusive but must help all properly qualified people, of whatever sex, class or color, to enter their professions.

"You must earn enough to be independent of any other human being and to buy that modicum of health, leisure, knowledge, and so on that is needed for the full development of body and mind. **But no more. Not a penny more. . . .**

"When you have made enough to live on by your profession, you must refuse to sell your brain for the sake of money.

"That is, you must cease to practise your profession, or practise it for the sake of research and experiment; or if you are an artist, for the sake of the art; or give the knowledge acquired professionally to those who need it for nothing . . .

"You must refuse all methods of advertising merit, and hold that ridicule, obscurity, and censure are preferable, for psychological reasons, to fame and praise. Directly badges, orders or degrees are offered you, fling them back in the giver's face."

Then she would have women free themselves from unreal loyalties . . . "rid yourself of pride of nationality in the first place; also of religious pride, college pride, school pride, family pride, sex pride, and those unreal loyalties that spring from them."

Work for Peace

THEN, and only then, she thinks, can women join the professions and yet remain uncontaminated by them, and finally, perhaps, rid them of those ugly greeds that now dominate them.

For she believes that at bottom these greeds are the true causes of war.

The real theme of the book is an answer to a question that millions of women—and men, too—are asking to-day, "What can women do to prevent war?"

Miss Woolf, with that precision and logic in which she excels, strives to prove that the position of women and their place and power in the world of property and professions is irrevocably linked with this question, and that of the protection of culture and individual liberty from tyranny and dictatorship.

She would have women as a society of outsiders, a society without offices, funds or secretaries, working outside the men's organisations for peace, but in co-operation with their aims.

What these outsiders—women—can do for peace is before everything else to refuse to fight with arms.

Next they would refuse in the event of war to make munitions or nurse the wounded.

Then they will not incite their brothers to fight, not dissuade them, but maintain instead an attitude of complete indifference, respecting thus the brothers' liberty of opinion. Indifference will make these less inclined to fight than if their possible actions are the subject of emotional discussion.

"She will bind herself to take no share in patriotic demonstrations; to assent to no form of national self-praise; to make no part of any clique or audience that encourages war; to absent herself from military displays, tournaments, tattoos, prize-giving and all such ceremonies as encourage the desire to impose 'our' civilisation or 'our' dominion upon other people."

The Outsiders would also want the State to pay the women who have adopted the unpaid profession of wifehood and motherhood, so that they will have a mind and will of their own, and cease to be their "husbands' women" and become their own.

All this can give but a disproportionate view of Virginia Woolf's book.

It must be read as thoroughly as she has written it, and the argument followed faithfully from beginning to end to see how she links the education, the occupation and the success of women with the question of preventing war.

Women, she says, "have always done their thinking from hand to mouth. They have thought while they stirred the pot, while they rocked the cradle. It falls to us to go on thinking. Let us think in offices, in omnibuses . . . at baptisms and marriages and funerals. Let us never cease from thinking . . ."

Virginia Woolf makes you think.

"Three Guineas." By Virginia Woolf. The Hogarth Press. Our copy from Dymock's, Sydney.

BOOKS TO READ

"HOLLOW SEA." James Hanley. A long novel based on the voyage of a troopship to Gallipoli in wartime. A vivid, realistic story.

"HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS." Christina Stead. High finance, and crooked at that, forms the background to a scene packed with people.

"HAPPILY EVER AFTER." Evelyn Winch. Light, romantic stuff, ingeniously woven round a doctor's gland experiments.

"CAN I HELP YOU, MADAME?" Ethyle Campbell. Semi-autobiographical account of a few years in the rag trade. Full of customers and counters, bluff and amusing.

How to LOOK YOUNGER in one week

In only seven days! Thousands of delighted women have got rid of lines—made themselves look years younger. Feed the skin with 'Biocel'—its own precious natural youth element—and it quickly becomes fresh and young. 'Biocel' is the amazing discovery of Dr. Stejskal, Professor of Vienna University. It is now contained in Crème Tokalon Biocel. Applied every night, it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. Use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) in the morning. It dissolves away blackheads, tightens enlarged pores, makes the darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth in a few days. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622968

Bring Spring into your Bathroom

Get dry quicker — and you'll love the deep, "cushiony" texture of a Dri-Glo against your skin.

These glorious NEW DRI-GLO'S

on sale everywhere at

2/11

SIZE 23in. x 46in.

Make a quick recovery from Winter blues. Bring fresh, sparkling colors into your bathroom. Lighten up! Brighten up! . . . with these new Dri-Glo's. You can see these very designs—and lots of other thrilling new Dri-Glo's in Springtime colors—in all popular stores everywhere in Australia. One extra-good point! Dri-Glo values are definitely B-E-S-T. Because Dri-Glo is all-Australian made! Dri-Glo gives you all the quality and beauty of imported towels at such incredibly keen prices as 2/6! 2/11! 3/11!

Dri-Glo's double-warp thread gives double the wear

All Dri-Glo towels are woven on a base of double-warp or two-fold yarn. Two-fold yarn means double strength. Double wear!

DRI-GLO

ALL AUSTRALIAN MADE

TOWELS

Every Dri-Glo towel carries this label. Make sure you see it so that you get the towel woven with the exclusive two-fold thread. It's this two-fold or double-warp thread that doubles the wear of every Dri-Glo towel.

New Spring designs on sale everywhere throughout Australia at **2/6, 2/11, 3/11**

Ask for Dri-Glo Number 033

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622969

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD that wears a crown" is an old saying. But obviously such is not the case with the King of Sweden. He is shown here enjoying a joke, and the joke is on himself—a particularly amusing newspaper caricature of himself. Next to him is his sister-in-law, Princess Ingeborg. —Air Mail photo.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

People born under the sign Leo include some of the world's greatest lovers—and they are proud of the fact.

OF course, Leonians—those born between July 23 and August 24—are not the only people who can love in a big way, but they do seem to predominate when it comes to affairs which gain notoriety for their suddenness, excitement or romance.

In short, Leonians are "personality-plus" people. They have "It" in goodly doses. They are usually charming enough to win for themselves just what they want, when they want it.

They are forceful, dominant, determined, impulsive and very, very proud. Consequently, when they bestow their regard they expect the honor to be appreciated, and their affection reciprocated.

If these reactions fail to materialise then Leo can show the other side of the character—the fixed, aggressive and masterful side; the side which says, "I rule—you obey."

If this attitude also fails to impress the object of affection, then the Leonian is capable of turning on the taps of emotion and charm with the ulterior motive of gaining through attractiveness that which has been impossible of achievement through strength, aggression, or affection.

Thus, in one way or another, Leonians usually succeed in winning their battles, overcoming their enemies, and getting what they want.

Yet they hate an easy victory. It is an insult to their intelligence and courage. They respect a worthy adversary, and enjoy a fair fight. They admire those who can play their own game and keep them guessing.

Those who are in love with Leonians can therefore learn a worthwhile lesson at this time. They can plan to give way to the Leonian bit by bit, but only at the most strategic moments, and thus get full appreciation for their submission.

They will find that in some matters Leonians are indomitable, but that at other times, once victory is theirs, they have the habit of turning defeat into gracious co-operation. They feel they can afford to be gracious.

Don't Ridicule Them!

TO humiliate, frustrate, ridicule or seriously fail these people, however, is to look for trouble. Their pride and self-respect are the keystones of their natures. It is ever more unwise to threaten their dignity and self-assurance than it is to oppose their desires or demands.

The most harmonious marriage partners for Leonians are usually found among those born under the signs of Aries (Mar. 21 to Ap. 21) and Sagittarius (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22). Like Leonians, these people are active, ardent, vital and fiery, and therefore understand each other well.

Geminians (May 22 to June 22) and Librans (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24) also harmonise desirably. Two Leo-born people can mate successfully, too, but each must be prepared to give way to the other.

Marriage or business partnerships between Leonians and Taurians (Ap. 21 to May 22), Scorpions (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23), or Aquarians (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19), are likely to produce difficulties, and should therefore be approached with great caution.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Wide-awake Arians should make the sky the limit in their ambitious plans at this time. Hard work can bring fine rewards, especially in matters started on August 6 and 7 (until 3 p.m.). Enthusiasm and new ideas can all help.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Curb your inclinations to be indiscreet, impulsive, or rash just now. Live very quietly on August 10, 11, and 12.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair on August 10, 11, and 12 (until 3 p.m.). Best opportunities should be utilised.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Routine work best all this week.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Hard work can pay good dividends in matters started on August 6 and 7 (daylight). Be confident, ask favors, seek promotion, begin some new ventures or make changes then.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): No spectacular this week. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): August 10, 11, and 12 (until dusk) can be quite fair for hard-working Librans.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Wise Scorpions will live quietly just now. August 10, 11, and 12 (to dusk) can produce many difficulties, delays, annoyances and obstacles or worries for the indifferent.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You love to take chances, so use your time to get busy. Begin new enterprises, seek advancement or change, be enthusiastic and confident on August 6 and 7 (daylight). Live more cautiously on August 12 (late) and 13.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Plan for the future rather than the present. Routine work best now. August 7 (late), 8 and 9 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Take no risks at this time. Trouble is waiting round the corner for unwary Aquarians, especially in the way of losses, arrangements, arguments, and upsets.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): On important matters (which cannot wait two or three months) started on August 12 (after 4 p.m.) or on August 13. Work hard then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

A Spinner of Charms

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

WHEREVER she goes, whatever she does, admiring and envious eyes follow this lovely girl—*until she smiles!* And then, shock and disillusionment and only the ghost of beauty.

It seems impossible that one so fair and so fastidious should let dingy teeth and tender gums cloud her loveliness. And yet how often it happens—*and how often you have seen it happen.*

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

Just a little tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. It doesn't *look serious*. It doesn't *seem important*. But from this small beginning sometimes develops a real *dental tragedy*. Beauty is marred. Dull and dingy teeth and tender gums can exact heavy penalties. And that's why your dentist advises, "Don't let gum troubles start!"

At the very first tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, *go directly to your dentist*. He *may* find your gums in a serious condition. But he is far more likely to find just a common case of "too much soft food"—gums robbed of the work they need by our modern menus—gums grown lazy, tender, and sensitive. And his advice should be followed to the letter—better care, more stimulation, Ipana and massage.

Ipana and massage is approved by modern dentistry. And your first few days with Ipana will tell you why. Rub a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Almost at once, your gums improve, new circulation wakens sluggish tissues. For Ipana is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth.

Try this sensible suggestion of your dentist. Feel your gums grow firmer. See your teeth grow whiter. Close the door to really serious gum disorders. Keep your smile what it should be—*lovely, bright, sparkling.*

. . .

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by *CHEMISTS ONLY*.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622970

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Bode are moving from Bellevue Hill to a new flat they have taken in Wolseley Road, Point Piper?

★ ★ ★

Jockeys and Polo Players

HONORS for the funniest remark at the Kyeemagh Polo Ground on Thursday go to small Beverley Young. During the Assamanders versus Scone (light blues) match, Mrs. Roy Wheatley was pointing out the two Munro players, Doug and Gordon, to Beverley, who promptly asked, "And which is Darby Munro?"

Mrs. Wheatley was barracking hard for the Assamander team, in which son Max was playing, but her cheers failed to bring them to victory.

An attractive trio were Jean Kennedy, Sheelah Lyle, and Nea Arnott, who drove out with Wal Anderson and Peter Willsallen. Jean left on the Friday morning for Merriwa to attend the Bachelors' Ball there, so missed the final match of the Dudley Cup on Saturday.

Mrs. Horton Brown, of Young, explained that she was really watching the polo by accident. She had planned to return home on the Wednesday night, but on the way to the station her car ran out of petrol, and she missed the train by three minutes.

★ ★ ★

Spending a few days in Sydney are Mrs. Roy Bell, of Queensland, and her daughter, Phyllis, who are staying at 52 Macleay Street. Mr. Bell was also down for a brief visit, but returned home last week.

★ ★ ★

Engagement

AN engagement which has just been announced is that of June, second daughter of the late Mr. A. Stacey and Mrs. K. Stacey, of Mosman, to Vernon Leigh (Barry) Minnis, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Minnis, of Mosman, and formerly of Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Henry Hill Osborne has arrived with all her goods and chattels at Julia Downs, her new home, and I'm told she's taking to country life like a duck to water!

★ ★ ★

First Visit to Brisbane

DIANA BROWN, of Bellevue Hill, has chosen a good time to pay her first visit to Brisbane. She will arrive on August 15, the first day of Exhibition Week, and will spend two weeks with Arley Tait, one of Brisbane's attractive young lasses.

Arley and Diana first met about two years ago on board ship, when travelling to Colombo.

★ ★ ★

Jill Barnes, a well-known Scone lass, has gone to Bowral to stay for a few days with Margaret Burns at her lovely home, Meidart.

★ ★ ★

Crowded Premiere

NEVER have I seen such a crowd in the foyer of the Theatre Royal as there was at the opening night of "Personal Appearance" last Tuesday. What with the spotlights on the entrance and fair-haired Joyce Bowden broadcasting through the "mike," the arrival of outstanding members of the audience the theatre looked all glamor and Hollywood.

The exotic furs worn by the women added to the luxurious atmosphere. Particularly lovely was the chunky cape of blue fox furs covering the blue chiffon frock worn by Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, who was accompanied by her husband.

Betty Balfour, the English actress, starred in this play (which, incidentally, is her stage debut in Sydney), appeared in lovely frocks which brought gasps of envy from the women in the audience.

★ ★ ★

The many friends of Gwen Brown are saying it with flowers these days, as she has been laid low with flu for several weeks. Gwen is now on the way to recovery, though when last I heard the "no visitors" regulation was still in force.

★ ★ ★

Naval Newcomers

NEWCOMERS to Sydney's social life are Captain W. R. Patterson, R.N., and his charming wife, who have taken a flat at Edgecliff House, Edgecliff.

Captain Patterson is in H.M.A.S. Canberra, which has left for the winter cruise. The cruise, I hear, will include Brisbane, so Exhibition Week should be all the brighter for the presence of the Canberra, as the ship's arrival coincides with all the gay doings in the northern capital.

Home Through America

DUE here in September are Mrs. Arthur Macarthur Onslow and her youngest son, Andrew, who are returning home through America.

Andrew bought his own plane in England and decided to pilot it home himself, but his mother had different ideas on the subject, and they are returning together by boat.

Mrs. Macarthur Onslow is bound to bring back some attractive things for her home, Hessel Cottage, Camden, which was newly furnished and decorated before she left for this trip.

In Brisbane for Exhibition Week

MR. AND MRS. E. J. WATT have deserted their Sydney home for a time, and have gone up to Brisbane to stay at their station property, Bellevue.

As Bellevue is within easy motoring distance of Brisbane, they are bound to be in town for all the festivities during Exhibition Week, which starts on August 15, and is always Brisbane's gayest time of the year.

Mrs. Watt's brother-in-law and sister, Commander and Mrs. F. Cavaye, are going up this week to stay with her.

★ ★ ★

MISS GWEN KING, photographed at her home at Cremorne after a game of tennis. Miss King will be the guest of honor at a dance to be given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. King, at the Pickwick Club this Friday.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Lovely Country Home

BOWRAL, I hear, is almost deserted these chilly days by all except a few hardy souls, the others having betaken themselves to some warmer spot until spring days appear again.

Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern are two who are not deterred by the cold. They are contenting themselves with an occasional jaunt to the city and spending the rest of the time at their lovely country home there.

★ ★ ★

Motored to Dubbo

MRS. ALAN YUILLE motored up to Dubbo last week-end to be present on Sunday at the opening of the Memorial Gates which have been erected at the Dubbo golf links in memory of her husband, Dr. Yuille, who died a year ago.

Dr. Yuille did a great deal to improve the links at Dubbo, and now there is a very fine course there.

★ ★ ★

Flat at Kirribilli

ARRIVING by the Kanimbla this Saturday are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig, who will make their home here in the modern flat they have taken at Kirribilli.

Their wedding took place last Saturday at St. Mark's Church, Camberwell, Victoria. Mrs. Craig, who was formerly Berenice O'Brien, chose a green and black color scheme for her wedding.

Her frock of huntsman-green was worn with a wide-brimmed felt hat in vintage-brown, and the bridegroom's gift of silver fox furs.

Joan Burke, who was bridesmaid, chose gardenias to wear with her very smart black outfit.

★ ★ ★

After six weeks' holiday here, which has included a trip to the Blue Mountains, Dorothy West, of Adelaide, is having such an enjoyable time that she has decided to extend her visit.

★ ★ ★

Flowers at Concert

CLUSTERS of fresh flowers worn in coiffures and matched by corsage posies were favored by a large number of women in the audience at Dr. Malcolm Sargent's concert at the Town Hall last Tuesday.

Particularly attractive was Mrs. C. J. Pao's use of red gum flowers to adorn her hair and gown, and another unusual idea for floral trimmings was seen on a girl who wore a Grecian band of pansies and wallflowers round her head and a similar posy on her gown.

Tremendous applause greeted the appearance of little Valda Aveling, who was the solo pianist at the concert.

Valda, you know, won The Australian Women's Weekly musical scholarship in 1935, and is now off to England to continue her studies. She sails by the Orama this Saturday.

Farewell Bachelor Days

SO James A. Fitzpatrick, "the voice of the globe," has said farewell to bachelor days—but I take it this was not a reluctant farewell. James has married Jean Champion, whom he met on the world cruise of the Empress of Britain, in which they both visited Sydney earlier in the year.

Jean, I hear, has taken him to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. It is the boast of James that he has visited "every country that is on the map and some that aren't," but he admits that he has never been to Niagara!

★ ★ ★

Back from the Snow

ANOTHER lass who has just returned from a holiday at Kosciusko is Betty Booth.

Betty spent a fortnight at the Chalet, and a few days at Bett's Camp, and from all accounts is a most competent skier.

Sydney Girl in England

BETTY WINN, who landed in England last week, had a delightful trip, and evidently enjoyed every minute of it. Fellow-travellers writing from Colombo report that she was one of the most popular lasses aboard, and everyone was greatly delighted when she carried off the Oronsay cup for her prowess as a "jockey" at the deck races.

As soon as she landed Betty flew to the Isle of Man, where she will spend the first part of her holiday with Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Riggall. Later, she will stay in London with Mr. and Mrs. W. Blake, of Putney.

After that, Paris and a spot of the Continent before she settles down to some real work at the Sorbonne and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE—

The evening gown worn by Betty Considine. The full skirt is formed of alternate panels of pastel-pink and blue chiffon, and the bodice is draped right off one shoulder.

Little Susan and Pamela McCathie dressed alike in primrose jumpers and skirts.

"I look years younger since using Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cleansing Cream"

A petal-pink cream that cleanses quickly and gives a rose-petal softness to your skin — that describes Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cleansing Cream. The moment Perfect Cleansing Cream touches your skin it liquefies, works deep into the pores, and removes every trace of dirt, grime, and make-up. See how much younger and how much prettier you will look after using this remarkable instant skin cleanser.

As a finishing touch, dash on a little Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. It dries instantly, is perfect for skin toning, reduces large pores, and counteracts excessive oiliness.

Start this instant cleansing treatment today, and be convinced that you can look years younger. You will never again experiment with other face creams and lotions.

Write to Potter & Birks, Ltd., Dept. B, G.P.O. Box 747-G, Sydney, for the Daggett & Ramsdell booklet on Complexion Beauty.

Perfect Cold Cream, from 1/6 — Vivatone, from 1/6 — Perfect Cleansing Cream, 2/6
Perfect Face Powder, 2/6 — Perfect Vanishing Cream, from 1/6
Perfect Cleansing Oil, 4/- — Perfect Shampoo, 4/- — Perfect Hand Lotion, 4/-

You will always look your best with
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622971

Valda Aveling Off To London . . . . and Fame

Won The Australian Women's Weekly Prize

Valda Aveling, 18-year-old Sydney pianist, who leaves for London this week, will be helped on her way to overseas achievement by one of the highest testimonials ever spoken by a great conductor about a young girl.

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, at whose opening concert in Sydney Valda Aveling accompanied the Sydney Symphony Orchestra in Rachmaninoff's 2nd Concerto, said afterwards of her playing: "To me it was a very amazing performance.

"She is extremely level-headed," said Dr. Sargent. "Not one point made at rehearsal was forgotten.

"She had good sense of accompanying the orchestra, as well as of the solo passages.

"She is very musical. Technique, very good.

"And, especially as it was her first appearance on a big-scale platform, I consider she showed amazing promise that ought to augur for her a remarkable future."

Dr. Sargent's commendation is a further high-point in the career of the young musician, who first came into prominence three years ago when she won The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Exhibition at Sydney Eisteddfod.

Now by her performances on tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and on the concert stage, and especially by marvellous efforts on her behalf by a committee of leading Sydney women, Miss Aveling is able to leave for London by the Orama.

Her frank, unassuming nature, her determined character and ability, as well as the courage shown by an 18-year-old girl in setting off alone to assail the world's greatest musical citadel, have won her admiration on all sides.

"Dr. Sargent has been very marvellous to me," Miss Aveling said. "It was the greatest thrill of my lifetime last Tuesday to play for him. He is magnetic.

"No, I was not at all nervous—not with a conductor like that.

"Will you please say how marvellous everyone has been to me? And I am not forgetting the £100 scholarship of your own—or, of course, Mr. Frank Hutchens.

"The committee—they have been wonderful to me.

"I'm going to settle down and work hard when I get over there," she said. "I'm looking forward to the work."

Mr. Frank Hutchens, her teacher, who has just returned from London said: "I thought her performance at the Sargent concert a very great one for a girl of her age.

"It showed that she had already a fine musical resource, and her sense of the deeper feeling of the music was remarkable.

"I have spoken to one of the most distinguished professors of the Royal Academy, Vivian Langrish, who, I hope, will have room for her.

"Not Nervous"

"Valda is anxious to make her money go as far as possible, and she is at the stage now when she can assimilate very quickly.

"Her education has been a very thorough, all-round one, not only at the piano, and that will be a tremendous advantage to her.

"Her character, I feel, will stand Valda in good stead. She has ambition and determination, and that very rare quality of common sense.

"The Australian Women's Weekly can take credit for more or less starting her on her career, and I think she realises that.

"Your prize was the first contribution to her local fame."

Mary Stevens, the pianist, has arranged for Valda Aveling to give a concert at Colombo.

VALDA AVELING, who won The Australian Women's Weekly £100 Music Scholarship, is sailing to London this week to further her studies.

HURRY! VEGEMITE COMPETITION CLOSES AUG. 16th

£1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

VEGEMITE "GIVE IT A NAME" COMPETITION

PRIZE MONEY

OPEN SECTION

1st prize	£500
2nd prize	150
3rd prize	75
10 prizes at £5	50
30 prizes at £2	60

* Best Boy's Entry (under 16 yrs.): 1st £25, 2nd £10, 3rd £5.

* Best Girl's Entry (under 16 yrs.): 1st £25, 2nd £10, 3rd £5.

* Best Entry over 60 years: 1st £50, 2nd £25, 3rd £10.

TOTAL £1,000

JUST GIVE THIS PICTURE A NAME!

TRY YOUR HAND!

Poor Dad! Imagine choosing the racetrack for a picnic!

But then think of the titles you can write!

Here are three examples: *"Gee Gee Wiz!" "They hopped in for lunch!" "Gate-crashing on Vegemite!"*

IMPORTANT: You need not include the word "Vegemite," or anything about it, in your title. Of course, if you want, you may.

Easy to Enter. This is all you have to do

£500! Imagine it! The telegram arrives! You're the winner! The winner of £500! Just think of all the things you can do with it! So get out your pencil now! Read these simple rules below and let us have your entry.

1. Just write your title clearly on a sheet of paper. Fill in the form of this advertisement, or entry form (obtainable from your grocer or food store) with your name and address, etc., and pin it to your entry or entries, together with the requisite number of labels. (See Condition No. 2).

2. Any person may forward any number of entries, provided each attempt is accompanied by a label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite. Two or more 1-oz. jar labels are not acceptable. The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in *two* entries, and the label from an 8-oz. jar entitles you to send in *four*. All entries must be accompanied by a stamped envelope carrying your name and address, so that the list of prize-winners may be posted to you following the judging of the competition. You may send in as many entries as you like, each accompanied by the requisite label, but you need send only one completed address form, and one stamped addressed envelope.

3. This competition will close on 16th August, 1938, at 5 p.m., by which time all entries must reach 1985 R, P.O. Box, Melbourne, or Box 4201 XX, Sydney, to be eligible for judging. The competition will be judged on 31st August, 1938, by the official adjudicators. Main prize winners will be notified by wire, and results slips will be posted to all competitors immediately after the judging.

4. The prizes will be awarded to the best entries in their order of merit, having regard to aptness, brevity, witiness and originality. Preliminary selection of entries for final judging will be carried out by a carefully trained staff. The final selection of prize-winners will be made by the Managing Director of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd. and the Advertising Director of the "Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the press. The judges' decisions shall be final, and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

5. Entries in the under 16 and over 60 classes will be eligible for prizes in the open competition, but one entry cannot win more than one prize. Competitors sending in several entries, however, may win several prizes.

6. Employees of the Kraft Walker Cheese Company Pty. Ltd., the "Australian Women's Weekly," and the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency are not permitted to enter this competition.

Quick Facts About Vegemite. 1. Vegemite is a highly concentrated pure extract of yeast, containing valuable mineral salts and precious vitamins essential for building healthy bodies. It is one of the most potent known sources of Vitamin B . . . the essential vitamin which guards children and adults against infection.

2. Full of nutritional riches, Vegemite is of great value for children.

3. Highly concentrated, Vegemite should be spread very lightly on bread and butter or biscuits—then you enjoy the full, rich tasty Vegemite flavour.

4. A touch of Vegemite vastly improves the flavour of stocks, stews and all other savoury dishes.

5. Vegemite is made in Australia by the Kraft-Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.

The label is easy to remove from the opal jar. If at first the label does not pull away smoothly, just stand the jar in water for several minutes and you will be able to remove the label without any difficulty.

Mark your envelope "VEGEMITE COMPETITION"— and address: G.P.O. Box 4201 XX, Sydney, N.S.W., or G.P.O. Box 1985 R, Melbourne, C.1., Vic.

I am enclosing my entry(ies) with the requisite Vegemite label(s) as per condition No. 2, together with a stamped envelope bearing my name and address. I agree to abide by the judges' decisions as final and legally binding.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

_____ STATE_____ AGE_____ SEX_____

* (Age and sex to be given if entrant is under 16 years of age. Age to be given if entrant is over 60 years of age.) V.A.1.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622972

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, arrives in America and takes a job in a revue run by
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer. He makes friends with
MARY: Dancer, out of work, and gets a job for her in the same revue.
LILLI: Torch singer, takes a violent fancy to him and induces him to take her to supper. He angers her, however, by leaving early to watch Mary's dance act.

Lilli, furiously jealous, determines to get Mary out of her way; and, returning to the theatre, hides her valuable pearls in Mary's room, and raises a hue and cry that they have been stolen. The police are summoned, and, subtly guided by Lilli, find the pearls. Gruntz sacks Mary instantly, and tells her he will see that she never gets another job in any theatre. NOW READ ON.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622973

Girl Joins Father in Business as Full Partner

Unique Sign on Estate Agency

The sign on the window.

"DOMBEY—& SON." So it was in Dickens' day. "And Son." So it has always been.

BUT one wise, and brave, father has set a new fashion in Perth. He has proudly admitted his daughter into full partnership and proclaimed the fact.

"H. M. Jackman and Daughter." It appears on the brass plate, on the windows, and on the stationery.

And why not? After all there is nothing very strange about it when women have invaded all the professions with credit to themselves—and to the professions.

Miss Betty Jackman has had an excellent business training, one which fully qualifies her to enter the business, and to have her name proclaimed as a member of the firm.

"I have not got a son," Mr. Jackman told The Australian Women's Weekly, "therefore, if my daughter is taking a man's part, she is entitled to full acknowledgment of the fact. Possibly, 'and Daughter' is a unique sign in Australia, but in view of the ever-increasing part the 'daughters' are playing in business to-day men should be honest enough to acknowledge the fact publicly, as I have done."

Miss Jackman at her desk.

SUNLIGHT—for generations a world leader in soap value—now offers you better value than ever because despite rising costs Sunlight brings you the same high-quality gifts for the same small number of wrappers.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT!

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED, BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER, BUT FILL IN THIS FORM

FROM _____

(Put a cross against gift required)

ENCLOSED ..... SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

☐ Glasscloth ☐ Pillowcase
☐ Red Striped Admiralty Bath Towel
☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel
☐ Coloured Bath Towel

1.242.15.

Children Say The Oddest Things!

2GB's Collection of Quaint Sayings of Youngsters

Everyone has experienced those shattering occasions when the youngest of the family makes some such remark as, "If Mr. Brown eats ALL the scones there won't be any for my play-lunch!"

Consequently, it is not surprising that a competition for tots' whimsies, made by 2GB in a special session recently, should have proved interesting and illuminating.

STUDY of the many replies that Dorothea Vautier, of 2GB, received when she offered prizes for the quaintest sayings of childhood would well repay investigation by a child psychologist.

Many parents wonder what is going on under a dome of curls or behind the frank blue eyes of the youngsters. Then comes some illuminating flash revealing unsuspected depths of thought, and the oddly clear methods of reasoning peculiar to childhood. Often they are surprised by repartee that would do credit to a witty grown-up.

"It was no easy task to choose the three prizewinners," says Miss Vautier, "but I think most people will agree with me that the one I have selected as winner is a real gem, well deserving the prize."

Marion, the mother wrote, has always wondered what she was before she was a baby.

She was passionately fond of flowers, and from the time she could toddle picked as many as she could carry. In consequence hardly a flower was left in the garden. When she was three, I reprimanded her for plucking them.

After a while I went into the garden and found her on the lawn, sitting as close as possible to the few remaining poppies, watching a bee buzzing in and out of the flowers. The child was fascinated.

MISS DOROTHEA VAUTIER, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB, received some enlightening and amusing replies when she offered prizes for the quaintest sayings of childhood in her women's session over the air.

She looked up at me and with a smile said: "I think I must have been a bee before I was a baby." Then added with a sigh, "That's why I can't leave the flowers alone."

Illustrating the rapid reasoning powers of children, the second prize-winner's story was:

Some years ago, in England, I was governess to a small boy, just six years old. This afternoon his mother took afternoon tea with us in the nursery.

As there was no cake, she apologised, then added, "But you know, the plainer you live, the longer you live."

Without a moment's hesitation, Ron remarked, "Well, Methuselah must have lived a very plain life."

Typical, too, was the story that won the third prize.

The children had been to a christening ceremony and, on their return, had decided that the cat and her three kittens should go through a similar ceremony.

They had succeeded in baptising the kittens, but the mother cat put up such a fierce fight against immersion that Bobby could scarcely hold her.

It was at this point that the minister and I walked up to where the children were playing, and this is what we heard:

"All right, you nasty old thing, it was for your own good we were going to christen you—but now you can go to hell."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, August 3.—11.45 a.m.: Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, August 4.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, August 5.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, August 6.—2.30 p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30 p.m.: "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, August 7.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Alexander Kipnis. 6.10 p.m.: Reminiscences of George Gershwin.

MONDAY, August 8.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, August 9.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622974

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME-MAKER

August 6, 1938. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers Page One

By EVELYN

WALK WITH GRACE . . .

If You Wish to Wear the New Season's Clothes with Charm and Distinction!

STUDIED GRACE . . . no slouchy or slovenly figure could wear this exclusive Tinling creation with grace and distinction. If you would look your loveliest in any of the new spring clothes cultivate an erect and graceful carriage.

LUCILLE BALL, accomplished R.K.O. Radio star, walks with grace.

A FAMOUS world traveller and author declares that the most striking thing about the beauty of the women of India is their perfect grace.

These women, he says, walk with an unconscious, natural grace that it would do a good many women well to emulate.

You may think you have no need for studying how to walk—especially in these motorised days—but take my word for it, there's a romance in walking not to be overlooked if you are to tread a beautiful as well as purposeful path in the world.

Every sound-limbed woman can walk with correct carriage, and, in most cases, beautifully.

Correct posture in walking must be practised until you have mastered it.

Remember these things:

When standing at ease, turn the toes reasonably outward for grace. Keep the knees together. An imaginary line must run through your ear-lobes, shoulders, and hips.

Practice Makes Perfect

WITH the legs swinging freely as a pendulum, whether walking backwards or forwards, reach without bending the knee as far as possible, one thigh brushing the other as you step.

Lead with the toe. Be sure your toe "reaches."

Practise an extremely long step. Short steps betray lack of self-confidence, and are ungraceful anyway.

For spring and pep in your step, reach with your toe, but place entire foot on floor, rising quickly on the toe, making more or less a two-beat count.

Exaggerate while practising the rising motion as this exercises the arch of the foot and develops a much more youthful walk.

Keep the chest well arched, stretching your body from the waist and holding your head up.

In walking never permit a rotary motion of the body about the spine. Walk forward in full steps (cover as close to 30 inches as you can, easily).

Don't walk from side to side.

As the left leg swings forward like a pendulum, the right forearm should swing obliquely across the body until it is about even with middle of the body. Knuckles turn out. Arm relaxes and left arm balances.

Avoid a careless, shuffling gait.

Try to make the crown of your head touch the sky.

Now in your stocking feet, and with a couple of books on your head, put your arms behind your back, crossing them so that you have an elbow in each palm.

Walk across the room, putting your feet down in a straight line as though you were walking a string.

If more women walked as the savages, with feet straight, or even slightly pigeon-toed (walking towards great toe) there would be fewer jutting stomachs and flopping chins.

Do not walk with your feet glancing off at an angle like a duck's.

Self-balance must be acquired so that the flesh will not appear to be hanging on the body frame.

Stepping forward with the left and right foot as you raise both arms to the sides, describing a half-circle with the right arm and a full circle with the left, raise the left leg even with the hip and pull up as far as possible. Do this to waltz tempo, holding pose for three beats, then slowly lower both hands and feet to original position.

Lead always with wrists when moving arms and hands.

Now, hold one foot, then the other up in front for a few seconds, then lower. Do not bend body. Raise alternate feet until parallel with the floor. Toes must turn downward.

This also reduces abdomen and increases circulation, compressing stomach from outside.

It's Worth While

HANDS on hips, raise knees alternately to chest as fast as possible.

The balance step for grace (to be done to waltz music) is an exercise which in reality is the old "hesitation" waltz.

It gives balance and poise due to the hesitation on one foot while the other is without weight and poised gracefully. On the count of 1, step forward with the left foot.

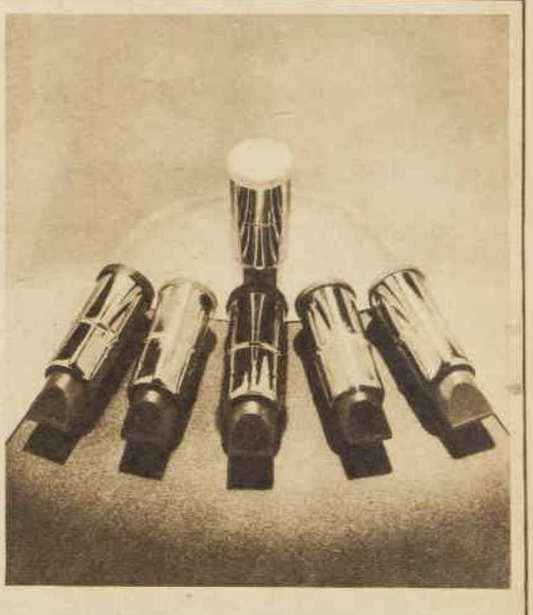
On count of 2, rise on left toes, simultaneously extending the right foot in front entirely without weight.

On count of 3, step forward on right foot.

Count of 4, rise to toes, swinging left foot in front without weight.

Train your feet to smartly come together. If a sudden step to the side or backwards is necessary, remember to brush instep of the opposite foot as you step, which avoids the "frog's leg" appearance of so many women.

EVEN if she is not going anywhere in particular, a woman should always make the business of getting there very important, and handle her feet with character, intention, grace, and majesty.



LIPSTICK
BY
GUERLAIN
PARIS

SIX VERY MODERN SHADES
LIGHT - MEDIUM - DARK
ORANGE - TROPICAL - MANDARINE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622975

DON'T TAKE *Risks* with YOUR HEALTH

What My Patients Ask Me

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Judging by the symptoms I am suffering with acute indigestion. Will a home remedy suffice?

SELF-MEDICATION is one of the most common and dangerous of all the practices resorted to by the layman, and should be avoided in all but the simplest ailments.

Periodic attacks of what a sufferer calls "indigestion" may yield temporarily to the use of bicarbonate of soda or some other palliative measure.

Unfortunately, in many cases, such attacks of heartburn or gas formation may be signs of some serious damage to the heart.

Even though the victim is aware of his true condition, there is a dread of consulting the doctor for fear he will be told he must cut down on his work.

There is another type of person; he actually boasts of never having been to a doctor. Such individuals have a "remedy" for whatever ails them. Possibly some of these persons are right. Unfortunately, others are living under the sword of Damocles, and disaster is near at hand.

A friend of mine, a doctor, recently wrote me about the medical records that show an increase in "degenerative" diseases among persons beyond the age of 50. He urged me to stress this danger.

There is no doubt that this marked increase in such ailments is due to the neglect of personal hygiene and everyday care of the health.

All physicians realise that in early diagnosis and treatment lie safety.

It is possible to control the development of many of the serious degenerative changes of middle age.

The public should be encouraged to make better use of medical knowledge. It is advisable to consult a doctor in advance of trouble and in this way avoid the many pitfalls of self-diagnosis and self-medication.

See your doctor while you are well. Have a complete physical examination and repeat it regularly. In this way you will have a better chance of keeping in excellent health.

MOTHERCRAFT ADVICE COUPON

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4290YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age .....

Birth Weight .....

Present Weight (without clothing) .....

Have you written before? (Yes or no) .....

Exercise for Health and Beauty

LIMBER UP! Banish winter sluggishness—set the blood tingling through your veins. Look at lovely Anne Miller, of R.K.O., above—doesn't she inspire you to stretch and bend your way to beauty!

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

Diet Rules for Prospective Mothers

By MARY TRUBY KING

THE advent of childbirth necessitates extra care with the diet. Over-refined and rich foods should be eliminated in favor of those which are simpler and more nourishing.

Many potential mothers continue to take foods which they habitually find give them indigestion and flatulence. In their desire for the food they momentarily forget what the consequences have invariably been in the past.

During pregnancy and while nursing it is definitely wiser to avoid foods which ordinarily give one indigestion.

Just which foods to avoid on this account, each individual discovers for herself.

There are also foods which should be avoided at this time, even if they appear to have no adverse effect on the digestive system. Pastry, highly-seasoned foods, and rich cakes fall into this group; also new bread, hot buttered toast, twice-cooked meat, pickles and curries.

The following points should be kept in mind when doing the marketing:

Buy cereals whole—and fresh.

Organs of animals such as tripe, liver, kidney, brains and sweetbreads are better sources of minerals and vitamins than muscle meat.

Spend more money on vegetables and fruit than on meat. Buy your vegetables as fresh as possible. Meat is not a necessity, but if you enjoy it take one small helping daily.

Twice weekly make your main meal a fish one. (Both oysters and fish roe are excellent). The fatty outside of fried food is not good, so steam or bake the fish. (For the same reason, the fatty outside of baked meat should be avoided).

Other Essentials

EGGS and butter are essential, and cream is valuable.

Milk should not be skimped. It contains very valuable building materials.

It is always best to dilute milk with a little water before drinking it. If it is still found to be too rich, it can be skimmed, as the undermilk is rich in building material.

A pint of milk daily is not too much. Scalding will not harm it in any way, if you prefer it so.

Buy a tin of Iodised Salt for use at the table.

In localities where fresh fruit is unprocurable, dried fruits such as prunes, raisins and figs are invaluable. Tinned vegetables are far better than no vegetables at all.

If fresh fish cannot be obtained, tinned sardines or salmon should be used.

All meals should be cooked and served attractively, or they will not be enjoyed to the full extent. Meals should be eaten slowly.

After the meal, rest for half an hour if possible. This is specially necessary in the last months of pregnancy.

A glass of water should be drunk half an hour before each meal. It is best not to take fluids with meals.

If soup is liked, it should form the main portion of the meal, but followed by a light sweet only—not by a meat and vegetable course.

Keep This Before You

OF course, the soup should be full of nourishment provided by vegetables, milk and sometimes a cereal so that it will adequately take the place of a meat and vegetable course.

It is best not to eat between meals, but plenty of fluid should be taken—at least six glasses of water daily.

Water may be made more attractive by the addition of lemon or orange juice, or barley water.

China tea may be taken, mid-morning and afternoon.

Do not eat with your morning and afternoon tea unless on a special diet ordered by your doctor.

Eggs, butter, cream, and milk should be taken in moderation by the nursing mother, otherwise milk may become too rich for a young baby to digest.

When taking a normal allowance of milk and eggs, it is best to avoid cocoa, chocolate, and rich drinks.

Baby requires good building material rather than too much fat.

At all times avoid over-eating.

The following is a sample menu for expectant and nursing mothers:

ON Waking: A glass or more of water, hot or cold. Also a few raisins or small ripe tomato, or an apple.

Breakfast: A well-cooked cereal with milk or cream and sugar. Wholemeal bread or toast, with butter. Twice weekly, an egg (coddled or poached).

Other days, fish—steamed or grilled. A glass of milk. Fruit—fresh or stewed.

Mid-Morning: Orange or other fresh fruit drink. Or a cup of China tea. Nothing to eat (unless on special diet for "morning sickness.")

Dinner: One small helping of meat. Two or three different kinds of vegetables. A small potato (baked or steamed). Fruit salad and custard, or a light steamed pudding, or well-cooked milk pudding. A glass of milk.

Mid-Afternoon: China tea. Or a fruit drink. Nothing to eat.

Evening Meal: Wholemeal bread and butter. Honey. Cheese, if liked, a piece of home-made cake (plain). Fresh, ripe fruits. On hot days, a green, leafy salad and light sweet, such as junket, jelly, Spanish cream.

NOW— Pond's Creams bring to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

POND'S CREAMS now do more for the skin than ever before!

They contain a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "*skin-vitamin.*"

And when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it helps in keeping the skin beautiful. First, doctors found this out.

Then for 3 years scientists worked, and finally found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. Now, everyone can have it.

Always Grand For Flaky Skin.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places—that's why it's such a grand powder base and overnight softener. But now with the active "skin-vitamin" it's even better. It makes the skin smoother, softer, and gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look.

POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "skin-vitamin," cleanses, clears, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blackheads and blemishes. It smoothes out lines, and makes pores less noticeable.

● *"Pond's Creams have been my daily beauty care since I was a girl," says Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, "they keep my skin clear, soft and smooth. Skin blemishes just don't come."*

In the Same Jars, At the Same Price.

The Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing and Cold Creams are on sale everywhere—in the same jars at the same price. Follow the advice of the world's loveliest and most distinguished women.

Use these two Pond's Creams, Cold and Vanishing, and see how they improve your skin.

● Listen to "Your Cavalier" 2CH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 2KY at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 3AW at 3.00 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5AD-MU-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday and 6ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

Now — with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

FREE! the Pond's 'Skin-Vitamin' Creams

Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "skin-vitamin" Creams — Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ].

POND'S DEPT. X28 Box 1131J., G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name .....

Address .....

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622976

Make yourself . . . BEAUTIFULLY READY *for* SPRING!

Now is the time to take stock of your skin, your "crowning glory," and your figure

By . . . EVELYN

LOOK at your face in a good light—in a new light.

Does your skin look dull and blemished? Are there lines appearing more from neglect than age?

If so, you must do something about it now!

Here is a simple way of toning up the skin, and one that the majority could well employ right through the year:

Cleanse the skin thoroughly. Gently pat some cold cream around the eyes. Then take a small, well-shaped brush (tooth-brush will do) and using a circular movement work into a good lather on the skin.

Do not use too harsh a brush, and do not rub too hard. An even friction, warm water and a good soap are necessary.

Use judgment in the length of time for this "scrub," as some skins can stand a longer treatment than others.

After washing off the soap, rinse a small face towel in very cold water, in which a few drops of camphor water have been added, squeeze out lightly and apply to the face several times.

If you do not like using a brush spring clean your face every day for the next month this way:

Spread a generous quantity of cleansing cream over your face and neck.

Allow it to soak in for a few moments, then take a piece of Turkish towelling and rub it off with brisk upward and outward movements.

Braces the Muscles

DON'T stretch the skin, however, in the process. Be sure to get into the tiny crevices around the nose.

Now wash the face in warm, soapy water. Use only, as I have so often advised, the best soap on your face.

After drying, you may continue with a bracing and stimulating treatment—a few minutes' friction by means of a complexion brush.

This is considered to have a bracing effect on the muscles. Always work upwards and outwards with round, firm movements so that the bristles will not scratch the skin.

A little skin food should now be patted into the face. And if you have a rubber patter here is your opportunity to use it to decided advantage. Smear plenty of skin food around the eyes, but the residue of grease should be gently wiped from neck and cheeks.

Always remember: When applying skin food to the eyes, the greatest care should be taken not to stretch the skin.

Start always from the bridge of the nose and work gently in rotary fashion outwards above the eyelids and in under the eyes to the nose.

Once a week, and when time offers, you may give yourself a "facial"—a thorough massage and mask—following the directions given in previous articles.

If your hair has developed that after-winter look—dull and stringy-looking—give it an egg shampoo.

The Egg Shampoo

FIRST, brush your hair well, then massage in a little warm oil. Next beat up the yolks of three eggs and add a wineglass of toilet bay rum. Use this mixture as if it were soap and shampoo your head. Have the water lukewarm.

Rinse thoroughly.

Consider well your hands. Are they an asset, or do you feel like wearing gloves at all times? Well-kept nails are an obligation you should recognise.

Your skin should be soft and smooth, your nails clean and well-polished, your hands graceful in their movements. These things can be acquired with practice and application. Remember your hands play an important part in your appearance.

Examine your teeth. Are you proud of them or are you self-conscious when you smile? Care for them, and visit your dentist if necessary.

Don't forget your figure. Rich pastries and heavy foods consumed during winter have, unless you're lucky, left you with unwanted rolls of fat.

Look to your diet. Go in for spring salads, fruit and fruit juice. Drink pints of water and at least a pint of milk per day—and exercise!

A SPRING SYMPHONY. This girl has skin like rose petals—soft, smooth, velvety—simply because she cares for it night and day. It is your duty to care for your skin—and it can be done no matter how busy your life. But do be consistent.

1. WHEN BATHING for health and beauty: Instead of using an ordinary wash rag to scrub your body, use a well-soaped loofah. It is a splendid cleanser; it also helps to make the skin soft, smooth and velvety.

2. IN CONJUNCTION with the skin treatments given in the article on this page, treat your face to a mask—once a week at least.

3. AFTER SHAMPOOING your hair thoroughly take it out into the spring sunshine and brush well. Shampoo regularly.

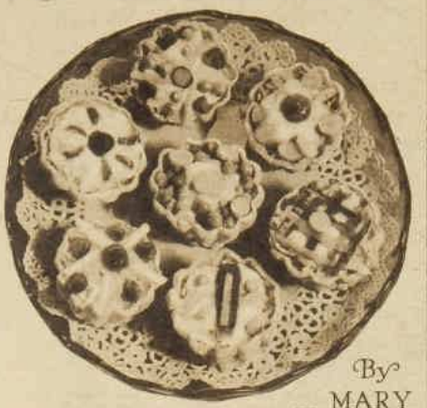
4. GET RID of that "spare tyre" if you want to cut a dash in your spring frocks. Exercise—consistently—and watch your diet!

5. A FINAL word: Don't spoil everything with patchy make-up. Be skilful. Better to economise with it than be too generous!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622977

SPRING SALADS

Many are excitingly different . . . all are packed with piquancy and good health!



RECIPES for these delicious individual salads, served in crispy cases, are given below.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A HEARTENING and healthful salad: Cut cold, cooked new potatoes into blocks, with cheese, and mix with mayonnaise. Fill lettuce cups. Garnish with slices of potato, cheese and chopped parsley.

WHY not earn a reputation for serving unusual salads to family and guests?

Anyone can dish up the same old lettuce, beetroot and potato mixture. But you, the enterprising little housewife, can serve salads with a sprinkle of imagination—the kind that no one grows weary of.

These will help you, and help the family along the path to radiant health:

1. Mix diced ham and cucumber with sweet pickle and cooked peas, season to taste; add mayonnaise or dressing. Serve in lettuce cups.

2. Mix diced apple and celery together with mayonnaise. Serve in small dishes or lettuce cups.

3. Mix diced apple and pineapple with chopped dates and figs; moisten with mayonnaise. Serve in dishes or lettuce cups.

These look well served in crispy cases—note illustration.

Cooked peas mixed with mayonnaise and decorated with rings of carrot.

Shredded cabbage and grated carrot mixed with mayonnaise, decorated with ½ gherkin and ½ rounds of gherkin.

Chopped apple and celery mixed with mayonnaise, decorated with apple, gherkin and colored onion.

Shredded cabbage mixed with chopped gherkin, olive and mayonnaise, decorated with peas, gherkin and carrot.

Finely-grated carrot mixed with mayonnaise, decorated with rings of carrot and green onion.

Shredded cabbage, grated carrot and peas mixed with mayonnaise, decorated with strips of carrot and peas.

Shredded cabbage or lettuce mixed with mayonnaise, decorated with "criss-cross" strips of gherkin.

ALMOND SALAD

One cup crab meat, ½ cup blanched almonds, 1 cup whipped cream, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 3 hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, paprika.

Chop whites of eggs and almonds roughly, and mix well. Pick over crab meat, removing any shell. Mix with egg, etc. Fold in mayonnaise and cream. Shred lettuce and place in serving dish. Drop in the mixture in spoonfuls. Cover with sieved yolks. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve very cold.

BOSTON SALAD

Three-quarters cup cooked, diced potatoes and beetroot, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 tablespoon grated onion, mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, lettuce, parsley, cold meat.

Mix vegetables, season to taste, add a little dressing. Shred lettuce, place in serving dish, heap vegetables in the centre. Cut meat into rounds or squares and overlap them round vegetables. Pour little dressing over and sprinkle with parsley. Serve cold.

MAYONNAISE OF FISH AND CUCUMBER

One pound cold, cooked fish, mayonnaise, 1 cup diced cucumber, 1 teaspoon minced onion, lettuce, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, paprika.

Line salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Flake fish, mix with little mayonnaise, season to taste, and pile in salad bowl. Sprinkle with onion and cucumber. Cover with mayonnaise, then sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley and paprika.

JELLIED BANANA AND WALNUT SALAD

One packet red jelly crystals, 1 pint boiling water, whipped cream, 2 diced bananas, lemon juice, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Dissolve crystals in boiling water. When cold, ½ fill individual moulds. Set them. Sprinkle lemon juice over bananas. When jelly is firm, cover with a layer of banana. Sprinkle with nuts. Add layer of jelly; set well. Turn out. Garnish with whipped and flavored cream.

CHEESE CREAM SALAD

Yolks 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, 3oz. grated cheese, salt, cayenne, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, 1 cup cooked, diced carrot, diced, cooked potato, cooked peas, diced celery, mayonnaise, ½ cup water.

Soak gelatine in the water. Beat yolks, add milk. Stir over boiling water till it thickens; add cheese, seasoning. Cool. Stir in soaked gelatine. Pour into wetted ring mould. Set. Turn out onto flat dish. Fill centre with mixed, diced vegetables, coated with mayonnaise.

SALAD DRESSING (Without oil)

Beat yolk of egg in basin, then stir in 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, and mustard to taste. Stir over hot water till thick. Remove from heat and thin down by adding and beating in well 2 tablespoons cream or top milk. More or less may be needed according to thickness of egg. This will keep a day or two in a cool place.

CARROT SALAD

One cup raw carrot and cabbage, 2 tablespoons whipped cream, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, parsley.

Grate carrot, shred cabbage. Mix. Add vinegar. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Add cream to mayonnaise. Put carrot mixture into small individual dishes. Cover with mayonnaise. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve very cold.

CORONATION SALAD

Two cups shredded cabbage, ½ cup chopped apples, 2 chopped bananas, salad dressing, lettuce, ½ cup chopped walnuts, salt and cayenne to taste, parsley.

Mix cabbage, apple, banana and nuts with salad dressing. Arrange in salad bowl which has been lined with small lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with parsley and serve very cold.

FRUIT BASKETS

Quarter cup pineapple juice, 2 bananas, 3 oranges, 1 slice pineapple, glace cherries, tinned apricots or peaches, sugar, whipped and flavored cream.

Dice pineapple, bananas, peaches, etc. Cut oranges in two, then carefully remove pulp and seeds. Sieve pulp into a basin, add sugar. Boil for 5 minutes; add fruits and juice. Bring to boil. Cook 2 minutes; chill. Divide fruit into six parts and fill orange shells. Decorate with "roses," whipped cream and halved glace cherries. If liked, a handle can be made with angelica.

TULIP SALAD

Four tomatoes, ½ cup diced cucumber, dressing, salt, cayenne, mustard, lettuce, 1 tin salmon, 1 tablespoon each cream cheese and cream.

Scald tomato so that skin can be removed without breaking flesh. Cut the tomato in quarters to half its depth. Carefully remove centre. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Mix cucumber, dressing and a little tomato pulp, season to taste. Partly fill tomatoes with mixture, bending back the quarters to look like petals. Place on a flat glass dish, with mound of salmon between. Mix cheese and cream, make into balls, place on salmon. Shred lettuce and garnish round base.

"Nancy has terrible tantrums at the breakfast table—won't eat! She's naughty, but she can't help it," sighs Mother. "I used to be like that, too."

"Nonsense, says Auntie. "It's because her food doesn't *appeal* to her. Get her that new cereal—Rice Bubbles—the kind that 'snaps,' 'crackles' and 'pops' when the milk goes on! Nancy will have *fun* eating breakfast!"

Auntie was right! Nancy loves Rice Bubbles. Never sulks at breakfast now. Rice Bubbles are fun to eat because they go "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP!" when the milk is poured on. Rice is one of the world's staple foods and Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are wonderfully easy for small tummies to digest.

● Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood, by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a national relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—3CH, 2GZ, 2KO, 2TM, 3WO, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, and 5AD-MU-PI-GE.

R.1

A wonderful Jam
MIRA PLUM

● *50 varieties packed in hygienic gold-lined cans.*
Including SOLUS APRICOT RASPBERRY MIRA PLUM ORANGE MARMALADE.

Rosella
Jams and Jellies

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622978

GIVE THESE *Prize Recipes* A TRIAL!

A splendid lot, they're winners in this week's cookery contest

LIGHT - AS - A - FEATHER scones always win praise from family or afternoon guests. Here you have a versatile collection of prize-winning scones to try out!

We also wish to draw your attention to the other recipes. You will like them.

Remember that we give £1 every week for the best recipe received, and consolation prizes at 2/6 each for the next best.

Here are this week's results:

PINEAPPLE SCONES

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 egg, 2oz. butter, 1 teacup sugar, 1 cup minced pineapple, little milk.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub butter in lightly and mix to a dough with the beaten egg and milk. Roll out to about ½-inch thick, and on one half spread the pineapple and sprinkle it with sugar. Fold the other half over and cut in squares with a sharp knife. Glaze, and bake in a moderate oven.

WHOLEMEAL DATE SCONES

Two cups fine wholemeal, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons light brown sugar, 1 cup finely-chopped dates.

Mix with milk to a nice scone mixture, roll out, cut into shapes and bake in a hot oven.

CHEESE AND GINGER SCONES

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup dry, grated cheese, preserved ginger, pinch salt.

Dredge dry ingredients, rub in butter, add cheese, and mix to a scone dough with milk. Roll out and sprinkle one-half with the chopped ginger. Fold the other half over, cut in shapes, and glaze with egg or milk. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven.

PUMPKIN SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup cold, mashed pumpkin, salt, and enough milk to mix.

Rub pumpkin into flour until well mixed. Mix to a stiff dough with milk, roll out and cut as you would plain scones and bake in a hot oven.

THE DELICIOUS SWEET shown above is made this way: Boil 1 pint milk with 1 pint strong coffee, cool and pour over 1oz. gelatine (soaked). Place in double saucepan, add yolks 2 eggs and 4oz. sugar. When it coats spoon stand in cold water and when cool stir in beaten egg-whites.

OATMEAL NUT SCONES

Quarter-pound fine oatmeal, 9oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2½oz. butter, 1½oz. sugar, milk.

Sift flour, oatmeal, and baking powder, rub in butter, add walnuts and sugar. Stir in sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out and cut in small rounds. Brush tops with milk and bake in a hot oven about ½ hour.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. A. Kilpatrick, Largo, Nichol's Point, via Mildura, Vic.

HONOLULU GALANTINE

Remove bones from a good-sized piece breast of veal and lay the meat open on the table. Season with pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, and some chopped parsley. Spread over it a layer of sausage meat, placing in this, at intervals, hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, and, if liked, a few pickled walnuts. Spread another layer of sausage meat, and arrange on this strips of ham or bacon and tongue. Roll up and place on a white cloth. Pin down centre of cloth carefully, and tie the ends tightly. Cook in a stewpan with stock or water with the bones from the meat and a good plateful of vegetables carefully mashed. Bring to boil, and simmer for about 2 to 2½ hours. Then tighten ends with more string, and place galantine between two boards with heavy weight on top. Remove cloth when cold, and if liked glaze with meat glaze. The stock will make an excellent soup.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Road, Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

A CLOCK-FACE SAVORY

Procure a large round plate for the clock. Cut strips of bread about 2 x 4 inches. Twelve will be required. Fry brown in hot fat, or toast them, spread with any savory paste, and arrange the slices on the plate, edge of each slice to rim of the plate, at equal distances apart.

Cut long thin strips of gherkin, cheese or ham. Arrange on the slices in the figures of the clock face, then boil hard a few eggs. When cold, chop up, mix with seasoning and a little mayonnaise, place in centre of the clock face, and make hands out of any vegetable that will give contrast to the dish.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 19 George Street, Stepney, S.A.

WEST INDIAN WAFERS

Half-pound plain flour, ½lb. sugar, 2oz. butter, 4 eggs, 2 level teaspoons ground cinnamon, ½ pint sherry.

Cream butter and sugar well, beat in each egg separately, put tablespoon of flour between each egg, beat well, add rest of flour, cinnamon and wine. Bake in well-greased waffle irons.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Thomas, 93 Merriwa Street, Nedlands, W.A.

ALMOND APPLES

Four large apples, 3oz. almonds, a little flour, 1½oz. breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. butter.

Peel and core apples, blanch and chop nuts and mix with half the sugar. Beat egg and rest of sugar and stir in 1oz. breadcrumbs. Coat apples with flour.

Melt butter in fireproof dish, put in apples, fill centre hole with almonds and sugar, and mix remainder with breadcrumbs and egg. Pour over apples. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top and bake apples in a moderate oven till brown and tender.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss W. Houston, Faircrest, Samford, via Brisbane.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

WE have received quite a number of recipes from readers featuring almonds. Here are some:

ALMOND CAKE

Six ounces sugar, 5oz. butter, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons ground almonds, peel, and whole almonds.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs, then milk, lastly flour, baking powder and almonds. Pour into greased tin, sprinkle with chopped, blanched almonds, and peel. Bake 45 to 50 minutes. Leave on cooler till cold.

ALMOND ROCK

One teacupful golden syrup, 1 teacup water, 2 teaspoonfuls vinegar, 1lb. Demerara sugar, ½lb. butter, ½ teaspoon pure almond essence, 1 tablespoonful finely-ground almonds.

Boil all together for 20 minutes, taking care not to burn, when mixture will harden if dropped into cold water. Stir in 2½ tablespoonfuls blanched and chopped almonds, pour into well-buttered tin and break, when cold, into pieces.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Lowe, 12 Plant Street, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

ALMOND SPONGE

Sift together 2 tablespoons cornflour and ¾ cup self-raising flour two or three times. Beat 3 eggs and 1 cup sugar for 20 minutes, then add the flour, stirring all the time. Boil together 2 tablespoons milk and 1 dessertspoon butter, and add to mixture. Pour into two greased sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes.

For the Icing.—Squeeze the juice of a small orange into a basin. Pass some icing sugar through a sieve. Add to juice sufficient sugar to bring to the consistency of double cream. Spread on both of the sponges, keeping sufficient for a thin layer on the top. Sprinkle finely-chopped almonds on one cake, and press the other firmly on top. Spread remainder of icing on top and add a further sprinkling of chopped almonds.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George Street, Moonta, S.A.

ALMOND PUDDING

Four tablespoonfuls butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup syrup, 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¾ cup almonds, blanched and roasted, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, syrup and eggs, well-beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Then add almonds, finely chopped. Turn into buttered mould, and steam 2½ hours. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss Tomlinson, 12 Edna Road, Nedlands, W.A.

ALMOND SHORTCAKE

Three-quarter pound plain flour, ½lb. butter, ¼lb. caster sugar. For almond mixture: 2oz. butter, 2oz. caster sugar, 2oz. blanched cooking almonds, 1oz. ground almonds, 5oz. flour.

To make shortbread, sift flour and sugar together, melt the butter and blend with the flour and sugar to a pliable dough. Prepare almond mixture by creaming butter and sugar, then with a wooden spoon gradually work in the ground almonds and flour. Split blanched almonds into thin slices. Roll the shortbread into a long strip, pressing the sides to make them higher than the centre. Spread with the almond mixture, arrange pieces of almond on top, and cut the strip of shortbread into fingers. Bake in a fairly slow oven for 20 minutes, or until a pale yellow colour.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Leila Shenton, 195 Cowper Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

It PAYS to buy the BEST

• When a recipe says a spoonful of mustard, it means just that much *real* mustard!

Keen's Mustard is real mustard which gives keen zest and flavour to economy recipes.

KEEN'S D.S.F MUSTARD

It's better with BUTTER

..add more butter to your cooking to ensure:

— a marked improvement in flavour;

— more nutritious and more satisfying food;

— an adequate supply of the health-giving Vitamins "A" and "D"

A wealth of scientific fact is behind the statement that "It's Better With Butter", and that butter from the sun-drenched pastures of Australia has the maximum health-giving properties of any natural food in the world.

Make it a rule of your cooking that "any recipe which calls for fat is better made with butter".

FREE! "THE NEW NUTRITION"

A comprehensive booklet containing interesting facts about butter and a special cooking section with tested recipes by a well-known dietitian. Send 2d. stamp to the Australian Dairy Board, 528 Collins St., Melbourne.

There's no substitute for Butter

THE VITAL FOOD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622979

Lesson in DOMESTIC ECONOMY

When you learn this "GRAVOX" lesson, you'll have rich brown gravies for all dinners INSTANTLY.

Gravox
The Ideal GRAVY MAKER

MADE BY KLEMBRO PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VICTORIA

Send 1d. stamp Postage for FREE SAMPLE

HAND-KNIT *for the* SLENDER FIGURE

Worked in a combination of white and green, this chic jumper is designed for springtime wear. It's easy to knit!

THIS woolly, specially designed for small, slender figures, will be welcomed by hundreds of young knitting enthusiasts.

It is pretty and decorative, and just the thing for wear during late spring and early summer.

White and green 4-ply wool was used for the original. The jumper could be knitted in one color if desired.

Materials: 8oz. Paton's Super Scotch Fingering 4-ply. Original uses 4oz. each of white and green, No. 59241. A pair of No. 11 and a pair of No. 9 needles. 4 large and 4 small buttons, 3 press-studs.

Measurements: To fit 30-32-inch bust; length from top of shoulder, 18½ inches (about 1½ inches is "taken up" when the jumper is worn on account of the ribbed pattern); sleeve seam 5 inches.

Tension: 7 stitches to an inch measured over the ribbing worked on No. 11 needles, patted out lightly but not pressed.

ALTHOUGH the young lady pictured above wears this attractive jumper without a belt, the majority will prefer it belted. A plain suede or leather to match the green (or whatever color is chosen for the garment) would make a smart finish.

THE BACK

WITH No. 11 needles and green wool cast on 115 stitches.

1st Row.—P. 1, * k. 3, p. 2; repeat from * to last 4 stitches, k. 3, p. 1.

2nd Row.—K. 1, * p. 3, k. 2; repeat from * to last 4 stitches, p 3, k. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3½ inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and continue in rib, increasing at each end of next and every following 6th row, until there are 127 stitches on the needle.

Carry on straight until work measures 13 inches from commencement.

Change to white wool and cable pattern, at the same time shaping armholes.

1st Row.—Cast off 6, work in rib as before to end.

2nd Row.—Cast off 6, k. 1, * p. 3, k. 2; repeat from * to last 4 stitches, p. 3, k. 1.

3rd Row.—K. 2 tog., k. 3, * p. 3, k. 3; repeat from * to last 4 stitches, k. 3, k. 2 tog.

4th Row.—P. 2 tog., p. 1, * k. 2, p. 3; repeat from * to last 3 stitches, p. 1, p. 2 tog.

5th Row.—K. 2 tog., p. 2, * k. 3 tog., p. 3; repeat from * to last 2 stitches, k. 2 tog.

6th Row.—K. 2 tog., k. 1, * p. 1, k. 1, p. 1 into next stitch, k. 2; repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k. 1, k. 2 tog.

Continue in pattern on these 107 stitches making a cable in 5th and 6th rows until 9 cables and 2 rows have been worked.

Keeping in pattern cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off.

THE FRONT

WORK exactly as for back until 107 stitches remain. Work straight until 4 rows after 6th cable have been done.

Now, with right side of work facing, work 47 in pattern, cast off 13, work 47 in pattern.

Working on last 47 stitches only k. 2 tog. at neck edge in next and every following row until 32 stitches remain, then, still decreasing at neck edge, cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next 3 rows at armhole edge.

Work remaining 47 stitches to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

WITH white wool and No. 11 needles cast on 75 stitches and work in k. 3, p. 2 rib for 1 inch.

Change to No. 9 needles and cable pattern, continuing until sleeve measures 5 inches from commencement.

Cast off 4 stitches at beginning of next 4 rows, then k. 2 tog. at each end of next row until 37 stitches remain.

Work 8 cables without decreasing, then, still keeping pattern carefully, k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 35 stitches remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

PRESS top parts of back, front and sleeves only, so that the rib retains its tightness.

Sew together side, right, and 1 inch of left shoulder seams, and sleeve seams; insert sleeves gathering fullness at top into 4 flat pleats.

With No. 11 needles pick up 19 stitches at back of left shoulder for under flap and knit 8 rows of garter-stitch.

Sew on 3 press-studs to fasten left shoulder. Sew 4 small buttons down the front and 2 large ones on each shoulder.

Knitting Hints

TO achieve that professional finish to your work, neatness is essential.

Always knit into the back of all cast-on stitches unless expressly stated not to do so. Keep the edges even and slip the first stitch of every row.

Be careful when joining wool; the best plan when making lace jumpers with 2-ply wool is to start the new ball at the beginning of a row. Another point when making lace stitches: Instead of using (slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped-stitch over), the same effect can be obtained by knitting 2 together through the back of the loops—this method is much quicker than the former.

When making cardigans or any garments where there are buttons and buttonholes, knit the bands with double wool if you want them to be extra firm. For men's and boys' garments, the borders can be knitted separately and sewn on, if preferred; this is a good plan, as the edge lies flat and will not stretch.

Where the work has increasings and decreasings it is a good plan to tie a piece of colored thread where these come, as otherwise it is difficult to keep them regular. Any irregularity spoils the appearance of the work.

Be careful about the armholes and neckline. Usually the stitches are picked up and the edge or bands knitted on finer needles.

In order to keep your woollens in perfect shape, correct laundering is essential. Put the garment in luke-warm, sudsy water, and squeeze and press it until it is quite clean—never rub hand-knitted garments for fear of stretching and spoiling the shape.

Gently squeeze the water out, then rinse in clear water of the same temperature. Squeeze well and spread out on a large, thick towel, in its original shape. Lay another towel on top, then roll up as tightly as possible.

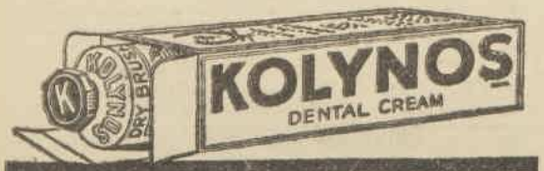
Leave until next morning, then open out and spread flat on a table in a draught until quite dry. Press carefully on the wrong side and your garment should look like new again.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS

For clean sparkling teeth and healthy gums, your dentist says: "Cultivate the twice-a-day Kolynos habit." KOLYNOS fulfils the requirements of modern Dental Science because it is a proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste which removes unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and brightening the teeth without any harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. KOLYNOS effectively protects your teeth against harmful germs which cause decay and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

KOLYNOS is highly concentrated, and therefore most economical. Only half-an-inch — preferably on a DRY brush—morning and night brings you the joy of a clean mouth and sound, sparkling teeth. Get a tube of KOLYNOS—the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste—TODAY. Of all chemists and stores.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



REDUCED PRICES ~~1/9~~ NOW 1/3 — NEW DOUBLE SIZE 2/- PER TUBE

Bring your crochet TO LIFE with— COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

IN WHITE AND OVER 30 GAY COLORS.

Your local needlework shop will also give you instruction leaflets with many easy-to-make designs.

MC4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622980

DECORATE YOUR HOME . . . and YOURSELF

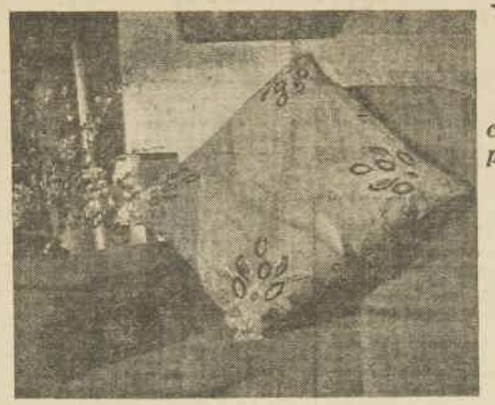
CUSHIONS are delightful assets in the decorative scheme. And because they are such invitingly comfortable affairs we feel we can't have too many of them.

Whether you dwell in a wee, snug cottage or pretentious mansion, you will want to acquire the beautiful cushion-cover illustrated here.

The conventional design is unusually attractive, and exceptionally easy to embroider.

This design is traced ready for embroidery on white, cream, green, blue, yellow, pink or blue linen. When completed the cover measures 14 x 22 inches. Price, 2/6, from our Needlework Department.

It is also obtainable in cream, blue or green Cesarine for 3/-.



THE beautiful cushion cover and the lingerie pictured here may be yours!

Lovely Colors

THE color scheme suggested is mid navy-blue and dark ecru for the flowers, and billiard-green for the outline stitch. Six strands of cotton are used throughout this design.

Cottons required: 4 skeins Anchor stranded cotton P.533 (mid navy-blue) 2 skeins each Anchor stranded cotton P.610 (dark ecru) and P.771 (billiard-green).

These may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1½d. per skein.

Note.—The diagrams and stitch keys illustrated on your right will be an excellent guide for you in the embroidering of the cushion.

At a glance you can see what stitch to make; also what color in the stranded cotton to use.

The colors suggested are effective and will harmonise or contrast pleasantly with most furnishing schemes.

U - STEM ST
F - BLANKET ST
J - FLY ST
R - SATIN ST
B - BUTTON ST
D - LAID THREADS COUCHED

533 / 771 / 610 — U
533 / 771 — F
610-J
610-R
533 / 771 / 610 — B
533-D

THESE small diagrams are the key to the larger diagram illustrated at far right. They give cotton numbers (which correspond with the numbers given in article) and suggest the stitches to use in the working of the cushion.

ABOVE YOU ARE SHOWN a diagram of the attractive cushion design. The photograph shows you how the cushion will look when finished. Unfortunately, it is only a black and white reproduction and does not convey to you the charm of its coloring.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 3324, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409Y, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Rejuvenator

Gives INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF to OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, LINES, WRINKLES, PIMPLES, and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any cause whatsoever.

REGENERATES the MUSCLES and TISSUES and imparts FIRMNESS to the underlying skin.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

RESTORES to OLD or MIDDLE AGE the SKIN and COMPLEXION OF YOUTH.

REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

NEW PLASMIC is NOT an ASTRINGENT. NO INJURIOUS AFTER EFFECTS.

Your complexion will look GLORIOUS, even after the FIRST TREATMENT, and will become SATIN SMOOTH VELVETY, FRESH and LOVELY.

CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION.

LARGE TUBE SUFFICIENT FOR THREE WEEKS TREATMENT Posted Free for 5/-.

Ladies unable to call can have a trial treatment posted free for one shilling, and one penny stamp.

J. AFRIAT

Pacific House, 296-300 Pitt St., Sydney.***

Also obtainable at Washington Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., and other leading chemists.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

SLENDERLY-CUT LINGERIE!

You can obtain this charming set of pantees, traced on crepe-de-chine, with design for embroidery.

Letter Key
U - Stem St
AS - Eyelet hole
R - Satin St
L - Herring bone St
S - Seeding

IMMEDIATELY ABOVE is illustrated the diagram of the charming embroidery design which decorates the beautifully-cut pantees pictured on this page; see also color and stitch key.

SOON you'll be putting away your winter undies in mothballs, and will be blossoming forth in the new season's smart clothes.

You will, of course, need the figure-conforming lingerie to wear beneath your lovely gowns, and here is a beautifully-cut pair of pantees to add to your wardrobe.

The wise girl and woman will invest in two or three pairs, or buy the pattern and dainty transfer.

You can obtain this dainty set in pure quality white or shell-pink crepe-de-chine. The pattern is traced onto the lovely material, and all you have to do is to follow the tracing marks in the cutting out. The sweet design is also traced in readiness for swift and easy embroidery.

The diagram and stitch key are given for your guidance.

When you order, ask for 34, 36, or 38-inch hip measurement—these three sizes are available.

Price 5/11, post free.

Paper patterns for making this set of pantees are also obtainable, and paper transfer. Sizes 34, 36 and 38-inch hip measurement.

Pattern 10d. Transfer 1/-.

You require 2 skeins of Anchor stranded cotton P.542 (light salmon-pink) and 1 spool Coats' super sheen to match material.

Iron off transfer in centre of each leg, having centre flower 1 inch from bottom.

Stitches used in embroidery are stem, eyelet-hole, satin, herringbone and seeding. Follow diagram for placing of stitches.

Have You These?

THESE lovely linens featured in earlier issues can be had on application:

Tea-table sets, traced with card motifs ready for embroidery, are obtainable in best quality white, cream, or blue linen. Here are the prices: 36 x 36-inch cloth, price 7/6; 11 x 11-inch serviette, price, 1/-; and 5 x 11-inch sandwich d'oyley, price 1/-. Larger sized supper-cloths also available.

We still have patterns and transfers of colorful Tyrolean braces for pinafore and trousers. The paper pattern is 10d. transfer for working, 1/- extra. Full particulars are enclosed in each pattern.

Unusually lovely designs in cut-work d'oyleys—rose, camellia, iris—in white, cream, blue, green, pink, or yellow linen cost 1/- each.

TO REGAIN THAT SLIM FIGURE

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

5-45 P.M.

At the end of the day's work . . . my skin is washed out . . . lifeless . . .

but a FACIAL REFRESHER with

Pears' Tonic Action

makes it dazzlingly attractive for the whole evening

INVIGORATING . . . stimulating . . . a facial refresher with Pears' tonic action! Pears' cleans pore-deep. Tones up cells and tissues. Gives your weary skin new life . . . colour . . . vital attraction!

Pears' is different from all other soaps! Each tablet undergoes months of maturing to free it from every trace of harshness. This costly process makes Pears' so wonderfully mild and mellow . . . so transparently pure.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

Pears' Original Transparent Soap

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE IT LASTS FAR LONGER

10.170.25 A. & F. PEARS LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622981

For 10 years I suffered with

ARTHRITIS

NO PAINS NOW . . . THANKS TO R.A.C.

J. Willmott, Bondi, N.S.W., writes:

"After ten years suffering from Arthritis, during which I tried almost everything, I now have no pains whatever, and am enjoying health such as I have not known for years. I cannot speak too highly of R.A.C. Tonic—it certainly worked wonders for me."

"R.A.C." (Rheum-A-Cure) dissolves Uric Acid, quickly clearing the system of RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ARTHRITIS and other Rheumatic conditions.

Expressly made for the relief of Rheumatic ailments "R.A.C." Tonic will bring relief to those who suffer the searing agony of excess uric acid in the blood. It will bring joy to your life and enable you to regain full vigor and vitality. You should prove, as many others have done, the wonderful curative properties of "R.A.C." Tonic.

From all Chemists and Stores. Large bottle. If unprocurable ask your Chemist to get it for you or write direct enclosing Postal Notes for 7/6 and 1/- for postage.

7/6

DOMINION DRUG COMPANY
Box 3175 EE, G.P.O., Sydney

R.A.C.
RHEUM-A-CURE (Regd.)
TONIC

Catarrh Deafness May be Overcome

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a 4/- bottle of Parmint (double-strength), and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parmint to-day.***

HELP *for* HOME DRESSMAKERS

HOW to use a paper pattern and give that perfect fit and finish to your new spring frocks and suits

BEFORE laying out the material for cutting, thoroughly check the various measurements of the paper pattern with your own so that you can then make necessary adjustments to the pattern.

To do this, study the diagram on this page.

TO SHORTEN

You will notice that to shorten a pattern a tuck is folded in the centre of the bodice and another in the skirt. A larger tuck should be taken in the skirt than the bodice. The side seam should be straightened as shown by the dotted line. Be careful to shorten the back and front in the same proportions. See Figure 1.

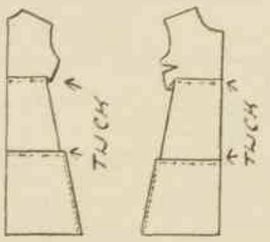


Fig. 1

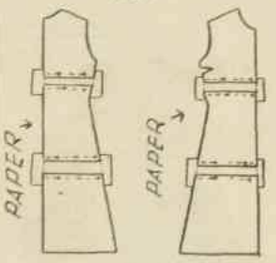


Fig. 2

Expert Help for You

IF you have any difficulties at all in home dressmaking write to our pattern department. Our pattern expert will be pleased to assist you.

This department will also make suggestions as to materials and colors for any designs featured on our pattern pages.

Fig. 3

TO MAKE LONGER

To lengthen a pattern, cut across the skirt. Spread the cuts apart the required distance, spreading the skirt more than the bodice. Place a piece of paper beneath the cuts and secure with pins. Be careful to lengthen the back and front in the same proportions.

ADJUSTING SLEEVES

To shorten or lengthen sleeves use the same method as shown in Figures 1 and 2.

To enlarge the top of the sleeve, cut down the centre of the pattern and spread the top the required amount, leaving the wrist the same size. Cut the armhole of the frock lower as shown by the dotted line in Figure 3.

HIPS IMPORTANT

To enlarge the hips, add the re-required amount from the sides of back and front of the pattern, commencing from nothing at the waist. To make the hips smaller, take the required amount from the sides of the back and front.

TO STITCH SLEEVE

Pin the sleeve into the armhole, matching the notches carefully. Ease the sleeve all round to the size of the armhole. Tack sleeve in place. See Figure 4.

Then stitch securely all round, and overcast the two cut edges together to prevent fraying as in Figure 5.

VISIONING herself in a chic ensemble, one of the designs featured in this week's pattern page.

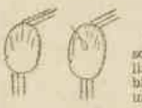


Fig. 4 Fig. 5

NECK FINISHES

To neaten a square neckline with bias binding, tack under the raw edges around the neck. Take a strip of bias binding and tack over the raw edges, pleat the inner edge of the bias strip at the corners, so that it lies flat, then slipstitch both edges with the bias strip to the bodice. See Figure 6.

Fig. 6 Fig. 7

To neaten a round neck or curve, cut a strip of material on the bias 1¼ inches wide. Tack this around the neck on the right side, stitch around the edge, then turn the bias strip to the inside. Turn in the raw edge and slipstitch flat to the garment. As in Figure 7.

SHAPE FACING

To neaten a square or round neck with a shape facing, cut a facing not less than 2 inches wide, shape as the edge to be faced and cut on same grains of material. Tack to

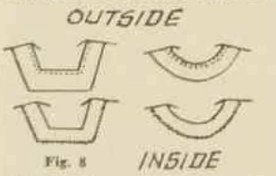


Fig. 8

right side of garment, stitch around the edges, turn facing to inside and slipstitch in place. This method of facing applies to any shaped edge. See Figure 8.

PLACKET OPENING

Cut two strips of material one inch longer than the opening, and 1¼ and 2¼ inches wide, respectively. Stitch the narrow piece to the front edge of the opening, then turn back along the row of stitching and hem the other edge to the garment. Stitch the wide strip to the back of the opening, fold down the centre, and stitch the other edge to the first row of stitching. This allows the back to lap under the front.

Fasten this opening with press studs or hooks and eyes. This method of neatening is used for any opening in seams which need to be lightened. See Figures 9 and 10.

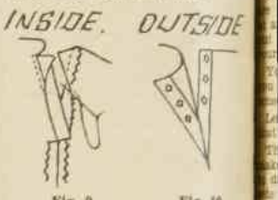
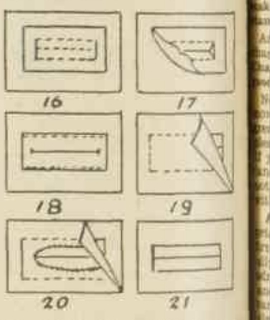


Fig. 9 Fig. 10

TO MAKE BOUND BUTTONHOLE

Mark position of hole. Cut piece of material 1 inch longer and 1½ inches wide for binding. Tack this to right side of material. Stitch down either side of the mark, leaving ¼-inch between the two rows of stitching and stitch across each end. Cut down centre of stitching and diagonally into the corners.

Draw binding through to the inside. Tack the binding flat so that it forms an inverted pleat at each



end. Tack facing piece to wrong side of the buttonhole and cut down the centre. Turn under edges of the facing and hem round the edge of the buttonhole.

See Diagrams 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20. Diagram 21 shows the right side of the finished hole. Holes through which to thread belts, scarfs, etc., are also made in this manner.

HOW TO SOOTHE YOUR ACHES AND PAINS

60. *"I have always obtained instant relief from laryngitis by taking 'Vaseline' Jelly."* 5/- to Mrs. Downey, Garden St.

62. *"A teaspoon of 'Vaseline' Jelly is a wonderful remedy for constipation, and it is pleasant to take."* 5/- to Mrs. Thomas of Vida St.

58. *"I find 'Vaseline' Jelly has no equal for soothing inflamed eyelids."* 5/- to Miss Braithwaite of Frederick Street.

61. *"'Vaseline' Jelly is cooling and healing for shingles."* 5/- to Miss Kennedy of William Street.

59. *"I suffer from varicose veins. The irritation is relieved immediately when I rub on 'Vaseline' Jelly."* 5/- to Mrs. Jenkins of Frederick Street.

63. *"I had cold sores on my mouth, and couldn't get anything to heal them till I tried 'Vaseline' Jelly."* 5/- to Miss Hall of Lawson Street.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A.17 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trademark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.

Look for this name on the jar

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

"DAMP-SET" your own wave with VELMOL

IT works on hair of any texture . . on any wave . . . and takes but four minutes!

It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save time and expense. And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a little VELMOL. (Only 2/- a bottle any chemist, store, hairdresser.)

A Velmol Damp-set keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds a finger-wave for days. Makes "perms." last a lot longer.

Ask for VELMOL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622982

"MADE BEAUTY" *Beats* "BORN BEAUTY"

Plainest Women Can Be Most Attractive

By . . .
ALISON SETTLE
Famous English Fashion Expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THIS GIRL has chosen an ultra-smart blouse and matching hat. She wears it successfully because she is well poised and carefully groomed.

WITH her black shadow-patterned lace frock, Alice Faye, 20th Century-Fox player, wears a heavy white lace bolero. A large flower of the white lace is fastened to the frothy full skirt.

LET us turn our eyes to you, the woman for whom clothes are directly or indirectly created.

And let us consider you first as you sit quietly in your own room gazing at your reflection in the mirror.

When you look in the mirror you are more completely yourself than at any other time. No camouflage is kept up here to deceive the world; all defences are down.

You are less than good-looking, are nervous about your dress . . .

. . . than good-looking!—what of it?

. . . is the type the great dress- . . . all vow that they like best. . . . For that is the type which . . . them an intelligent problem, the . . . of which all the most chic women . . . some of the greatest beauties . . . been made; worth far more, . . . made beauties, than any of the . . . beauties.

Schiaparelli, probably the most in- . . . woman who ever designed . . . says that the really well- . . . dressed woman is, in her experience, . . . the pretty woman.

Things come, you see, too easily to . . . pretty woman.

. . . the woman who, not having . . . gift of great good looks (often . . . none at all), has worked to . . . herself attractive, who is out- . . . for chic.

. . . the woman who does not . . . is never a well-dressed woman. **Change is the spice of good looks and . . . dress.**

. . . to be pliable to the change and . . . of fashion is to miss a . . . deal of the excitement and . . . of at least one side of life. . . . define fashion as time moving . . . that is what it is) then you are . . . fully alive unless you are moving . . .

. . . since it is the born beauty who . . . left behind, who gets out of date . . . let the woman who is not basic- . . . good-looking, who is—yes, let us . . . it—quite plain, take courage . . . look steadfastly and without . . . into the eyes of her mirror, . . . with the firm determination . . . she can create something good . . . at, something that she can . . . to the pleasure of the world.

. . . that vain? No: vanity is what . . . from something given us, not . . . something created.

The woman who is creating some- . . . for herself and her world in . . . way of good looks and good dress- . . . will not be a victim of that worst . . . the what-she-once-looked- . . . trouble.

Count Your Blessings

THERE are so many women who, looking into their mirrors, see there the woman that you or I coming . . . the room would see, but the self . . . she was, when she was twenty, . . . she first fell in love, when her . . . said to her, Wear blue, I always . . . of you in blue. Or when her . . . said so complacently to her: . . . you must always wear pinks . . . color; pinks suit you marvel- . . .

. . . you who were not born beauti- . . . not have these almost disas- . . . disadvantages to overcome.

. . . start each day and each dress . . . with a clean sheet prepared . . . anything out of the world that . . . to help you and your looks.

. . . your clean sheet you want to . . . "chic." Just as nature has writ- . . . your dominant characteristics on to the bones and skin of your face and in your eyes.

So there must be plenty of mirrors in your house because you are not a coward, because you have made mirrors into your allies.

Cultivate Poise

"OH, that is all very well, but I have got such a funny nose. You wouldn't always be wanting to be depressed by having to dress to that nose, to see it last thing on going out and first thing on coming in." All right, then. Be a coward.

But if you are alive and walking about yourself, why, there is the nose with you, other people see it and why not you? It is just the very feature that you should consider dispassionately when you are buying clothes or hats, putting powder on or having your hair set.

And when you look into your mirror, is your face serene and composed or does it wrinkle itself up into little lines of anxiety, strain itself with thoughts going on inside the brain?

Does your face relax and smile back at you? In magazine photographs what makes you admire this woman and that is not only her good dressing, that she is so well "turned out," but her quiet serene look while being snapped.

And that is far truer of the women you see snapshotted in the French papers, say in "Jardin des Modes," than of the English women.

There is no fuss or flurry about them. There they stand, faintly smiling, attitude easy and relaxed, handbag lightly held in the hand, hat perfectly adjusted.

You feel they needed no sudden movement to put the hat right, to add some powder before the cameraman approached. They knew that these things were right and so they stand there in that easy attitude of assurance.

And that is what every woman wants in dress—assurance.

The worried look in your mirror is the companion to the sudden caught-out movement of yourself on the street wanting to look your best, and so quickly adjusting your hat or powdering your nose. It speaks of lack of assurance.

The overdressed woman, the fussily-dressed woman and the woman who is only well dressed from time to time, none of these have assurance and easy calm, qualities that come from regular day by day familiarity with every aspect of your looks and each detail of your dressing.

DO you realise that practically everything about every one of us alters once in every seven years?

Changes have been taking place in your looks and maybe you have not even noticed them.

Some women grow better looking with the passing of this or that seven years.

Sit down, then, with time ahead and sum up what has been happening to you. Ask yourself what sort of a woman you are, what colors should be the ones to bring out the best in your skin and in your hair, what are the advantages and disadvantages of your features, eyes, coloring, hair, figure, as well as of your hands and your feet.

Unless you do this you will waste a great deal—at times all—of the money you spend on clothes.

Look at yourself with no illusions, in the clear light of day and as well in the artificial light of evenings.

Take a pencil and paper and write down two columns, in one your advantages and in the other your disadvantages. And in three months' time you must look again at this list, which till then you have put away, and see how many of the disadvantages you can now transfer to the advantages side.

Dominate Your Clothes

WHEN you come to remake this balance-sheet of yours, in three months' time, be very sure that nothing you wear or do shall dominate you, not any preconceptions as to how you should do your hair, what colors suit you, what lines are right for you nor even what ornaments which you now possess should be worn.

Sweep all old ideas out of your mind and re-create a new, very chic, beautifully groomed personality out of your old unnoticed self.

Save all that is worth saving—and may that be much—subtract all that is not of the simplest and add the best, cleanest lines, the finest new elements.

Do not for one moment think that money enters into all this, it is courage and clear eyes you want.

Money can even be a disadvantage to good dressing.

Remember that the woman with the well-filled purse has far more chances to buy the wrong thing than you and I who must be careful.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 3/6, one month's supply.

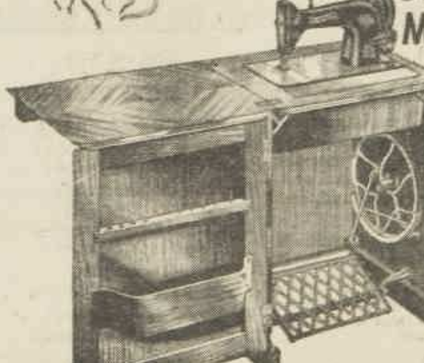
DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

"It's easy to make your own clothes and the kiddies' on a Bon Marche Ltd.

'BARKLY' Sewing Machine



The "BARKLY" machine

Women all over the State acclaim the "Barkly" as the best machine at the price ever! Not only has it ALL necessary attachments, ALL the latest and most practical features and improvements . . . But it is available on very easy terms.

The cabinets are all of seasoned wood, light or dark oak, maple or walnut. Fully polished and beautifully finished.

Veneered maple or walnut, £19/19/-. Art moderne cabinet with book shelf, £22/10/-. Cash price for the oak cabinet models, £18/18/-.

10/- deposit, and only 2/6 weekly

Please write for coloured illustrated leaflet. Post free.

BON MARCHE
LIMITED
1 BROADWAY, SYDNEY. M2384.

TO REMOVE HAIR

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

Amazing new discovery! A dainty, white fragrant cream. Apply it straight from the tube. Wash off with plain water. Every trace of hair is gone! Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet. No stubble like the razor leaves. No coarse regrowth. Sold everywhere under Trademark New "VEET." Razors only make hair grow faster and coarser. The quick, easy pleasant way to end your superfluous hair troubles for ever is with New "VEET." Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

Make this 3 MINUTE TEST

FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 387.H.), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

NATURALINE
WILL BANISH GREY HAIR

Do not let grey hair rob you of youth and beauty. Naturaline is a safe tint that will restore the natural colour of your hair. It cannot be detected; it is clean, safe and perfectly harmless. It contains no poisons; is actually antiseptic and perfectly safe in contact with an open cut or wound. 3 shades: Pale, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown, and Jet Black. At 2/6 or 4/- plus postage.

CLIP THIS AD. AND POST FOR DETAILS.

EDWIN HOLLAND
249 Little Collins St., Melbourne. M.N.1

"I WILL go away the moment the door opens and Keith comes back."

"And tell everybody about me, I suppose."

"No, I will not tell one soul. I will shut my mouth tight and not one word will ever come out about you."

At that moment the door opened and Keith came in. Menzie rushed past him out of doors on to the moor. She saw another figure dismounting in the shadows under the trees. A doctor, perhaps, or Isabella's father. She took no notice, but rushed away across the moorland and down the hillside, never pausing till she reached Morne.

The first thing that her eyes fell upon was her letter. So Donald had not come yet. It was safe. Lifting it she tore it into fragments and threw them into the fire.

Then she sat down on the deerskin by the hearth and took Barley in her arms and held him tight, while the little dog, overjoyed at this notice, gave little barks, wagged his tail and licked her face.

She sat there and waited a long time, but Donald did not come.

Two days later she got a letter asking her to release him from his engagement. She did not know why, and wondered if it was Isabella's doing.

When she told her grandfather he did not seem surprised.

"We made a mistake there, Menzie," he said. "He iss not a real MacClane."

AFTER that the weeks went sadly by. Isabella, she heard, had gone away from home. She saw nothing, of course, of Donald, and Keith, she was told, had gone away, too.

Perhaps he had gone away to be married to Isabella. There was no one to speak to about it, and, anyhow, her lips were sealed about Isabella.

Then one morning at breakfast her grandfather asked her if she would go up to the deer-hut and bring down a notebook that was kept there about the deer. He wanted to verify some fact about the stags in the forest.

Under the Broom

Continued from Page 9

There was a threat of snow in the air, and he urged her to go at once, but she waited till after an early lunch and then set off.

It was a long road with a lot of climbing. Just before she reached the high plateau on which was the little loch of Roid, with the deer-hut on its shores, she noticed a curious yellow light on the peat-bogs, and, looking up, saw that the sky was full of snow.

"I must hurry," she thought to herself, and quickened her pace as she came to the track that led through the heather to the deer-house. Half-way across the level upland the snow came on quite suddenly.

In a moment everything around her was blotted out by a thick veil of falling flakes, and she was shut away from all the world by thick curtains of white.

Knowing how easily she might be lost she immediately turned sideways and made for the lochan. The hut was close to the water, and that would be a guide for her.

Even then she might have missed it, for it was impossible to see more than a yard in front of her, and she was thankful when she reached the door. The snow might last for hours, and she knew that it would be impossible to find her way down while it lasted. But she would light a fire in the hut, and there was food there, so there was no danger. Her grandfather would know she had had ample time to reach the hut, and if there was a big fall would send up men and ponies as soon as the snow stopped.

She decided to light the lamp as soon as she had started the fire. There was a great pile of peat in the back room, and she carried an armful into the kitchen and set it ready to light. Then she went to the tin box in which the matches were kept. It was empty.

For a moment she could not believe her eyes, for it was looked upon as a sacred duty always to leave matches in the box.

Then she remembered some young trampers who had crossed the hills a few days ago; they must have used the matches and not thought to replace them.

In front of her was a thick curtain of falling flakes; it would be madness to leave the shelter of the hut.

She gathered together the rugs, and, sitting on the long-saddle, she pulled them round her and sat looking at the light square of the window till gradually it faded out and she was left in complete darkness.

It was bitterly cold. Once or twice she got up and walked about, but then the rugs grew icy cold, and she shivered and trembled as she drew them round her again and was as chilled as ever in a few minutes, so she gave it up. By-and-by the shivering left her and she grew numb with cold.

It was absolutely still in the hut, and she knew from the muffled quiet that the snow must still be falling—steadily, ceaselessly, relentlessly. Suppose the pass were blocked and they had to dig a way through to the hut; it might be days before they reached her.

SHE roused herself and thought of food; though she was not hungry she knew she ought to take some food. She got up and felt round the walls for the cupboard and came on a tin of cakes. Then she remembered the brandy. A flask of brandy would warm her. There was not much of the brandy left, either, but she drank all there was and ate some oatcake with it and felt better for a while.

She woke with a start. She must have dropped into a sleep, but how long had it lasted? She had no idea. She seemed to have been alone in the darkness for hours and hours.

Now that the effects of the brandy had worn off she was colder than ever. She had no feeling below her knees, and the cold seemed to eat into her brain. She felt as if she were on the edge of a great blackness, and that at any moment she might slip into it and be lost. A long time passed. Then she felt herself slipping — slipping —slipping.

Suddenly there was a sound.

A light flashed into her eyes.

Then, to her amazement, she saw a horse standing in the room. A great, white glistening horse. It seemed to tower above her. Then she realised that she was no longer sitting; she had tumbled over on to the floor.

Next she felt something burning, trickling over her throat, and opened her eyes. It was Keith's face she saw, his eyebrows all white, snow rimed on his eyelids, his cheeks ploughed into furrows.

"Menzie—Menzie darling!"

"There weren't any matches, Keith," she said.

He was rubbing her hands and speaking, but she could not hear what he said.

He laid her back on the long-saddle, and she saw him light the lamp and blow out his lantern. Then he knelt down and lit the fire. Turning, he smiled at her.

"Excuse the mare," he said. "I had to bring her in out of the snow."

He drew in a chair and lifted her on to it. Then he took off her shoes and rubbed her feet, bending her ankles till she could feel them again, and then pins and needles came into them; she had to cry out to him to stop.

He brewed tea, held the cup to her mouth, and she put her fingers round his and supped the hot liquid.

"Better now?"

She nodded.

"The snow is still falling, but only a little; we must get you home before the pass is blocked."

THIS SMART little jacket is woven from two shades of Jaeger camel hair. The black frock also sports a two-tone camel hair collar.

—Ker-Seymer photograph.

"How did you know?"

"You were here? I went down to see you, and they told me you had gone to the hut, so I came up."

"But I thought you were away—with Isabella."

"And what was putting that into your head?"

The tears came into her eyes.

"Keith," she said suddenly, "I am very sorry that I beat you with the crop."

He drew a chair near to her and leaned forward, smiling a little.

"Why did you beat me, Menzie?"

She smiled a little, too.

"Because you deserved a beating."

"Why?"

"You wouldn't lend me your horse."

"I could not. I had just got Isabella out of the loch—didn't you understand?"

"Why did Isabella throw herself in the loch? Had you been unkind to her?"

"Don't you know?"

She shook her head.

He waited a moment, and then he said:

"Donald and she were married a week ago. It was because she loved him she tried to drown herself."

"Donald? Isabella has married Donald?"

"Yes."

Suddenly she sat up.

"Oh, I am glad!"

"But you will have to look for another suitable MacClane for Morne," said he with great solemnity.

"N—— Yes," she said doubtfully.

"But, of course, it's Leap Year. Four goes into nineteen four times and three over and four goes into thirty-six nine times and none over."

"Yes, but, Keith, will you——"

He held up his hand.

"Now don't you start proposing to me."

"Oh, no—I wasn't!"

"Because I shall have to refuse you again—and I am not wishing to be so impolite." His face was very stern as he continued: "You must understand, Miss Menzie Mhairi Armstrong, that when I want to marry I shall do my own wooing."

The tears ran down the back of her throat as she blinked them out of her eyes. So he was still angry with her.

"And it is not likely, is it, I should want a girl who gave me a beating?"

"No." She shook her head. "Oh, no!"

He rose.

"And now I must get you home before the pass is blocked."

He opened the door and led out the horse, then he stamped out the peats and wrapped her in a shawl.

"Lift up your arms," he said, and he tied it in a knot at the back.

Then he put out the lamp.

"Come along."

She followed him out to the door, and he lifted her on to the horse, then, putting his foot in the stirrup, he swung himself up behind her. He had taken a plaid from the long-saddle. Now he put it round one of his own shoulders, then drew her close and wrapped it tightly round them both. Then, with an arm round her, he looked down into her face.

"All right, Menzie?"

"Yes," she said forlornly, thinking how kind but stern his face looked above hers, how far they had to go through the snow.

But instead of taking up the reins he put his other arm around her and drew her close—close.

"And now," he whispered, "I'm going to begin my own wooing. Do you hear, you little brown partridge, you bad, small girl who gave me a beating—do you hear me?"

She pressed her head against his rough coat, but could not speak.

"Did you think you could do it for me? Did you think that that could be the way of it between you and me?"

"I—I——"

"Didn't you know you were my heart's darling, my sun of the day and my moon of the night, that in me you were the singing of the morning and the dawning of the day?"

"No—no!"

"And that with your two small hands you took and broke the heart in my breast when you offered yourself to me, offered yourself as a willing sacrifice because of a promise you had made when you were nine."

"But, Keith, I loved——"

"No, you did not. You knew nothing about love, you know nothing about love now. Give me your mouth, you little crowflower, you bad, small witch, that your lessons may begin."

He pushed back her head with the crook of his arm, and, leaning down, pressed his mouth hard and close against her own.

He held her, cheek against cheek, for a moment, then he lifted the reins and they rode away into the snow, her head against his heart and his chin laid on her hair.

(Copyright.)

BACKACHE

WEAK KIDNEYS ALLOW POISONS TO ENTER YOUR SYSTEM

Backache, with its almost unbearable, down-dragging pain and weakness, is due to weak kidneys. Those crippling pains, which start at first as just occasional twinges in the back and joints, are sure indications that weakened kidneys are failing to carry out their normal function of filtering poisons, such as excess uric acid, out of the system.

Unless excess uric acid is carried away immediately, it forms crystals, whose razor-sharp, glass-hard edges tear the delicate nerve tissues, causing acute inflammaton and excruciating pain.

These crystals are expelled from the system if your kidneys are functioning as nature intended they should. You can always keep your kidneys healthy by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills as soon as the first slight twinges give you warning of approaching danger.

De Witt's Pills will not only end your pain, but prevent the return of your danger and suffering. They contain nothing to harm the weakest, youngest or oldest.

BE WARNED IN TIME—HEED THESE SYMPTOMS

These are nature's sure warnings of hidden Kidney Trouble.

Sharp, stabbing pains in back.

Burning pains shooting down the legs.

Down-dragging weakness with dull ache at base of spine.

Stiff, aching muscles.

Swollen joints.

Bad nights—unable to sleep because of muscular pain.

Constant headaches and dizziness, especially when out-of-doors.

Feeling too-old, worn-out.

If any of these symptoms trouble you, you stand in grave danger. Beware of neglect. Get your supply of De Witt's Pills at once, and take them regularly. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see how they are moving sluggish kidneys into action. Every dose is clearing out, through the kidneys, the pain-causing poisons, so that the cause of your suffering will go for good.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/9, 3/- and 5/9. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

The Insurance man says—

"The best insurance against Coughs and Colds is HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. It brings rapid relief. I know of no better health insurance." 2/6 and 4/6.

Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

FOR INDIGESTION AND ACID STOMACH

Buy a packet of pure TWIN SODA, take a small teaspoonful in a little water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Wind, Heartburn, Dyspepsia and other stomach ailments. All chemists 1/6 or extra large packet, 2/9.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622984

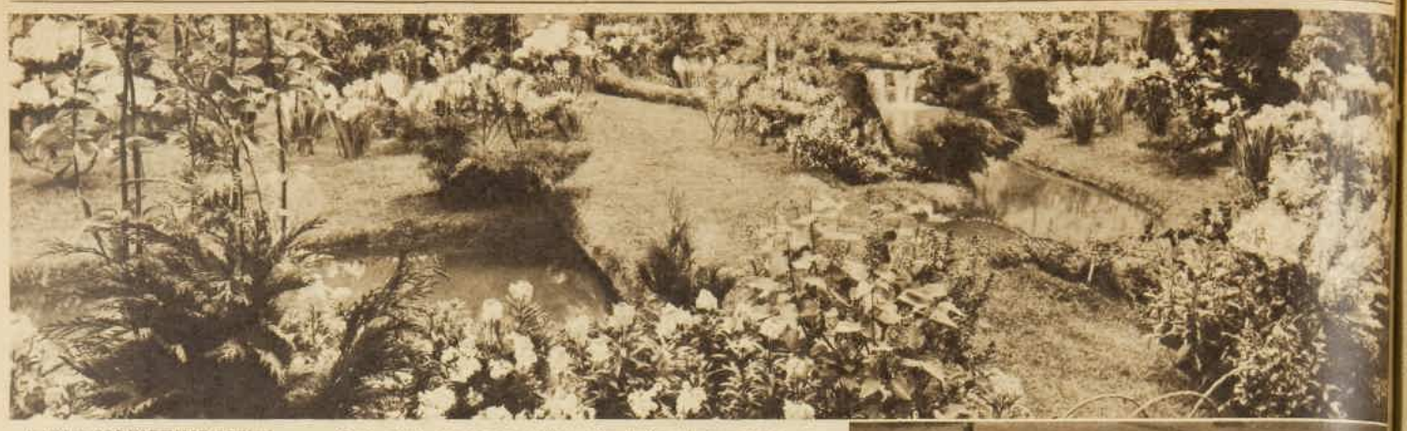
When going to school or returning home, always look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road — and, be sure to ask Mother to butter some Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits and put them in with your lunch.

Arnott's

FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS

Always ask your Grocer for Arnott's — they are better than ever.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622985



EARLY SPRINGTIME SCENE . . . Only a few months ago little brown bulbs and tiny plants were placed in the earth; now exquisitely-formed floverettes sway in the breeze or turn their lovely faces to the fitful sun, and the air is laden with their fragrance.

GARDENS *Are* TINGED *with* FRAGRANT BEAUTY

Soon a blaze of glory will be unfolded — for Spring's in the air . . . Says The Old Gardener

"August brings us better cheer,
Slowly brightens up the year."

OFFICIALLY this is the first month of spring, but we must expect a few more weeks of cold weather.

Even now the days are becoming longer, the sun is warmer, and the whole garden seems to be waking from its long winter sleep.

The deciduous trees are putting on their new dress. The roses are showing signs of life, and the whole landscape is being altered by nature's handiwork.

So let us help nature in her work!

Go over every bed and border; loosen the soil; weed every bed carefully—work the garden with a system.

Iceland poppies, late stocks, cinerarias, anemones, ranunculi, primulas, sweet peas, snapdragons, pansies, violas—all those spring annuals will need special attention.

Work the soil between plants, and then give them liquid manure which is so valuable at flowering time.

If liquid manure is not available, use sulphate of ammonia (one teaspoonful to every gallon of water), giving a good breakfast cup of the liquid to each plant.

In small gardens this can be very easily done. It does not take very long to do the job, and you will marvel at the results.

MASSED ranunculi in one of our beautiful gardens.

Where animal manure is available, place the manure in a bag, put into a tub or large vessel, fill with water, leave for a couple of days, then use this liquid on the plants.

Apply the liquid, either manure or sulphate of ammonia, once a week. Be sure not to allow the liquid of either to remain on the foliage, and also see that the soil is damp before using.

The best way is to use the liquid manure or fertiliser immediately after watering the garden.

In large gardens (or market gardens) it pays to use liquid manures or fertilisers that are soluble in water. The time devoted to application amply repays with a brighter display, larger flowers—better quality and quantity. Pour the liquid into a watering-can, remove "rose," and apply between rows. A great area can be done in a very short time.

Should the garden or area be of an immense size, dusting can be done, using equal parts of blood and bone and superphosphate, with half quantity of sulphate of potash, and a quarter of sulphate of ammonia.

Mix these thoroughly together, then give the soil between the plants a very light dusting once a week.

Remember, "little and often" is the rule with fertilisers.

After the dusting just fork it in lightly and give a good watering. Being of a soluble nature, this mixture is soon absorbed by the plants.

Roses will need attention. The pruning and spraying being done as I stated in my earlier chats in July, they should be showing up well. Commence now to feed them.

Dig in plenty of old, well-decayed animal manure. If this is not available give each rose bush a good double handful of blood and bone. Scatter this around the roots, then dig lightly in and give a good watering.

Use This Spray

ANOTHER spraying with lime sulphur when they are fully covered with foliage, making the mixture one in forty and spraying in the cool of the evening, will keep off any fungus disease.

Note the quantity to use—one part of lime sulphur to forty of water.

Spring is also the time to prepare beds in readiness for the summer display. And one of the most important operations is the digging.

When preparing a bed for the summer flowers, do not be in too great a hurry. Do the work well.

Dig deep!

This will give the plants a chance to stand up to any adverse conditions that may happen along. A good depth of soil allows the roots of the plants to go down in search of moisture.

Incidentally, when watering, give a good soaking instead of that devastating sprinkle. Thus it will get down to the subsoil, and benefit the garden generally—the plants will grow robust and healthy with a good root system. So, before planting get your soil right. Periodic turning over of the soil will naturally add to its fertility.

AZALEAS, too, brighten up the landscape and delight the hearts of all beholders.

Never allow a vacant bed in your garden to stand idle. Keep it dug over every few weeks and its fertility will be vastly improved.

Back-yard Orchard

ATTEND to those peach trees. Spray against leaf curl by using lime sulphur, making the mixture one in 40.

See that you have the bottles in each tree to guard against the dreaded fruit fly.

Spray the apples, pears and quinces against the codlin moth. This should be done as soon as the blossoms begin to form; then again about November, and again in January.

Make the spray of arsenate of lead: One level dessertspoonful to every gallon of water.

The trunks of these trees must also be bagged. This is done by cutting bagging into wide strips which are then placed around the trunks. A piece of string is then tied around the middle and the top half of the bagging pulled down over the bottom half.

The codlin moth breeds in the ground, comes to the surface in the springtime, and makes its way up the trunk of the tree—but is met by its Waterloo when it strikes the bagging. It becomes imprisoned in the folds.

The bags should be taken off periodically and burned, and new pieces replaced on the trees.

This bagging and spraying is compulsory in some areas, and if not done the owners will be prosecuted.

So get to work for your own benefit, and the benefit of all other growers. It is very little use one person fighting disease and insects if the other person is neglectful and breeding trouble.

Potatoes can be planted this month, and in warm climates all kinds of summer growing vegetables

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622986

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 6

"I'M fair enough. And you know it. You know a great deal that I'd like to find out."

"I didn't come here to be cross-questioned."

"You still haven't told me. Why aren't you surprised?"

She rose abruptly. "You're talking like an insane person——"

"For the first time in several days, I'm talking sanely. I'm asking sane questions. But I'm getting no answers. You haven't even made a pretence as to who might have wished to kill me."

"How should I know?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"Well, you're wrong. I don't know anything. You did surprise me."

Larry's voice became more gentle. He said: "You could help a lot—if you would."

"How?"

"By telling us what you think."

"But I didn't come here for that. I came to find out what kind of a game you're playing. Duncan says he was with you. Everybody expects you to agree with him. But you don't do it. You keep to yourself. You bring a detective with you . . ."

"A detective?"

"Yes. This man Rountree. Everybody in town knows he's a detective."

Kay said: "Don't be absurd, Rita. That's the man whose life Larry saved."

"I'm supposed to believe that?"

"Believe what you like," said Larry. "It happens to be true. Besides, what would I want with a detective?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out." Rita opened her fingers and closed them again convulsively. "This whole visit has turned out wrong. I came to ask questions, and instead of that I've been cross-examined. I thought maybe we could get together. I thought we could talk alone, Larry . . . like we've always done——"

"I'll get out," offered Kay.

"Stay. Please," begged Larry.

"You see . . ." It was Rita speaking. "We're working against each other instead of together."

"What do you suggest, Rita?"

"I don't know. I've been trying to find out why you've been keeping silent."

"Who sent you?"

"Graham Vale."

Larry knew another moment of panic. The name meant nothing to him, and he was inexpressibly grateful when Kay asked casually: "He's defending Duncan?"

"Yes."

"He'd want to know—naturally."

"He's got to know. He's afraid of Larry."

"Why?"

"Because everything depends on Larry. Graham doesn't know which side of the fence he's on . . . Larry, I mean."

Larry asked: "Is he going to use me as a witness?"

"That's what he wants to know. If you'll testify for Duncan he wants you. But suppose you get on the stand and say that Duncan lied about being with you that afternoon . . . can't you see?"

The trial! Larry shrank from the thought of it. He dreaded the ordeal of the witness stand, knowing that he could not survive even the friendliest of direct examinations.

* * *

"YOU cannot," stated a voice from the hallway, "play a black nine on a black ten."

Kay looked up from her game of patience. She said, "You startled me."

Her eyes followed his tall figure across the room. He dropped into the wing chair and picked up the evening paper. She could see the big black type of the eight-column headline:

TRIAL OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL OPENS TO-MORROW.

Kay said, "You'll have to pick up your golf pretty soon."

"Why?"

"You're eating too much."

She shoved the cards into a pile and shuffled the pack. For a few seconds he watched her slender fingers. He saw the flash of a single diamond on her left hand. He knew that she was trying to be casual—as though nothing of particular importance was pending—and she dealt the cards for another game. Then his eyes dropped to the newspaper story which was being devoured in every Habersham home that night for all its conservative wording:

"The trial of Duncan Campbell, jun., only son of Habersham's leading financier, under indictment for the murder of Theodore L. Courtney, prominent socialite, on February 18 last, will get under way to-morrow morning in the Fifth Division of the Circuit Court. Judge Frederick Macon Hawley will preside.

"No criminal case in Habersham history has ever excited so great a national interest. Mr. Courtney, a wealthy and prominent member of the Country Club set, was shot by an unknown intruder as he sat in the library of his beautiful home on Maple Street where he lived alone with a negro servant and a cook. At the time of the shooting, the manservant stated that he had heard the shot and seen a man leaping into a car at the kerb, driving off hurriedly.

"FOR some time no arrest was made. Then came the arrest of young Mr. Campbell, who has steadfastly maintained his innocence. Mr. Campbell is the only child of Duncan Campbell, sen., and is popular in Habersham's foremost social circles. He is married to the former Rita Marshall, of New York, who has won a host of friends locally by her beauty and charm.

"The State's case will be conducted personally by the Hon. Morley Anderson, District Attorney for Habersham County, and also a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. The defence will be in the hands of Graham Vale of the local bar, and a brilliant legal battle is anticipated."

There was more of it. Columns more; phrased tactfully, so that there would be no lasting resentment on the part of the powerful Campbell interests in the event of acquittal. There were pictures of the unhappily defunct Mr. Courtney, of Duncan Campbell, jun., of the Campbell estate, of the attorneys for prosecution and defence, and of Rita.

Larry put the paper aside. He rose and dragged an occasional chair across to the card table. Kay looked up and smiled. Their eyes held. And it was not until then that they heard the rapping on the screen door, and a man's voice asking, "Well, can't I come in?"

The door opened and someone entered. Turning from the brightness of the card table, Larry could not at first see the caller clearly. He discerned a man who was broad of shoulder, and who seemed larger than he actually was in the half light near the front door. He heard Kay's voice: "Come in . . . Certainly . . ."

The man crossed to them and shook hands with Kay first. He said, "Finish your game." Then powerful fingers caught Larry's, and the man said, "You seem to be feeling better."

"I am." Larry indicated a chair and dropped into his own. He lit a cigarette and warned himself to be on guard. He wondered who the man was, and why he had come. He tried to identify him from fragments of description which Kay had dropped in the past few days anent their friends.

Their visitor was of about Larry's height, but more powerfully built. He, too, had a thin line of moustache across his upper lip; his eyes were wide-set and level; his hands large and well-tended; his clothes just a shade too perfect and too obvious.

"I came," he said evenly, "because I had to."

Kay shoved the card table aside. She asked, "Why not?"

"Well, visitors haven't seemed to be very welcome around here recently."

"Larry hasn't been well."

"Hasn't he?" The man's eyes flicked Larry coolly. He said, "I wonder."

Larry waited. He wanted to speak and didn't dare. Then Kay dropped a clue. She said, "Now, Warner . . ."

Warner! Larry's mind worked fast. Warner Blane, obviously. Campbell's business agent. Nice-looking chap. Handsome. Impressive. He heard Blane's voice: "I'm afraid I'm not going to be very popular to-night."

"Why not?" It was Larry speaking.

"Because I came to ask questions."

"Yes?"

But Warner Blane did not immediately proceed. Larry waited patiently, with his glance never wavering from the face of the man opposite. When Blane broke the silence, his voice was more harsh. He asked, abruptly:

"What have you got up your sleeve?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

"Of course you'd rather not—though neither I nor anybody else can figure why. But I'm here as a friend of the Campbells. Listen, Larry. They've been saps. They've sat back and let you get away with this——"

"Meaning what?"

"This pretending to be sick. But I don't fall for it. The old man was too polite to press the point, and too fond of you. You refused to talk to Rita. Duncan is a kid. Well, I'm not."

"Obviously."

"What I want to know is why this little game?"

"I'd rather not discuss it."

"That's interesting. What I came here to find out is, why?"

"Because I don't wish to."

Warner Blane made an impatient gesture. His voice was not at all pleasant. "Trying to crowd me right off the track, aren't you, Larry? Well, you can't get away with it."

"I'M not explaining things to you," said Larry coldly, "and that's all there is to it."

"I'll see that you do——"

"Yes?"

Kay's quiet voice broke in. "I think you're going at this the wrong way. You're both friends of Duncan's. You both want to help."

"I do," said Blane. "But I doubt whether Larry does."

Larry asked, "Just what is your interest in this affair, Blane?"

"You know darned well what it is. You and I are both obligated to the Campbells. Well, when I owe somebody something, I pay off."

"Very commendable. So let me ask you this: Do you think Duncan killed Ted Courtney?"

"That's something only you can answer." Blane's face was hard. "You've been doing tricky riding ever since you got back to Habersham, Larry. And I don't like it."

"I don't see where you figure in the thing at all."

"I'm crashing in."

"Has Duncan confided in you?"

"Listen here——" Blane rose and looked down at his host. "You can't get away with the same stuff you tried on Mr. Campbell and Rita."

"Meaning what?"

"They came to find out things from you and you ended by cross-questioning them. They don't know why—and neither do I. But I do know this: You can't pull the same line on me."

"Very well."

"And what's more: I don't like any part of the way you're acting."

"No one asked your opinion."

"I'm giving it, anyway. You're holding something back that's important. You've stalled every time anybody has questioned you. You've pretended to be sick. You've——"

Larry rose, too. His face was white, and Kay—glancing at him apprehensively — said. "Larry, please!"

He moved closer to Warner Blane. The eyes of the two men were on a level. Larry's voice was frigid. He said:

"You've done a lot of talking, Blane. It hasn't been pleasant talking—and I don't like it. Now I'm asking you to get out."

"Suppose I don't want to?"

"It doesn't matter what you want. You're going."

"Like hell I am."

Please turn to Page 60

GIRLIGAGS

"ONE THING we have to be thankful for is that a drug store complexion will fit any face."

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress,—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles,—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

How to Stop Indigestion in Five Minutes

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

If you want an astonishing demonstration of how quickly and completely indigestion and stomach pain can be stopped, just take a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water. I've found that the moment 'Bisurated' Magnesia reaches the stomach it neutralises all burning, ulcerating excess acid. Pain abates at once—heartburn and sourness pass off, flatulence is relieved, and that horrible feeling of 'fulness' disappears.

I personally recommend and prescribe this well-known antacid, and, if you suffer from indigestion or gastric disorder, I strongly advise you to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark 'Bisurag.'

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.

Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, SS, Sydney, N.S.W."

SICK HEADACHES

The use of headache powders and tablets is condemned as they do not reach the cause, which is generally some digestive disturbance. Mother Seigel's Syrup gets right at the cause and a few doses will soon banish sick headaches, biliousness, flatulence and other digestive troubles. It is the special combination of herbal extracts — found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup — which gives it such supreme medicinal value. It is world famous as a stomach and liver invigorator. Try it yourself, to-day.

At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 3/-.

All the impurities which clog your skin and prevent it from being transparently clear, are cleansed away by the Cuticura method. Your skin becomes fresh and radiant, because it is *cleaner and healthier* than ever before. Start to-day cleansing your face twice daily with Cuticura Soap. The creamy lather, with its emollient, mildly antiseptic action, washes away every trace of grime, clears the pores and leaves the skin softened and soothed. To get rid of pimples, rashes or skin eruptions, apply Cuticura Ointment direct on the affected parts.

Cuticura Talcum — superfine, fragrant, refreshes and comforts the skin after the bath.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS
for Clear Healthy Skin

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622987

HE SUFFERED AGONY IN WET WEATHER

Rheumatism Attacked Limbs and Body

He had been bothered with rheumatism for years. The pain in wet weather—to use his own expression—was "indescribable." But all that is gone now—thanks to Kruschen. Read this letter :—

"I suffered with rheumatism for years. I dreaded wet weather, for during such periods the pain was continuous and indescribable. To begin with, it was confined to my limbs, but in time I began to suffer as much agony in my body as I did in my limbs. When I began to take Kruschen Salts, I found it did me more good than all the other medicine I had taken put together. To-day, I have peace and freedom from pain, even during wet weather, and can heartily recommend Kruschen Salts to anyone who suffers from rheumatism."—N.M.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients in Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients in these Salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

CONSTIPATION KEEPS A CHILD BACK

Unless the bowels move every day your child will be weakly, peevish, dull and stunted. So if your child is constipated, attend to it without delay. But be careful what you give, because purging weakens a child and leaves the bowels more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig' because they know that to cure constipation you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose, as the bowels act naturally. You should never give harsh purgatives to children.

Give your children a regular weekly dose and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.***

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE Booklet and many Testimonials. **Dept. B., EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.*****

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 59

"AND what's more, you'll be careful of your words." Larry's body was tense. "I've taken plenty from you; all I intend to take. I didn't get mad at first because you said you came here as a friend of the Campbells. Well, you're not a friend of mine. I don't like you and I don't want you around."

"Who's making me go?"

"I am. And as for explaining my silence, I'll do that when I get good and ready. I've never liked being pushed around, and I don't intend to start liking it now."

Kay moved forward. She touched Blane's arm.

"Larry's right, Warner. Let's not make bad matters worse."

Blane shrugged. "I'll go." He crossed to the front door, and there he turned. "I don't like you for little green apples, Larry Wilson. And I'm moving out only because Kay asked me to."

Larry stared straight at him, saying nothing.

"One of these days," said Blane, "after this affair has been straightened out—we may get together."

"We may," agreed Larry. "It would be interesting."

"And there's one thing more I'm going to say——"

"There's nothing more you're going to say. I told you to get out, and I mean it. I've taken all I'm going to take."

Blane's usually handsome face was ugly with fury. He bowed exaggeratedly toward Kay.

"Sorry," he said, "but I can't help wondering why you feel that way about a selling-plater like him."

The screen door closed. They heard Warner Blane descending the stone stairway leading from the verandah to the street. Kay re-seated herself and touched the cards.

"Shall we play?"

"I'd rather not."

She sorted the cards. Larry sprawled in his wing chair and looked across at her.

He said, "I'm sorry I lost my head."

"I don't blame you."

"I didn't like his manner."

"Neither did I."

TOGETHER they latched the downstairs windows and locked the front door. They walked upstairs, and at the door of her bedroom they faced one another.

He said, "I want to hear all of the trial, Kay."

"I thought you would."

"I'd like you to sit in with me."

"Whatever you wish."

"Thanks."

He touched her hand briefly.

"Good-night, Kay."

She answered quite simply:

"Good-night, Larry. And good luck."

. . . .

A motor-cycle policeman halted the car some distance from the imposing Court House. The streets were jammed. Someone said, "That's Larry Wilson," and the policeman said, "Oh, sure. Howdye, Mr. Wilson," and cleared a lane. Cashus drove importantly up to the great white building and gazed with regal dignity upon those less fortunate than himself.

There was a forward surge of reporters and photographers. A barrage of questions. Larry smiled thinly and said, "Sorry, boys . . . not now."

Cameras snapped and Kay and Jason tried to shield him.

Then they were inside. There was a craning of necks, a shuffling of feet, a hum of conversation—and the sharp rap of Judge Hawley's gavel. "Quiet in the Court. Any more disturbance and the bailiff will clear the room."

THE coroner was testifying. Routine stuff. Establishing legally that Ted Courtney was dead. The findings of the coroner's jury were introduced—and accepted—as evidence. There was no cross-examination. The city physician corroborated the testimony of the coroner, so that the spectators were fully justified in believing that Ted Courtney was indeed dead.

Mr. Anderson called "William Jeepers," and the bailiff bellowed an echo, which was very impressive but not exactly necessary, since Mr. Jeepers, very frightened and very black, was sitting tensely in the front row of the section reserved for negroes. He shuffled inside the enclosure and towards the witness box: a thin little man about forty years of age. He took the stand and the Bible was shoved into his hands. Mr. Anderson's resonant voice rumbled through the room. He was a man who talked in exclamation points.

"What is your name?"

"William Jeepers, suh."

"Where were you living on February eighteenth last?"

"In Mistuh Courtney's house, suh."

"What was your job?"

"Well, suh—I sort of valeted and shoffed."

"You were his valet and chauffeur, you mean?"

"Yassuh. Also I cut the grass an' tended the flowers an' he'ped clean the house an' 'he silver, an——"

"I see. Who else lived in that house?"

"Nobody, suh. Jist me an' Mistuh Courtney an' Constance."

"Who is Constance?"

"She done the cookin', an' some of the cleanin'. But I done most of the cleanin'."

"Was she there on the night of February eighteenth?"

"Reckon so, suh. She must of been fixin' dinner."

"Do you remember that night, William?"

The negro's eyes rolled. "Yassuh—that's the most night I won't never fo'git."

"Why?"

"'Cause that was when Mistuh Courtney got hisse'l kilt."

"Got himself killed, eh? By whom?"

"Golla—Cap'n, I dunno who kilt him. 'Ceptin' I'se shuah somebody did."

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"'Cause I heard the shootin', an' I see somebody run away, an' then I found Mistuh Courtney lyin' on the flo' of the livin'-room."

"Dead?"

"Yassuh! Completely."

"Now, William, suppose you tell the jury all about that?"

"'Bout which, suh?"

"About finding Mr. Courtney's body—and the shot—and the man driving away."

"Yassuh . . ." William hitched forward in his chair, and his eyes swept the two score negro spectators, as though to say: "Y'all see how impawtant I is."

"That afternoon," he started, but Mr. Anderson interrupted.

"About what time, William?"

"'Bout ten minutes after six. Maybe a li'l later. Anyway, I heard somebody walk into the house. I was busy he'pin' in the kitchen so I didn't pay it no mind. Jist kind of 'tendin' to my own business. Well, all of a sudden there was a loud esplosion——"

"What kind of an explosion?"

"Like a gun goin' off."

"I see. And then——?"

"Well; suh—I was skeered. It didn't seem right that folks would shoot guns right in the house, jist befo' dinner, so I figgered I better see what was the matter. So I started fo' the front of the house, an' jist when I started I heard the front door slam, and it seemed like footsteps was runnin' across the po'ch and down the walk. So I looked to see who it was."

"Did you recognise the man?"

"Nossuh. He was travellin', what I mean."

"What did he do?"

"He lep' into a car that was parked at the kerb. I heard the starter an' the gears an' then the car was gone—zzzzz!—like that."

"Did you see the licence plate?"

"Nossuh. I wasn't speculatin' on nothin' like that, then."

"What kind of a car was it?"

"GOLLA, Cap'n, I don't know that, neither. Ev'ything happened so sudden, an' there was a kind of feelin' aroun' the house like there was ghosses——"

"Never mind that. Now tell the Court what you did after you saw the car drive away."

"I went into the room."

"What room?"

"The livin'-room."

"What did you find there?"

"Mistuh Courtney. He was layin' back in his chair—an' there was blood comin' out . . ."

"He was in the chair? Sitting down?"

"Yassuh."

"Then there hadn't been a fight of any sort?"

Graham Vale was on his feet, his voice quiet and calm. He said: "I object."

"Objection sustained. Proceed, Mr. Anderson."

But it was the witness who spoke. William said: "Nossuh, there hadn't been no fight. He was jist sittin'—"

"Answer Mr. Anderson's [illegible]tions, William."

"Yassuh—tha's exackly wha[t I] was doin', suh."

"After you found Mr. Cour[tney] sitting there dead, William—[what] did you do then?"

"I telephoned fo' the polis[e]."

"You didn't touch the body?"

"Golla, nossuh. I sho' never [wo]uld touch no cawpse."

"The police came right [away]?"

"Yassuh! With all their [sirens] blowin'."

"Now then—just a few m[ore] questions. How long had Mr. Co[urt]ney been home before he [was] killed?"

"'Bout an hour, suh. I drove [him] fum downtown myse'f."

"Had he been in the living-[room] all that time?"

"I dunno fo' shuah, suh. I pa[ssed] there once or twice an' he [was] readin' the evenin' paper."

"Did he say anything about [ex]pecting company?"

"Nossuh. He usually never [had] no comp'ny."

"Tell me this, William—at [the] various times you saw Mr. Cour[tney] during that hour, did he seem [wor]ried about anything?"

"Mistuh Courtney didn't [seem] worried about nothin'," stated Wil[liam]. "He was a mighty calm [gentle]mun all the time."

"Now, William—do you know [Mr.] Duncan Campbell?"

There was an audible in[take] of breath. Larry felt the [sudden] tension which came over the [specta]tors at the mention of Dun[can's] name, and he heard Jason's [whis]pered warning. "Steady the[re]."

"Yassuh," answered Wil[liam], pointing. "Yonder he."

"Was he a good friend [of Mr.] Courtney?"

"Well, suh—they useter be."

"What do you mean by that?"

"They useter play golf an' [poker] an' bridge, an' such."

"When did they cease bein' intimate?"

Please turn to Page 61

PURPLE antelope fashions this smart winter hat worn by Gail Pa[trick], Paramount player. Over the novel half-brim is thrown a match[ing] veil dotted in chenille.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
Attacks Heart of Victims

The most outstanding medical triumph of modern times is the discovery of a remarkable prescription—DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS—which corrects and controls High Blood Pressure.

Blood pressure is the force of the pressure of blood against the walls of the arteries. When the pressure becomes higher than normal it strains against the arteries and heart, causing painful illnesses through heart failure and haemorrhage. Do you know that over 30 gallons of blood are filtered through your kidneys each day to separate 3 pints of urine? The need to keep blood pressure at normal in order to prevent dangerous Kidney, Stomach and Bladder troubles is therefore apparent.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids correct High Blood Pressure; they also rid the blood stream of the toxins which cause Arthritis, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Muscle Pains.

Read what this Doctor says:

Menthoids Save Doctor's Eyesight

"I am a medical man and have practised for 35 years. Some months ago I had a retinal haemorrhage caused by raised blood pressure . . . but the retinal condition did not clear up at all until a friend persuaded me to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. He himself had a pressure of 250, which he says he now keeps to normal through your remedy. Since taking them, my sight has steadily improved, and my oculist tells me that the vein in the retina which had been blocked is now functioning again. I propose to continue taking Menthoids and to recommend their use to my patients . . . Yours faithfully, L.E.H., M.R.C.S., etc."

Arthritis Victim Cured

Mrs. R. L. writes—

"Recommended by the Chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been. My shoulder and knees are now free from pain the first time for years. My sister suffered from Arthritis and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so much better after that bottle that she continued taking them, and I am thankful to say she is now up and about, and does her housework and washing again. My husband used to suffer a lot of pain with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since taking Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure. Menthoids keep your arteries youthful, sweep away the poisons from your blood stream, and tone up your stomach, liver, kidneys.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms—Dizziness after bending, flushes to head and throat, pains in joints and muscles, bladder weakness, heart pain, backache, drowsiness, over-fullness.

HEED NATURE'S WAY of telling you all is not well.

Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your chemist at once and take one Menthoid at meal times. Then notice the difference they make to you. Menthoids are made from the finest herbal ingredients obtainable. Can be taken with perfect safety even by the most delicate patient.

FREE DIET CHART With every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a valuable Diet Chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure.

Month's treatment	Twelve-day flask
6/6	3/6

MENTHOIDS

Gail Patrick, Paramount Player

Give your Hair a "cocoanut-foam" Beauty-Wash

SEE magic new lustre and [illegible] ... deep, crisp, sparkling ... to dress!

BLONDES: Colinated ... Shampoo preserves true gold ...

BRUNETTES: Find new high[lights] ...

A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect ... poos ... Make your ... shampoo a real "beauty wash" ...

COLINATED Cocoanut Oil SHAMPOO

All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers.

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 60

"I DUNNO exactly, Suh. 'Bout fo'-five months ago, I reckon."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, Mistuh Duncan—he quit comin' to the house, an' him an' Mistuh Courtney di'n't play no mo' pool together."

"When was the last time—to your certain knowledge—that Duncan Campbell was in Mr. Courtney's house?"

"Awful long ago, Cap'n. I cain't remember exactly."

"Was he there that afternoon?"

"I didn't see him, suh."

"Then you are not sure that he wasn't?"

"I jist didn't see him."

"But he might have been."

"I reckon so, suh."

"After the shooting, William—did you see whether there was anybody else in the car that drove away from in front of the house?"

"Nossuh. It was plumb dark."

"Can you swear that there was only one man in the car?"

"I didn't see on'l one."

"But if there had been a second, it would have been too dark for you to see him, wouldn't it?"

"Yassuh, Cap'n. I reckon it would."

"Then you can't swear that there was no other man in the car?"

"Nossuh. I cain't swear nothin' like that."

"Well——" Mr. Anderson rubbed the palms of his hands together with what was intended to convey to the jury an impression of triumph. "There could have been a second man."

"It seems," said Graham Vale, "that my esteemed opponent would do better on the witness stand."

The Court admonished the District Attorney, and that gentleman apologised. But Jason whispered to Larry, "The man's smart."

"Yes," agreed Larry.

Anderson returned to the attack:

"Tell me this, William: What time was it who ran out of the house at 6.20 in the afternoon of February eighteenth, and drove swiftly away from the kerb?"

"I dunno, suh. Bein' dark, like I said . . . an' bein' skeered . . ."

"You don't know, eh? That's too bad. Well, suppose you tell me this: When was the last time you saw Mr. Courtney with another man?"

"That same mawnin', suh."

"The morning of February eighteenth?"

"Yassuh."

"Where was this?"

"In the car. Drivin' downtown."

"Your car?"

"Yassuh—mine an' Mistuh Courtney's."

"Who was the gentleman who drove downtown with you and Mr. Courtney that morning?"

The negro hesitated, but only briefly. Then he said, clearly:

"Mistuh Larry Wilson."

Again a murmur of excitement, again a craning of necks; again the authoritative rap of the Judge's gavel and the bailiff's cry of "Order in Court."

Morley Anderson pressed his point crisply:

"What—if anything—William, did you hear Mr. Larry Wilson say to Mr. Courtney that morning?"

"Mistuh Wilson tol' Mistuh Courtney—just when he was gittin' out of the car—he said, 'I'm leavin' town this afternoon, Ted—and I've got to see you before I go.'"

SPECTATORS looked not at the defendant, but at Larry Wilson. Their gaze was more curious than unkind. Women said to themselves, "He's so handsome." Men thought, "He's a good guy." Morley Anderson beamed upon the jury, glanced significantly at Larry, faced the jury again and said, "Aaaaaah!" unctuously.

Larry was thinking—and thinking fast. Already, in these preliminary stages, the case of State v. Campbell was shaping a course in one direction, and the situation in which he found himself was becoming more incredible, more impossible of solution. He wanted to leave the court room, but dared not. Here, for the first time, he was privileged to learn things about himself—about the existence which had been his for the past eight years.

It was difficult to realise that it was actually he who was being mentioned. He was a stranger in Habersham—a man who had chanced to visit the town when a murder trial was in progress. There had been frequent mention of a man named Larry Wilson. But he wasn't Larry Wilson—he was George Carey, and this wasn't 1936 . . . it was 1928. Then the unreality vanished with the touch of Kay's fingers, and the sound of her voice. She said, "Does that worry you, Larry?"

He smiled at her. "I expected it—of course."

"You seemed startled."

"I usually do. It's a weakness of mine."

The district attorney resumed his probing:

"William—you heard Mr. Wilson say that to Mr. Courtney?"

"Yassuh."

"And what did Mr. Courtney say?"

"He said, 'Okay, Larry.'"

"That was all?"

"That's all I heard, suh."

"But you did hear Mr. Wilson say that he had to see Mr. Courtney before he left town that afternoon."

"Yassuh. I heard that mos' distinck."

Mr. Anderson glowed upon the jury. He said, "That will be all. Your witness, Mr. Vale."

Graham Vale rose and advanced towards the witness stand. He was tall and grave and dignified. He said, pleasantly:

"William—I want to ask you something about February eighteenth. You heard Mr. Wilson make that remark, and then you left Mr. Courtney downtown and went home, didn't you?"

"Yassuh—that's the one thing I didn't do nothing else but."

"And you were at home all day?"

"Yassuh, 'ceptin' when I went for' Mistuh Courtney in the afternoon."

"DID you see Mr. Wilson at the house again that day?"

"Nossuh."

"Did you see Mr. Duncan Campbell there that day?"

"Oh, nossuh—not him."

"Why do you say, 'Not him'?"

"'Cause Mistuh Campbell hadn't been to see Mistuh Courtney fo' a long time."

"And he didn't see him that day?"

"Well, suh—I didn't see him see him."

"And you saw everybody who visited the house on February eighteenth?"

"Yassuh."

"Now, William—after you heard the shot and ran to the front of the house, you saw a man running away. Is that so?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Vale—that's just what I seen."

"And you are sure that this man was the one who had just shot Mr. Courtney?"

"Seems kind of thataway, suh."

"You did not recognise him?"

"Nossuh."

"It was dark?"

"Yassuh. Real dark outside."

"You didn't recognise the car, either?"

"Nossuh. I didn't reckernise nothin'."

"Thank you, William. That's all."

There were no further questions from the district attorney and the Court recessed for lunch. Larry and Kay and Jason Rountree were permitted to ride to the ground floor in a special elevator which was jammed with officials. A lane was cleared for them, and they drove home, with Cashus pompously manipulating the wheel.

Habersham basked in the warm sunshine of a perfect southern spring day. It was sleepy weather—a day of unflecked skies and gentle breeze. Kay went into the kitchen to supervise luncheon, and Jason had opportunity for a few words with Larry. Larry asked, "What do you think, Jason?"

Jason's thoughts were, as usual, clear. He said, "This lad Anderson is trying to drag you in."

"And Vale is helping."

"Why not? He's Duncan's lawyer—not yours." Jason twirled his gold-rimmed glasses on the end of their impressive black ribbon. "I wonder if you were really there."

"That's what I'm wondering, too."

"You could have been. It's hard not to know, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is." Larry lowered his voice. "Get in touch with Mickey Hogan to-night, Jason. Tell him he's got to work fast. Even to take chances. Tell him I'm getting more deeply involved, and that they're certain to tear me to pieces on the stand."

"Okay. But look—maybe Vale won't use you."

"He's got to. He's got to believe Duncan—and if he does, then his best chance is to force the truth out of me."

"If he only knew the real truth . . ."

"He'll get it," said Larry. "He's a shrewd lawyer, that Graham Vale."

FRIDAY morning they were again in their seats; Larry feeling the strain more acutely after a restless night. And on this day Morley Anderson carefully constructed a circumstantial case. There was a parade of witnesses—men and women socially prominent and of unimpeachable integrity; men and women who testified—reluctantly, but honestly—about the threats that Duncan Campbell had made against Ted Courtney.

There was an almost monotonous sameness in the direct examinations of Morley Anderson:

"Did you ever hear Duncan Campbell, jun., say anything about Ted Courtney which indicated ill-feeling between them?"

"Yes."

"How many times did you hear such statements?"

"Just once."

"When was that?"

Please turn to Page 62

TYPEWRITERS
NEW STANDARD AND NOISELESS REMINGTONS
FREE HOME TYPING COURSE . . .
CASH OR EASY TERMS.
Chartres Ltd.
Liverpool & Riley Streets, Sydney

"Every Winter had Terrible Colds"

Nurse's Grateful Letter

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, Buckley's Canadiol Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman whom I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone—it does such quick work." Mrs. C. Davis.

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn, racking cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada.

Get a 2/3 bottle at any chemist or store. Safe and guaranteed always.

HOUSEWIFE LOOKED OLDER THAN HUSBAND . . . NOW NEW WOMAN . . . SINCE CHANGING TO

Rinso 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD

Women are thankful for this EASY WASHING METHOD

1 Make good Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Soak white articles for 30 minutes, rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.

2 Bring to the boil and BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY.

3 RINSE THOROUGHLY.

NOTE: *Very dirty clothes should soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.*

4.558.15

Lukewarm RINSO suds wonderful for SILKS, COLOURS WOOLLENS

Give them a few minutes' gentle run-through—without rubbing—in rich lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse well. Don't twist or wring.

A LEVER PRODUCT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622989

I Love You Again

Continued from Page 61

"ABOUT the tenth of February."

"Where?"

"On the verandah of the country club."

"Was Mr. Courtney there that night?"

"Yes."

"What was he doing at the time that Mr. Campbell made these threats?"

"He was dancing with Mrs. Campbell."

"With Duncan Campbell's wife?"

"Yes."

"Was that unusual?"

"Not at all."

"Please explain what you mean by 'Not at all.'"

"Rita Campbell and Ted Courtney were together frequently."

"Just what," asked the district attorney, "did you hear Duncan Campbell say about Ted Courtney?"

"He said, 'I'm getting darned sick and tired of this.'"

"Did he say specifically what he meant?"

"Yes. I asked, 'Of what?' and he said, 'Rita and Ted.' Then he said, 'I may be a young fool, but I'm not a darned fool.'"

"Did he say anything else?"

"Yes. He said, 'I'm not going to stand much more of it.'"

"That will be all. Your witness, Mr. Vale."

"No questions."

It was that way all through Friday. Evidence of the slow growth of jealousy and rancor. Testimony, carefully developed, putting in stenographic record what all Habersham already knew—that Rita Campbell was suspected of having had an affair with Ted Courtney; that she and Ted had been together constantly; that while the testimony bore only upon the occasions when they had been seen in public—there was a conclusion, inevitably reached, that there had been a clandestine side to the affair.

Through it all Duncan sat beside Graham Vale, his young face no longer boyish. Rita was not in court. She was in the Judge's chambers with two of her friends, and so the spectators were robbed of the ghoulish pleasure of noting the effect upon her of this testimony.

Frequent references were made to Larry Wilson. Not for an instant did Morley Anderson permit the jury to forget Larry. He was building his case shrewdly—knowing that Larry would be a defence witness and preferring to have it that way, so that he might be permitted unrestricted cross examination. He hadn't the faintest idea as to the nature of Larry's testimony, and he was preparing himself for any emergency.

AT 5.35 in the afternoon the district attorney excused his last witness, an acidulous maiden lady, who had been more than eager to testify as to the scandal which she believed had been corrupting the country club set. Graham Vale adhered to the first and most important rule of cross-examination which is "Don't," and asked her no questions. Morley Anderson then announced that the State rested, and the court declared a recess until the following morning at nine-thirty.

"Since to-morrow is Saturday," stated Judge Hawley, "we'll only have a half-day session." He rapped with his gavel, the crowds surged to the exits, the hallways became noisy with chatter — policemen barked at spectators and herded them down the broad stairways.

It was dark when they reached home. The big, rambling place bulked large against the clear night sky. The windows of living and breakfast rooms glowed pale yellow through the darkness. On the verandah Jason said, "Tell Mrs. Wilson I have a date—an engagement—with Ella Morrison. I'm phoning Mickey Hogan right away."

He changed his coat, selected the gayest tie in his exceedingly gay collection, picked a flower for his buttonhole, said a casual good-night, and was gone. Larry faced his wife across the ivory-tinted table in the breakfast-room. His face was drawn and tired. She looked unusually beautiful, unusually desirable, and if her eyes questioned—her lips said nothing.

They sat on the verandah after dinner, wicker chairs pulled close together. They heard the faint clatter of dishes from the back of the house, then the slamming of doors . . . and all was still. The servants had gone. They were alone . . . Kay's hand sought Larry's. She said: "I'd like to ask questions . . . but I promised."

"Good girl."

"It's funny . . . I'm more concerned over you than I am over Duncan."

"What's so odd about that?"

"Well, he's the one on trial."

"Yes . . . that's true." Larry looked away. "He's a nice kid."

"Why, yes. You've always thought that."

"Sure I have. I'm just thinking it all over again." He asked a question. "What'll be the set-up between him and Rita after this trial?"

"I don't know. They're both taking it splendidly. I think they've learned something."

"And if he got off?"

She shook her head. "We'll learn a lot to-morrow. Vale is putting Rita on the stand as his first witness."

Larry was conscious of a sinking sensation. "She's certainly going to bat for Duncan."

"She is. But why not?"

"There's no reason why not. I just commented."

Kay chose her words carefully. "Would you be happier if Rita didn't testify, Larry?"

"Why should I be?"

"If I knew the answer to that, I wouldn't have asked the question."

"It doesn't matter." Then, after a brief silence, he asked, "What's on your mind, Kay?"

"I'll give you one guess and you'll be right."

"Ask me, anyway."

"Very well." She withdrew her hand and spoke quietly. "I happen to be your wife, and happen to be in love with you. I try not to be silly—but I'd like to be prepared in advance."

"For what?"

"When Rita was here the other day she threatened you. What did she mean?"

He answered truthfully: "I don't know."

"Very well. But there's one thing more. If there has ever been anything between you and Rita, I'd rather know it now."

He did not answer immediately. He was thinking of himself and of his natural instincts which were clean and fine. It was inconceivable that he could have felt and acted as as older brother to Duncan Campbell and then have betrayed him. He stole a glance at Kay.

HE was in love with her; in love with his wife. He tried to project himself back into the immediate past. Could he possibly have betrayed his wife and his friend with even so glamorous a person as Rita?

He saw that Kay was under a great strain. He knew that she had suffered beyond reckoning. He had the instinctive masculine desire to shield her from hurt. He knew that he wasn't thinking quite clearly or quite sanely. After all, he was alone with the woman he had learned to love for the second time.

He took her hand and held it very, very tightly. He said, "Kay?"

"Yes?"

"Would it make you happy if I gave you my word that I have never been untrue to you?"

Her fingers tightened. "Are you giving me your word?"

"Yes."

For a few seconds she did not move. Then she was out of her chair, and in his lap, her arms around his neck, her lips seeking his . . . and he hardly knew that his own arms were tight, pressing her closer and closer against him. As though from a great distance he heard her saying:

"Oh, Larry, I'm so happy. I was afraid. And I love you so."

. . . .

There was a tense, dramatic quality to the silence in the courtroom. There was no scraping of feet and no hum of conversation.

Spectators sat rigidly, as though fearful of missing a single word. Even the face of Judge Frederick Macon Hawley was more serious than usual. Then came the calm, quiet voice of Graham Vale, coming for the defence:

"What is your name?"

"Rita Marshall Campbell."

"Where do you live?"

"In Brookdale."

"That is a residential suburb of Habersham?"

"Yes."

"With whom do you live?"

"My husband."

"Duncan Campbell, jun.?"

"Yes."

"The defendant in this case?"

"Yes."

"Is the residence in which you live his property?"

"I believe it belongs to his father."

The spectators relaxed. Through two days of trial they had learned that drama did not develop swiftly—that there were certain routine questions to be asked, certain facts to be placed on record.

The day was pleasantly warm—the windows open. Traffic noises came faintly from the street below, punctuated by the shrill calls of newsboys dispensing Saturday morning newspapers to the throngs in the street.

The eyes of the audience were riveted upon Rita Campbell. Men admired her; women made note of her costume and reflected that it was smart; simple doeskin again, suit of dark grey, rather severely tailored; tight-fitting little hat which was chic, but not bizarre; sheer chiffon stockings on fine rounded legs; shoes to match the suit; accessories of the same shade.

Once, in seating herself, she had glanced at her husband, who was sitting next to Graham Vale. There had been the faintest hint of a gallant smile on her lips—and it was gone before one could be certain that it had existed. And he had gestured—with his hands on the table-top. Just a little motion of the fingers which few had seen, an infinitesimal gesture of encouragement.

From that moment on, Rita Campbell looked straight at Graham Vale.

To Be Continued

Quaint But Striking

DOROTHY LAMOUR, Paramount player, throws a starched blue veil over her quaint pancake turban of burgundy flowers. The veil matches her crepe frock.

They learned the truth too late!

Health and Happiness Ruined by harsh Purgatives

Constant drugging with purgatives might be keeping you well *now*, but fairly soon those doses will have to get bigger, and more frequent. Each time you lift a spoon to your mouth, or take any harsh medicine or purgative you're hitting your intestinal muscles with a sledge-hammer blow. Your system can't stand it. Stop! — before it's too late.

An eminent authority gives you the Truth about Constipation

"You can be in a state of habitual constipation for years without being aware of any obvious signs of intestinal toxaemia; but eventually owing to the chronic irritation caused by the habitual use of harsh purgatives (together with the irritation produced by the constipation itself), the colon becomes damaged, and signs of intestinal toxaemia begin to appear. The sufferer now begins to feel extreme fatigue, much distress and almost constant weariness especially after the bowels act. In the treatment of such cases of ordinary chronic constipation, and (most important of all) its results, it is essential to get a great deal more 'bulk' into the diet. Bran is the best possible source of 'bulk'."

Your own doctor will agree, too. He'll tell you that common constipation is mostly the result of meals that lack sufficient "bulk" to exercise the intestines. The real answer is to get "bulk" back into your diet.

Constipation can be relieved naturally

Kellogg's All-Bran is an excellent source of "bulk". Within the bowel, the All-Bran forms a soft mass, absorbing just the right amount of moisture. Gently this exercises and strengthens intestinal muscles, and cleanses the system.

The natural bulk in All-Bran is often more effective in keeping you regular than the bulk in fruit and vegetables, as it does not break down within the body. All-Bran also supplies Vitamin B and iron.

Doesn't it seem reasonable that you should get this "bulk" in the meals you eat? Isn't it better to regulate yourself by a natural food rather than by unnatural drugs?

You'll soon end sluggishness and rid yourself of those heavy headaches when you give your intestinal muscles the *natural exercise* they need — with Kellogg's All-Bran.

JUST LIKE A BREAKFAST CEREAL

Enjoy your Kellogg's All-Bran sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit. Many people like All-Bran on its own with just milk and sugar. Two tablespoonful of All-Bran are usually sufficient for anybody. If All-Bran is not effective you should see your doctor at once.

Your Grocer sells All-Bran.

• Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood; by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a national relay — Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—3CH, 2GZ, 2KO, 2TM, 2WO, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, and 5AD-MU-PI-SK.

Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble — Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyse the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia — a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralises acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622990

IT'S TIME FOR *the* SPRING CLEAN-UP!

NEW brooms and brushes are bristling with help, pots of colorful paint are longing to be used, the sun's warming up . . . so, little homemakers, to work . . .

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

ONCE upon a time the whole house was in a turmoil for days and days when spring cleaning time came round.

Not so to-day.

Modern cleaning equipment is within reach of the average purse, and the housewife is enabled to keep her home spick and span from day to day.

Every woman, however, feels the urge to give her home an extra-special clean up when winter gives over to spring. She likes, too, to wield the paint brush, give new life to walls, floors, and furniture; hang crisp, fresh curtains to sparkling windows—refurbish generally.

Here are some hints to aid you in the good work — the practical kind of hints, I'm sure, every housewife will welcome.

Plan Your Work

TAKE a pencil and pad with you and go over every room.

Jot down on this pad the needs of each and every room—whether the walls need to be freshened up, painted or distempered; floors restained or waxed thoroughly; rugs or carpets brightened up; windows polished, curtains washed, or whether new ones should replace the old; brass cleaned and pottery washed, pictures re-hung, etc.

Note also whether cupboards should be turned out, and non-essentials removed.

Then sit down and run over the list—and decide upon your campaign.

YOU GLIMPSE, above, a simply-furnished but attractive and much-lived-in room. Walls are painted a light grey; carpet features two tones of grey; chintz draperies show a light grey ground, relieved with coral-red.

THE EARLY spring sunshine was streaming through the windows of the delightful living-room when this picture, shown at right, was taken.

Work upon one room at a time; this procedure does not upset the whole house or cause any turmoil.

Have your cleaning equipment, of course, in readiness; also any required paint, together with paint brushes.

I gave you full directions some time ago on painting a room, so we will not go into that again.

Windows may be easily cleaned with warm water to which has been added a little ammonia or borax.

Sparkling Windows

ANOTHER way to make them sparkle is to add methylated spirit to the water—one tablespoonful to a gallon of water is sufficient.

Use soft, clean rag or chamois for polishing purposes.

A paste made from whiting and methylated spirit is excellent for cleaning mirrors.

This should be smeared over the glass, left to dry, and then removed with one rag; polish to sparkling brilliance with another clean, soft cloth or chamois.

Lacquered brass or neglected brass and silverware are sometimes difficult to polish brightly. Try wiping the articles over with methylated spirit before you start the polishing job.

Use a fine metal polish which should be applied with a soft cloth or sponge and rubbed with a light, even stroke.

After polishing, wash the silver in light soapsuds, rinse in hot water, and rub dry.

Badly tarnished silver vases and dishes may be treated this way before the polish is applied.

Use a large enamel saucepan or dish for the job. To every quart of hot water use one teaspoonful of common salt and one of baking soda.

Follow Carefully

PLACE over low heat to keep the water hot, and put into the saucepan or dish an aluminium plate, such as a small baking-dish or the cover of a discarded saucepan.

Lay the tarnished silver on the aluminium plate, one piece at a time, and be sure the silver touches either the plate itself or another piece of the silver which does touch the plate.

The tarnish will quickly disappear, and the silver can be taken from the water, rinsed, dried, and polished in the usual way.

Often a vase is too large to be immersed at one time and must be cleaned in sections—that is, it must be turned until every part has been cleaned.

Apply polish sparingly to your furniture pieces; let dry, and polish vigorously.

Smears and fingermarks often collect on furniture when too much polish is used.

If the furniture needs it (and it usually does after winter), wash it over first with a soft cloth or chamois wrung out of warm, soapy water. Do a small area at a time. Rinse with clear, warm water, dry thoroughly and polish as directed.

Natural cane furniture (unpainted) can be freshened up if it is washed well with salt and water. Use a brush to get into all crevices.

Allow to dry in the sunshine.

Shabby floors are an eyesore. A badly-stained floor should be cleaned off thoroughly with hot soda water.

Use sandpaper to banish obstinate markings.

Allow the floor to dry thoroughly before re-staining or polishing.

You can buy some excellent floor-stains to-day, as well as polishing agents, and, with a certain amount of care exercised in the application of the former, and a deal of "elbow-grease" expended in connection with the polish, gleaming floors should be yours.

Brightening Carpets

QUITE recently I told you how to remove grease and stains from rugs and carpets. I also gave you a "brightening" recipe for dull and shabby-looking carpets. This latter I will repeat:

Brush the rug or carpet thoroughly, have it perfectly clean, then rub over with a cloth wrung out in a mixture of vinegar and very hot water. Use one part of vinegar to three parts of water.

Should a carpet be damaged by a coal from the fire, or acid, you can repair it in this fashion:

Buy some skeins of wool to match the colors of the carpet and fill in the damaged portion with loops of the various wools, following the pattern as closely as possible.

When the damaged portion is filled in, cut the wool down to the level of the pile. Use a sharp pair of scissors for this purpose.

ROYALTY on the CARPET

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

LITTLE Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, plays on a nursery rug made mostly of Australian wool, with a design illustrating 34 of La Fontaine's fables.

Her brother has another rug, also of Australian wool, decorated with such nursery rhymes as "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," "Little Jack Horner," and "The Cow Jumped Over The Moon."

The Duchess had these rugs specially made as birthday presents for her children.

POND'S HAND LOTION now with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

For soft, smooth hands

Your hands needn't be rough and wrinkled, no matter how busy you are all day. You can keep them soft and smooth . . . with Pond's Cream Hand Lotion, containing the same active "skin-vitamin" ingredient as Pond's two creams! Housework, weather and water are constantly taking the "skin-vitamin" out of your skin. Now Pond's puts it back!

• *Use Pond's every time you wash your hands.*

Only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

Dynamel that ICE Chest

Dynamel makes your old ice-chest sparkle like a new refrigerator. Taubmans Dynamel always gives a gleaming, mirror-smooth surface... Dries twice as fast as ordinary enamels! Thirty-four lovelier colors.

Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. It smooths itself out as you brush it on.

Dynamel the interior, too! Taubmans Dynamel gives 100% hygienic finish that can be scrubbed with soap and water.

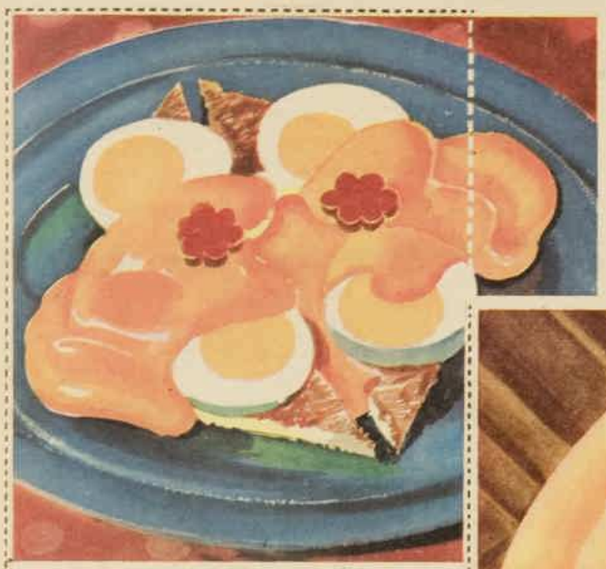
Write to Anne Stewart About Your Decorating Problems

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home"—40,000 copies of the first edition already snapped up by Australian housewives—directs Taubmans FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write to her in full detail about any home decorating problem you have and Anne Stewart will reply to your letter immediately. Write to Miss Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, Dept. A.42, 79 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622991

New Tricks

with Kraft Cheese and toast



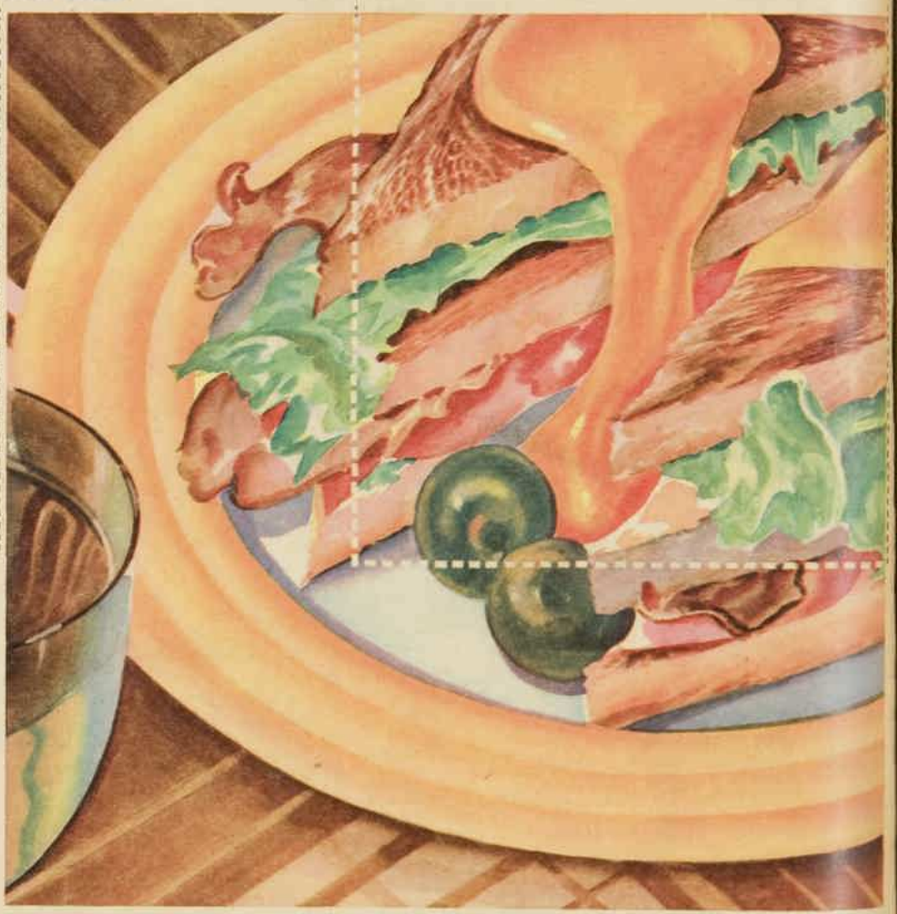
CLIP OUT THESE RECIPES along the dotted line and serve them often to vary your menus.

CLUB SANDWICH

Two 4oz. packets of Kraft Welsh Rarebit, shredded, ½ cup milk, 4 slices cooked bacon, 2 tomatoes, or 1 cup chopped hard-boiled eggs, 18 thin slices buttered toast, Lettuce, Salt, Pepper, Kraft Mayonnaise.

For the sauce: Melt Kraft Welsh Rarebit over low heat in double boiler with a little milk. Stir gently, adding more milk gradually, until sauce is smooth. It's easy to make smooth cheese sauce with Kraft!

For the sandwich: First deck, buttered toast, spread with sliced tomato or chopped egg and Kraft Mayonnaise; second deck, buttered toast with bacon, and Kraft Mayonnaise. Then set a slice of toast on top and cut sandwich into two triangles. Pour over a good serving of the hot, spicy Welsh Rarebit sauce. Enough for six hearty sandwiches.



EGGS ON TOAST

8oz. packet Kraft Old English, shredded, ½ cup milk, 4 hard-cooked eggs, 6 slices toast, Salt, Pepper.

Melt Kraft Old English, shred, with some of the milk in double boiler. Add rest of the milk gradually, and stir until sauce is velvet smooth. Season with pepper and salt. Cut eggs across in thick slices. Cut slices of buttered toast into diagonal halves, two for each serving. Add sliced eggs, and pour hot cheese sauce over each portion. Garnish with chili, gherkin or whatever you fancy. A delicious dish for breakfast or luncheon or Sunday night supper. Enough for six servings.

Builds Strong Bones, Sound Teeth

Kraft Cheese is rich in calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals necessary for building strong bones, sound teeth . . . also first quality milk proteins . . . energy units . . . and vitamin A. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese . . . and Kraft Cheese is as digestible as milk itself! For buoyant health, have some on the menu every day.

Six delicious Kraft Cheeses—try them all

CHEDDAR: It's mellow and creamy smooth. **OLD ENGLISH:** Kraft's *tasty* well-matured cheese. **PIMENTO:** Cheddar with Pimento flavour. **CELERY:** Cheddar with the flavour of crisp celery. **WELSH RAREBIT:** All ready to slice and melt on toast. **GRUYERE:** Little more than *half* the price of imported brands!

WRITE FOR THE NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK!

Kraft Cheese Co., Dept. (A.17), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 58 Clarence Street, Sydney; or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane. (Write to address in your State, or to Melbourne, and enclose 3d. in stamps.)

Please send me copy of the new Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

Name.....

Address.....

The world's finest cheeses are made by KRAFT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622992

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS for 1938-39

Patterns for all styles featured in this book may be obtained on application to our Pattern Department. For addresses, see page 20.

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

WW2459.—Design for suit in white or yellow linen with trimmings of self frills. Pattern available. See page 2.

ALSO FREE NOVEL INSIDE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622993

ADVANCE STYLES FOR SPRING

IN BREEZY COTTONS OR SOFT SILKS

WW2349. — Suit pictured on cover of this fashion supplement. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FLARED SKIRT

WW2349.—Flaring skirt and unusual bodice treatment in this frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUTHFUL

WW2350.—There's a youthful air about this frock with its bow trimmings. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC

WW2351.—High waistline and tiny puff sleeves distinguish this chic frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FRILLED

WW2352.—Little frills edge the neck and sleeves of a youthful-looking frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 36.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622994

AND SUMMER DAYTIME WEAR

TUNIC FROCK

WW2455.—An ultra-smart tunic frock with pleated skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOLERO

WW2456.—New design in bolero frocks. Bolero is trimmed with a contrast. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CONTRAST

WW2457.—Frock with bolero jacket and wide waistband in contrasting fabric. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 7-8 yards contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SPRING COAT

WW2458.—Entrancing spring coat with short sleeves and self-covered buttons. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 26.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622995

Designed For Those Smarter Occasions

SLIM-FITTING FROCKS

ELEGANT

WW2378.—The sort of frock you need for special occasions like afternoon parties or cocktails. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SLENDERISING

WW2381.—An ideal style if you want to achieve that simple, slender look. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FROCK AND BOLERO

WW2382.—Chic design for a quickly-made frock with smart contrasting bolero. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide for frock and 1½ yards for bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOUR POCKETS

WW2383.—Two pockets on skirt and two imitation pocket-flaps on bodice make a smart trimming. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 36.

VERY NIGHT
great agents—kings of Hollywood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622996

FOR AFTERNOONS AT HOME OR IN TOWN

SLENDER, GRACEFUL STYLES

SMART

WW2375.—Unusual, smart design with pockets on skirt and neat collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUNG

WW2364.—Simple style for general wear that could be made up in silk or wool. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY

WW2365.—A trimming of self frills or lace round sleeves and collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DRAPED

WW2366.—High draped necklines add chic air to this long-sleeved frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 24.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622997

Practical STYLES for EVERYDAY WEAR

WITH NEW TRIMMING DETAILS

☆

CONTRASTING

WW2367.—A smart design with contrasting belt, neck, and sleeve finish. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SIMPLE

WW2368.—Unusual bodice treatment adds distinction to this simple style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM LINES

WW2369.—Frock cut on neat, trim lines, with inverted pleat in skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WITH SASH

WW2370.—Charming little style finished with neat collar and matching sash at waist. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 59.

EVERY NIGHT | great agents—kings of Hollywood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622998

LOOK CHARMING AT HOME IN THESE "INFORMALS"

FOR HOUSE OR GARDEN

TRIM OVERALLS

WW2396.—Ideal for a day in the garden or for beach or other sports wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust; 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY FROCK

WW2397.—This pretty style you could run up for dainty home or garden wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GARDENING FROCK AND APRON

WW2398.—Gardening frock and apron in the new popular peasant style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 3-8 yards for frock, 2 yards for blouse, 1 yard for apron, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 36.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622999

FROCKS WITH TAILORED LINES

NEW STYLES

WW2371.—Side pleats and self buttons give a smart air to this style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW2372.—A gay little collar, soft fullness in the bodice and two pockets are attractive features of this frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

TRIM CUT

WW2373.—There's a trim finish about this style, which is suitable for general or spectator sports wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW2374.—A really sweet little frock that is very simple to make. Buttons all the way up the front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 20.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623000

YOUNG AS A DAY IN SPRING

☆ LITTLE DRESSES OF UNUSUAL CHARM ☆

☆ SUITABLE FOR ALL DAYTIME OCCASIONS ☆

FLARED SKIRT

WW2409.—Attractive frock with full flared skirt and smartly buttoned front. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUTHFUL

WW2410.—The pleated skirt and little Peter Pan collar at neck make this style unusually youthful. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SIMPLE CHIC

WW2411.—Simplicity of design in a frock that you can wear any time. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BE-FRILLED

WW2412.—Soft frills on bodice and at waistline give a dainty air to this frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 30.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623001

ENTRANCING EVENING GOWNS

WITH BOLERO

WW2446.—Graceful style with little matching bolero—charming for summer nights. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DARING, SOPHISTICATED OR SWEETLY DEMURE

GLAMOROUS

WW2447. — Full pleated skirt and pleated bodice are fascinating features of this beautiful design. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WITH JACKET

WW2448.—This charming gown has a little bolero jacket with it suitable for lace or same material. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide for frock, and 1¼ yards for bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 26.

EVERY NIGHT

great agents—kings of Hollywood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623002

✦✦ TO ADORN YOUNG LOVELIES ✦✦

FOR DINING

FOR DANCING

SOPHISTICATED

WW2445. — Graceful evening gown cut in sophisticated style with flowing sash. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DEMURE

WW2443.—Such a demure air about this captivating evening gown. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHARMING

WW2444. — Charming style in evening wear for the young girl. Trimmed with tiny frills. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 36.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623003

✦✦ NEW ROMANTIC CREATIONS ✦✦

EVENING JACKET

WW2353.—Entrancing little evening jacket trimmed with pleated frills. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NEAT STYLE

WW2354.—Another design for an evening jacket which may also be worn as a blouse. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GLAMOROUS

WW2355.—There's glamour in every inch of this lovely evening gown. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7¼ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CAPTIVATING

WW2356. — Long flowing lines and very full skirt give grace to this evening style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 34.

EVERY NIGHT great agents—kings of Hollywood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623004

FOR DRESSING-UP AT NIGHT

UNUSUAL

WW2436.—Something different—a dance frock with flowing panel at back. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WITH SLEEVES

WW2437.—A design with little sleeves suitable for dancing or dining. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART

WW2438.—An unusual, smart design with little sleeves, bodice slit at back. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GRECIAN

WW2439.—This frock has the graceful lines of a flowing Grecian robe. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

The distinctive evening styles on this and three preceding pages are cut to give the most graceful lines, but for perfect fit be sure you order your right size.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 30.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623005

New Styles In Smart Playtime Wear

SLACKS & SHIRT

WW2401. — Well-cut slacks and matching shirt make the smartest playtime ensemble. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 5 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TENNIS FROCK

WW2402.—Trim little tennis frock that you can make for yourself quite easily. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CULOTTES AND VEST

WW2403.—Smart culottes and trim vest made with little sleeves—ideal for sports. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SUN-SUIT

WW2399.—This sun-suit would be charming made up in a pretty figured material. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC SUN-SUIT

WW2400.—Make this chic sun-suit now and have it ready for summer months. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 56.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623006

FOR CHARM ON THE BEACH

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 29.

PLAY-SUIT

WW2404. — Attractive play-suit finished with zip fastener in front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BEACH COAT

WW2405. — This charming beach coat would be equally useful for the house as well as on the sands. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BEACH SUIT

WW2406. — Delightful for beach wear or for tennis — suit with pleated shorts. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BEACH ENSEMBLE

WW2408.—Beach frock and little hooded coat—useful and charming for smart wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide, for frock; and 3 yards for coat. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BEACH OUTFIT

WW2407. — Smart outfit for the beach which includes a useful wrap-on skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

☆

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623007

FASCINATING ACCESSORIES

COLLAR

WW2449.—This pretty collar would look delightful made in lace. Material required: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BEACH HAT

WW2450.—Ideal for beach wear is this broad-brimmed hat with handkerchief crown. Head sizes, 21 to 22½ inches. Material required: ½ yard and 5-8 yard contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

COCKTAIL HAT

WW2451.—The sweetest little hat for special occasions like cocktails or the theatre. Head sizes, 21 to 22½ inches. Material required: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMART CAP

WW2452.—Chic little cap in handkerchief style. Head sizes, 21 to 22½ inches. Material required: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WAISTCOAT

WW2453.—New design for a chic waistcoat to wear under your suit. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

HANDBAG

WW2454.—Why not make your own handbag? Here's a very smart design. Material required: 7-8 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 24.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623008

DAINTY BLOUSES and SMART SKIRTS

DINNER BLOUSE

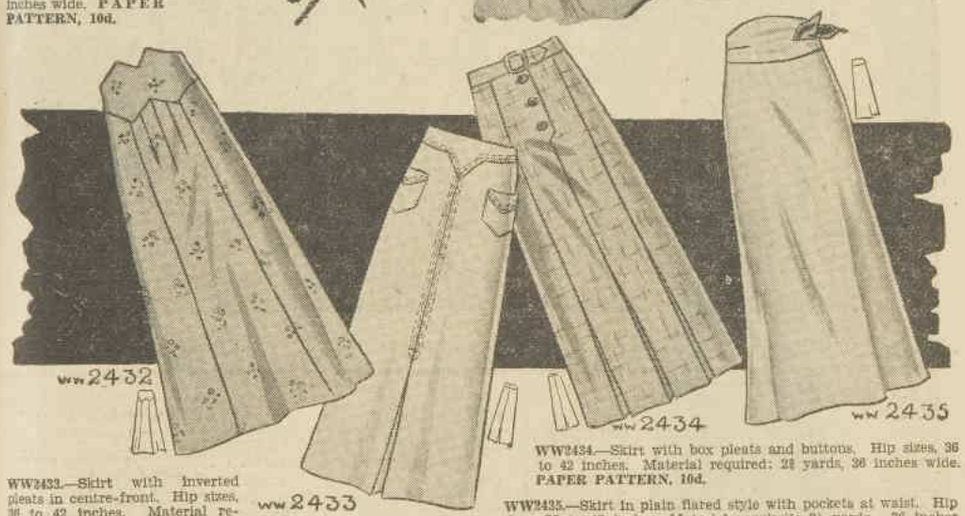
WW2429.—Blouse for formal wear—dinner or cocktails. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

UNUSUAL

WW2430.—Blouse for day or evening wear in a new design. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW2431. — Smart blouse for practical everyday wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW2432.—Skirt with new-style waistband. Hip sizes, 36 to 42 inches. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**



WW2434.—Skirt with box pleats and buttons. Hip sizes, 36 to 42 inches. Material required: 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW2433.—Skirt with inverted pleats in centre-front. Hip sizes, 36 to 42 inches. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW2435.—Skirt in plain flared style with pockets at waist. Hip sizes, 36 to 42 inches. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 20.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623009

DESIGNED FOR THE OLDER WOMAN

DRESSY

WW2357.—A new and dressy style for the matron for smart afternoon wear. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SIDE PLEATS

WW2358.—Neat tailored style with side pleats in skirt. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FROCK AND COAT

WW2359.—Smart ensemble, including trim frock and hip-length coat. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required: 5¾ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

JABOT FRONT

WW2379.—A jabot in lace on the bodice of this frock gives a dressy finish. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 6¾ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 36.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623010

CHIC, SLENDERISING MODES

CREATED FOR THE SMART MATRON

SMART SUIT

WW2440.—Slim-fitting suit with one button coat and trim skirt. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 5 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BELTED

WW2380.—Neat design for the matron in a belted frock with unusual bodice trimming. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GRACEFUL

WW2441.—Charming style with side flares in skirt and soft neckline finish. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FORMAL

WW2442.—Delightful style suitable for dressy formal occasions. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 34.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623011

STYLES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

OVERALL AND BLOUSE

WW2392.—Your tiny daughter would love this pretty overall and the little blouse. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BOY'S SUIT

WW2391.—Useful and trim little suit for the little boy. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1¾ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DAINTY

WW2389.—Sweet little frock with flared skirt and sleeves for the small girl. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BOLERO FROCK

WW2393. — Smart bolero frock for young daughters—ideal for smarter occasions. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2½ to 2 7-8 yards, and 1 yard for blouse, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WITH YOKE

WW2390.—Small girl's frock made with puff sleeves and little yoke. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PRETTY FROCK

WW2394.—Unusually pretty and practical style in frocks for the growing girl. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

TO obtain patterns of any of the garments illustrated in this book, write to our Pattern Department at any of the following addresses. Be careful to state which size you want.

ADELAIDE: Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE: Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE: Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE: Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH: Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, Pitt Street, City.
TASMANIA: Write to Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the patterns, please see address of our office, which will be found at the top of page 3 of The Australian Women's Weekly.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE THIS PAGE.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623012

PLAYTIME WEAR - - - FOR THE YOUNGER SET

FOR "TINIES"

WW2376.—Useful beach suit for the tiny boy or girl. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1¾ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

USEFUL FROCK

WW2377.—Sleeveless frock made with square neck and finished with belt and pockets. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1¾ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SUN-SUIT

WW2384.—Snappy sun-suit for the little girl who likes the beach. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1½ to 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CHARMING

WW2385. — Unusually charming style in a frock with flared sleeves. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

ATTRACTIVE

WW2386.—Attractive frock for the young daughter who is growing up. Sizes, 10 to 16 years. Material required: 2¾ to 3¼ yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

NEW STYLE

WW2387.—Pretty frock for the growing girl made with sun back and puff sleeves. Sizes 10 to 16 years. Material required: 2¾ to 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

STRIPED FROCK

WW2388.—Smart style suitable for making up in striped silk. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2¾ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 30.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623013

MORE CHILDREN'S WEAR

FOR SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS

GIRL'S PYJAMAS

WW2420.—Dainty pyjama suit for the little girl with lace trimmed neck and sleeves. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BOY'S PYJAMAS

WW2423. — Long - sleeved pyjama suit for boy, with high neck and buttoned coat. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2 to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PETTICOAT

WW2424.—Dainty petticoat for little girl. Sizes, 1 to 8 years. Material required: 1 to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BLOOMERS

WW2425.—Neat bloomers made with waist and leg bands. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: ¾ to 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SPORTS SUIT

WW2428.—Attractive sports suit for the small girl. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2¼ to 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BLOUSE

WW2421.—Trim blouse for the tiny girl. Also cut with long sleeves. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1¼ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BOY'S SUIT

WW2422.—Smart suit for the small boy with double-breasted front and short sleeves. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2½ to 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SQUARE NECK

WW2426.—Pretty girl's frock made with square neck and flared skirt. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2 to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMOCKED

WW2427. — Rows of smocking and little bows trim this frock. Sizes, 2 to 12 years. Material required: 2½ to 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 30.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623014

LINGERIE DESIGNS--New and Dainty

SLIM-FITTING

WW2414.—Slip cut on slim-fitting lines. Bust sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PUFF SLEEVES

WW2415.—Pretty nightdress made with little puff sleeves. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

STEP-INS

WW2416.—The prettiest step-ins for your "glory" box. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

EVENING SLIP

WW2417.—Slip specially designed for wearing under evening frocks. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

GRACEFUL

WW2413.—You'd hardly recognise this suit for pyjamas—it is so graceful in cut. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide and ⅝ yard contrast for collar. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PANTEES

WW2418.—Another suggestion for the trousseau—dainty pantees. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DRESSING-GOWN

WW2419.—Lovely design for a slender dressing-gown. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 5¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 28.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623015

TROUSSEAU NOTIONS

SO DAINTY

WW2360.—Just the prettiest nightie for your trousseau. Cut on slenderising lines, and finished with buttons on yoke. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

LUXURY LINES

WW2361. — A dressing-gown with that luxury air. Cut on princess lines and trimmed with lace. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards lace, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SIMPLE STYLE

WW2363.—This simple nightgown relies for its attractive effect on insets of lace on shoulders and at centre front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DRESSING-JACKET

WW2395. — Pretty dressing-jacket cut with the new-wide shoulder lines and wide three-quarter sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1¼ yards lace trimming. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

MATCHING JACKET

WW2362.—Dainty nightdress with bolero jacket to match, trimmed with lace on edge and on sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide and ½ yards lace. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 29.

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Ltd., 168-176 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623016

The Disquieting Sex

By H. DRAKE-BROCKMAN

Author of the prize-winning Centenary play, "Men Without Wives."

• FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

(U) as well as staphylo

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623017

The Disquieting Sex

By H. Drake-Brockman

ALAN VINCE rode his magnificent black stallion down between the two rows of buildings which formed the homestead of Mujillabberra cattle station. He was almost on the mud floor of the store verandah before he drew rein. He leapt to the ground. The afterglow touched the burnt tint of his arms to bronze, flowing like liquid gold over his tall figure.

He was a finely-made man, and, unlike the majority of bushmen, carried himself with a soldier's swinging gait.

A man came running from the store at sound of the horse's hoofs, his young face alight with welcome.

"Hullo, Bob," said Vince, "is Leyton anywhere about?"

"Not in yet."

"Oh, well, it will do later. Here, Jimmy," he yelled to a black "boy" lounging against the kitchen door. "Send along Possum quick feller take'm Black Douglas."

Jimmy walked over to his boss.

"Him feller Possum no there," said he conversationally.

"What do you mean, him no there?"

"Ho go alonga bush . . ."

"I not tell'm can-go," interrupted Vince with anger in his voice. "I say you binghis speak alonga me before you take'm walkabout . ."

"He no take'm properly feller walkabout, boss," put in Jimmy. "Yesterday Jinnie run away alonga him feller Congo. Possum he go along bush fetch'm back. He talk big feller spear'mup Congo . . ."

"Here, then, you take the horse . ," grunted Vince, handing over the reins and turning to the younger man, who had been listening with a grin on his good-looking face.

"Lord! These women again! Bother their wretched matrimonial capers. I wanted Possum for a special job to-morrow . . ; I think I'll go and have a wash now . ."

Bob Greene walked with him towards their quarters.

"A fellow went through in a hurry to-day," he said, "and brought some mail. Do you want your letters now?"

A quick spark of interest lit Vince's eye. But he replied carelessly:

"No hurry. Give them to me at the table . . I feel too jolly hot to read anything just yet. Who was the fellow, and what was he doing so far off the beaten track?"

"Oh, some Government johnny going to look at that old well near Fegan's. He wanted to push on and get to old Jack's to-night if he could . . . I told him he couldn't, but as usual he knew best."

To all appearances Mujillabberra Homestead was built in the middle of a plain. But true to the old adage of deception, the land dropped, immediately behind, fully 50ft. sheer to the bed of the Mercer River. Far below shimmered great white sandbanks and shoals of multi-colored rock. Creeper-hung trees dipped trailing branches in a swift-running, limpid stream. On the other side the bank swelled gradually to a lower level whence the land rolled in grassy waves to the far-away outlines of dim blue hills.

The peace was shattered by a sudden hideous clanging. The summons to dinner, or, as they called it, tea. Somewhere in the background a giggling gin produced the horrible noise by means known only to herself. Two men employed on the station were fed in a lean-to beside the kitchen, but the others foregathered in the dining-room, and were waited on, in a kind of way, by the cook and his dusky assistants.

Both Vince and Greene began to eat with relish, not waiting for the third man, and quite untroubled by the crudeness of the table appointments or the barrenness of the room. Half a dozen colored prints from "La Vie Parisienne" were the sole decoration.

Vince glanced through his letters.

"Two bills," said he, "a receipt, one I don't know who from, and one . ."

He fell silent, but Green noticed his finger shake ever so slightly when he ripped open the envelope. A gleam of satisfaction shot into his eyes as he read through two closely-written sheets. When Leyton entered he looked up with a smile.

The newcomer was an older man, with gnarled hands and drooping grey moustache. His eyes of faded blue had the distrait look of those trained to see incredible distances.

"Oh, Leyton, I want to see you about . . ." began Vince, only to break off abruptly. "But that will do some other time. I may as well give you chaps a bit of news. You'll have to get it sooner or later. Dempsey has sold out to me, so I'm a bit more than managing partner from now on."

"Good for you, Vince," said the stockman. "I reckon you've got a good place, and have worked hard enough to deserve it. You're a decent boss to work under."

"Sure thing," put in Greene. "I'm jolly glad." Suddenly he assumed an anxious tone. "Of course, Mr Vince, we earnestly trust this change will not cause any serious alterations or in any wise change your attitude towards your humble servants . . ."

"Young fool!" grinned Vince.

He read his second letter over twice. It appeared to perplex him. Finally he looked up with a low whistle.

"What do you think of this," said he, handing it over to Leyton. "Bob, they want us to put up an old bug hunter, coming to Kimberley on behalf of the Royal Biological Society; wants to study all our unknown insects and things. I suppose we'll have to grin and bear it. One can't very well say no. If only he's a decent sort and not some fossilised bookworm, it will be quite good. Wants to come for six months, as he is sure he will find much of interest. So am I—only six years would be nearer the mark if he really wants to learn anything."

"What's his name?" asked Greene.

"It's some stunt," Leyton broke in, "and his name is one of those English ones you can't say. Haw, I'd call it, and that ought to about fit a blinking English professor, Mr. Haw-haw—that will do him!"

A shout of laughter echoed in the bare room. "H-a-u-g-h, he spells it," said Vince. "I daresay he calls it "Huff."

Young Greene began to choke.

"One's as good as the other," he gasped. "I'll bet he'll haw, haw to please Leyton and be huffy enough to please you!"

Vince rose and, lighting his pipe, strolled out to the verandah to sink into a decrepit deck-chair. The others followed him. Soon three pipe bowls glowed with rich embers, while three pairs of legs adorned the wooden railings.

"I'll fix my room for him," said Vince. "My bed can stay where it is on the verandah, and I'll dress with you fellows. We'll do what we can, but he'll just have to learn to take the bush as he finds it . . .I must tell old Fred."

HE called to the gin who was clearing the table and sent her running to find the cook. Fred Hollis was an old-timer, and had filled many parts in the course of a varied career.

Now he had been cooking at Mujillabberra for over a year. He came out on to the verandah, his quaint figure looking singularly undomesticated in the moonlight.

"I say, Fred," Vince went on, "we're going to have a visitor here in a couple of months—so how about the garden? Is it going yet?"

"Just started," replied the old fellow. "Only them gins is that lazy! But I'll tune 'em up. May I ask who the visitor be?"

Vince told him.

"Blimy! Well, if he wants to see things, we'll show him plenty. And I reckon I'll show him just what we can grow up here if we try . . . But I 'ope he won't expect no table d'oties fer 'e won't get any—not 'ot rolls and cafe-o-lay." He broke off to listen. "'Ark! What's thet? Them gins again!"

A mighty crash echoed from the kitchen, followed by shrill tumult of voices. Muttering imprecations on all natives, and on his kitchen lubras in particular, the old man hastened away.

For a while silence reigned. Dreamily smoking, Vince let his thoughts wander through the events of the day.

Leyton broke the silence.

"I want to go out to the Rock Hole to-morrow," he said. "There's about a thou-

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Selznick, Cecatti, Schulberg, are related

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623018

sand cows there, and only one bull . . . I been there some days back and seen what was up, but haven't had time to fix anything."

Vince, startled from his pleasant reverie, nodded agreement.

"I reckon I'll take Possum and a few other boys out to-morrow and see to it," went on the stockman.

"Right," said Vince, "but I'm afraid you won't get Possum. He's gone bush after his gin, who has eloped with Congo. It's a darned nuisance . . ."

"Nuisance!" shouted Leyton. "I'd call it something stronger than that. Thank Heaven we ain't got no white females here to make things worse—the black ones is trouble enough."

Vince, straightening with a yawn, his eyes caressing the moonlit expanse of country, uttered a short laugh.

"I'm turning in. You two can go on discussing the sex if you like, but they're beyond me."

Bidding the men good-night, he rose, strolled into the brilliant night, and disappeared in the direction of a smaller building.

"GET me a taxi, please—as quickly as possible. I shall wait on the balcony."

Peremptorily given in sweet, clear tones, the order was for a "buttons" who came running to answer to a bell-ring. The speaker, a slim girl, clad in immaculate tailor-mades, struggled a second longer with her white kid gloves before turning to the open door and walking on to the spacious balcony of the Esplanade Hotel. Her graceful carriage was particularly noticeable as she crossed to the rail and stood, her hands delicately resting, her whole attention momentarily absorbed by her surroundings.

"A very pretty little place," she thought, "and the people are awfully jolly . . . but six months is a long time, and I would so like to see some more of this country. Uncle is being a perfect wretch to leave me behind. Only two days left before he goes . . . Oh, I'll just have to persuade him to take me, too . . ."

"Taxi, miss." The boy's voice broke in on her thoughts. With a light "Thank you" she ran gaily downstairs, scorning the waiting lift.

"Mount Street," she directed the chauffeur as she settled comfortably down in the big car. "Mrs. Chiltern's house . . . I don't know the number. Do you know where I mean?"

"Sure thing," replied the man as they started.

The girl repressed a tiny smile at his words, then turned her attention to the passing view. Soon they were climbing the precipitous slope of a street truly meriting its name, to draw up before a charming gabled house.

A few minutes later she was announced by a trim maid. She stood hesitant an instant before a drawing-room which seemed alive with feminine chatter, and the rattle of teacups. Then a tall, slim figure evolved as an entity and moved forward to greet her.

"I am so glad you have come, Miss Haugh," said her hostess graciously. "I began to think you had been detained. I should have been very sorry."

Evelyn Haugh found herself being introduced to what seemed an innumerable collection of new names, but she was finally adroitly manoeuvred to a seat beside a girl whom she had already met. A few moments' idle exchange of remarks, the respite which came with tea, and the choice of eatables and she was able to study the room and its inmates.

"Does your uncle make you work very hard?" she heard the girl beside her inquiring.

"Not so very," smiled Evelyn. "I am supposed to be his secretary," she explained to Mrs. Chiltern. "I find it an excellent device for travelling with him . . . and as I am very keen on seeing new places it suits splendidly."

"Then you must have seen a lot of different countries? Your uncle goes to some queer spots for his society, doesn't he?"

"He does—but I am afraid he does not mean to take me with him to Kimberley. I am very cross about it, for I should love to see something of the north."

"You would find it very rough, I am afraid."

"Oh! it's rather nice," broke in a girl with merry blue eyes. "I've been up there—station life is great, really. That is, if you're fond of riding and that sort of thing . . ."

"But you haven't been far north—not where Miss Haugh is going. If Miss Haugh does go, she will have to travel miles inland from Derby, or somewhere—really I am not at all clear about the north, I'm afraid—but I do know he is going to the back of beyond." Mrs. Chiltern smiled at Evelyn. "You see? I think you would be wiser to stay in Perth; you will like it much better. You could come to me while your uncle is away, and we will promise you quite a good time, plenty of dancing and golf . . ."

Evelyn looked round the comfortable room with its exquisite appointments and carefully-chosen pictures, but her gaze went beyond that, through the wide windows, overlooking the blue expanse of water so far beneath, until her eyes rested in the hazy outlines of the Darling Ranges. She did not know their name, but to her they held the eternal lure of misty hills, the mysterious enticement of all that might lie beyond.

"You are exceedingly kind," she replied feelingly. "I know I shall have a lovely time if I do stay, but—I am very obstinate—I do like my own way! This is the first time that uncle has wanted to leave me behind . . . I am afraid I shall wangle it if I can!"

"Well, I hope you manage it, as you are so very keen," said Mrs. Chiltern. "You will need to take lots of things . . ."

"Guns and things," cried one girl; "they say the natives are very wild still . . ."

"And all old clothes."

"And lots and lots of face cream, or you will come back burnt to a cinder . . ."

"I should put some sheets in if I were you, my dear; you never know!"

"A stretcher, too, I should say . . ."

"Plenty of white frocks; it is always hot . . ."

They all joined in the conversation, and the list of necessities grew mountains high.

"But," laughed Evelyn, "I shall be limited to two suitcases and something called a 'swag'!"

"Good gracious . . . but still, one's clothes are very easy these days; they take up so little room."

"Don't forget your racquet," said the blue-eyed girl. "We used to play lots of tennis on the station when I was there. And take your music; they're sure to have a piano."

The short twilight had closed down before Evelyn returned to the hotel. She went straight to her room to dress, so did not see her uncle until he rapped on her door to inquire if she were ready for dinner.

PROFESSOR HAUGH was tall and thin. In spite of the excellent cut, his dinner clothes seemed to hang on his long limbs so that in some way he contrived to appear oddly out of keeping with such conventional garb. His hands, toying with pince-nez strung on a fine black cord, were long-fingered and flexible, the slender hands of a dreamer, yet with a certain firm evenness of outline which bespoke the sound commonsense and practicability of vision that had helped very considerably in the acquisition of a famous reputation.

More than one pair of eyes followed the slim girl with her courtly escort as they passed through the crowded dining-room. Late roses drooped among the crystal and silver, exhaling a fragrance which rose even above the odors of food and wine.

"Where were you this afternoon, Eve?" asked Professor Haugh when they were seated. "I wanted you to type some stuff for me."

"Don't you remember I said I'd be at Mrs. Chiltern's?"

"Mrs. Chiltern's? Who on earth . . .? Oh! I have some faint recollection of meeting her." He looked at his niece over the top of his glasses. "Too tall to be comfortable."

Evelyn gave a gurgle of laughter at her uncle's description of the beautiful Mrs. Chiltern.

"I think you remember the right one, uncle mine. I had quite a jolly time. . . ."

"I'm very glad. I don't want you to be lonely while I'm away."

"I don't intend to be. I never am lonely with you. You would make quite good company on a desert island, my dear, which is more than can be said of most men," she replied, purposely misunderstanding his meaning. "Besides, you would soon be teaching me the monkey-talk which you would pick up overnight. . . ."

"Now, Eve, pray be serious. . . ."

"Not till after dinner, O Huffy One. How can I be serious with all that champagne about?"

Their meal concluded, the two retired to the lounge. Over the coffee Eve bent her mind to that which she so ardently desired.

"NOW, listen to me," she began. "You know I am quite indispensable . . ."

"You flatter . . ."

"I do not! Who would do all the typing of your reports? Who could possibly know how to sort them out, to begin with? Who would classify everything and save you the bother? Who would see you didn't take insect poison in mistake? Who would buy all your tickets, and pack all your gear? . . . No one! And in two days you would be cursing your determination to leave me behind, and probably sending me a wireless to follow on. Which wouldn't do at all—and everything would be in a far worse mess than if you take me. . . After all, I've been in some queer places. . . ."

"Just allow me one word, my dear! I have to admit that all you say—or most of it—is very true. I should undoubtedly miss your help tremendously. Nevertheless, I must consider your youth and your sex . . ."

"Oh! Houffy, how can you talk such . . ."

"There are times when it might be very awkward. You will have to put up with an utter lack of many of the things you consider necessities, and for six long months run the risk of boredom in a country whose

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623019

climate is supposed to be very trying, to face being cut completely off from your fellow-men . . ."

"Women, darling," interjected Eva.

"To be surrounded by battalions of flies, and open to the attack of the anopholes mosquito."

Their eyes met, and an instantaneous resemblance flashed out. With a tiny gesture the girl flung away her cigarette.

"In one word—adventure!" she said. Rising, she crossed to the old man and perched on the arm of his chair.

"I'm not your niece for nothing, Huffy," she said. "Can you still pretend, after our three years of roving together, that you don't know me? You can't. Oh, if you left me behind I should be lonely indeed! So let me book another passage tomorrow, there's a dear, and I'll pack all the 'necessities' away and climb into breeches again. That is . . . unless you—really—don't—want me?"

Her uncle sighed. Perhaps she didn't know how much he did want her.

The break and hesitation in her soft voice did their work. To be wanted, he thought as he replied, that is the sum of all human happiness.

MR. ROBERT GREENE, chewing the end of his pen in the pursuit of his business, and dangerously tilted on the kerosene box which served for office chair, awoke from his reverie with a start at the sound of a soft-toned voice penetrating the gloom of the store. The voice broke to a giggle as he strove to regain his balance, to continue evenly as the young man looked sternly at the speaker.

"Fred say him fella room all finish'm up. He says you come look all-about orright."

Fairy turned her ample proportions kitchenwards and sauntered off.

"Hurry up—quick fella—get a move on—wooridjiwooridji," yelled Greene at her back. Entirely unmoved, she walked on at an even pace. "I don't believe the end of the world itself would hurry 'em," thought the young man, as he prepared to follow.

He found Fred Hollis standing on the verandah of a single room built close to but quite apart from the main house.

It was the manager's own private domain, but Vince had relinquished it for the sake of the expected guest. His bed now stood on the mud verandah of the dining-room, side by side with those of Greene and Leyton, while his few personal belongings were installed in their quarters. The old cook surveyed his handiwork with pride.

"Jus' you come along and see, Bob," he greeted the storekeeper. "If this ain't fit for the King himself I don't reckon nothing is!"

Greene glanced round the room, before he clapped the old man's shoulder.

"Great, Fred, old boy . I think you've done excellently. Now we've set our house in order there's nothing to be done but wait. And the old fossil ought to be jolly well pleased at all you've done for him. To-day's the day, all right, but what odds will you lay me he's a week late? I can just imagine him coming along the track and getting stuck in a dozen places."

As he talked Greene wandered about the guest's room, fingering this and that. He drew up with a shout.

"Fred, oh! Fred! as I love you, where did you get these?"

He waved a hand towards two engarlanded texts of the type best seen in moribund boarding houses. They hung there, brave in their plush frames: "The way of the Transgressor is hard" admonished one. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion," encouraged the other.

"Well," muttered the old felow. "I thought it might make it look a bit 'omelike. I've 'ad them things for ages . . . belonged to me mother, they did. It looked kinder bare."

Bob for all his frivolity was not slow to notice the hurt tone nor to realise the real kindness behind the thought. The import of Hollis' words flashed through his mind. His mother's! Why, he'd been in the Kimberley 50-odd years himself, always a rolling stone, with no household goods beyond a well-worn swag. How me must have valued the ghastly things. Bob choked back his laughter.

"I call it a bright inspiration, Fred," said he. "I'll get him one of my little pictures, too!"

"Blimey, if I think you will. D'yer mean like those wot you got in the dining-room? 'E mightn't like it."

But he addressed empty air. In five minutes Greene came back, and in five more a colored print added further interest to the scientist's room.

"There! The saucy little minx. She's my darling among them all Fred, and I've been keeping her in reserve. Doesn't she look sweet!"

The cook shook his head dubiously. "Bit of a goer, I reckon. I don't think you'd better . . ."

"Come, come, old sport, that picture is entitled 'Eve,' so is just as good as yours for a religious title. Don't you like her?"

"She's not too bad . . ," he admitted cautiously. "Don't know wot the boss will say."

"Oh! he'll never notice. Besides, he won't see till he brings Huffy along. I'll tell him all is in apple-pie order, and that Fred has excelled himself."

He strolled whistling to the verandah.

. . . . . .

Once more, as the sun sank to the western horizon, three men lounged on their favorite verandah. Not a word broke the silence. The puff of a pipe or the screaming chorus of a flock of pink and grey galahs feeding within a few yards of the house, the distant neigh of a horse, or the old cook's voice rising in a quick order alone disturbed the harmony.

"Blow it!" said Vince, rapping out his pipe with a sudden spurt of energy. "I'm hanged if I know why we're waiting here like a lot of popinjays."

"I'm thinking the same," drawled Leyton. "Here comes a milli-milli, he added on a sharper note.

Round the corner of the forge, which faced the quarters, strode a wild figure; a magnificent buck, his bronze body clothed only in a belt of human hair, his chest corrugated with great tribal marks, his hair dressed out in a fashion reminiscent of the ancient Egyptians. In his right hand he carried a kylie and a spear with a barbed quartz head; in his left a little forked stick supporting a piece of paper. He drew up before the verandah.

"Boss?" he queried.

Vince struggled to his feet. Without a word he took the proffered letter. He slit it open and glanced at the contents.

"What time you get this?" he demanded.

"Dinner-time . . ."

The white man looked at him with faint admiration.

"You can travel," said he. "Bit of a record, I should say. What name you?"

"Alfred," replied the war-like apparition with a grin

"Great Scott! Which way you come . . . you savee how many miles?"

"L'il bit long way, boss. Plenty walk me come that way . ," and he pointed a straight arm to the ranges.

"ALL right. You go kitchen find 'em tucker," and he threw the native a plug of the particularly strong tobacco he happened to be smoking.

"Ta," grunted Alfred as he vanished.

"The letter is from Harry," Vince informed the others, re-reading. "To say our guest stayed with him last night, is proceeding today, and should be here by sundown. Those niggers can travel across country, but why on earth Harry should bother . . . Good lord!" he ejaculated in horror. "You fellows, listen to this: 'I'm warning you in time, old son, that there's a lady in the party. Thought you might like to know. She's the Professor's niece and secretary. Wears breeches, goggles, and short hair. Now you know the worst. I'm coming over soon to see how you are getting along!'"

There fell a constrained silence.

Then:

"Breeches, goggles, and short hair!" breathed Greene. "Oh, I say, what a dirty trick!"

In the midst of his lamentations, he remembered the prints adorning the walls. In two minds as to whether he should first pull down the one in the newly garnished bedroom, or those in the dining-room, he hesitated, and was lost.

"THE car, running sweetly, drew up to a nicety before the group of unhappy men.

In an instant all was uproar. A swarm of curious natives appeared. The amazing news of a "white falla missus" had spread like a bushfire. Cattle dogs ran barking on the scene. Fred Hollis, who had but that moment received the agonising information, rushed out with a lantern, for the sun had dipped below the horizon, and already the short dusk was shutting down.

The travel-stained car held three figures, and the first to detach itself clambered from a perch amid the piles of cases and swags in the back seat. Khaki-clad tall, thin as any bushman, it advanced with outstretched hand towards the manager, inquiring in a courtly voice.

"Mr. Vince, I take it? My name is Haugh . . ."

Leyton and Green did not listen to what followed. They were too busy watching the driver, who had leapt sideways over the closed door and stood stretching. The third occupant was obviously a hired man of some description, and this athletic creature the dreaded woman. She answered so terribly to description as far as the half-light permitted them to see! Leggings, breeches, a low-drawn leather hat, and great dark goggles.

The Professor had turned towards her, and was presenting the reluctant Vince.

"I feel I owe you an apology," he was saying, "for bringing my niece, but she must

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Seiznick, Orsatti, Schulberg are painted

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623020

really apologise for herself, as until the last moment I had no intention of letting her undertake this trip. However, I can only say I hope she will not very seriously inconvenience you. . . ."

The woman regarded Vince through her great glasses. Then:

"I'll try not to be in the way," said a voice whose youth and softness made more than one masculine heart jump in surprise. "I'm really a very accommodating person."

"I'm afraid we've not much room for comfort," Vince replied stiffly. "You mustn't expect too much. We were only prepared for your uncle. If you will have his room we shall be able to fit him in somewhere, I expect."

"Anywhere, anywhere," murmured the Professor. "Sleep anywhere, eat anything. Really, I have already seen so many unusual specimens in this magnificent country of yours. . . . Evelyn, you must look after the cases; that is all I ask."

Wondering what manner of woman was this, Vince introduced the men to her.

"Now, if you'll come," he said, "I'll show you your room. Bob, look after the Professor as best you can."

"Oh, I'd like that suitcase, please. And might I have a little hot water?"

"Certainly. Fred, bring some hot water for the young lady," and Vince strode on ahead.

Hollis turned away murmuring, "Hot water! Cripes, it'll be odyclone next, I suppose!"

Vince dumped the suitcase inside his erstwhile abode, struck a match and lit a candle, which was jammed into an empty pickle bottle.

"You'll find things rough, I'm afraid," he said brusquely. "But you must ask for anything you want. We have tea in half an hour, just across there, indicating the dining-room.

With that he left her. He was in a towering rage. Bad enough to have a woman; but it was insupportable to have one of this type. How he hated the sight of breeches! She'd be the very devil of a nuisance, he didn't mind betting, and not behindhand in asking for all manner of things they didn't possess. Drove the car, too, did she? One of the poking-her-nose-in sort as well. A woman should darned well be a woman. Disgusting!

Meanwhile, Evelyn surveyed her surroundings. She pulled off her goggles, wiped the dust from her face, and made a little moue of distaste.

"Well, well," said Evelyn to herself. "What a place! Ye gods, how these men live. Live! Exist is too bright a term." Her moving eye fell on first the texts and then Greene's Parisian print. Laughter deliciously curved her lips. "Well," she thought. "I wonder who put that there? Eve, too, of all things! Not that grumpy old manager with the awful beard. It must belong to the young one." Then she noticed a camphor-wood chest with the initials "A.V." on the lid. "V" for Vince. Must be his room. He hasn't left much of his character behind at any rate . . ."

TEA stood on the table. Just such a tea as any other night, except that Hollis had produced a cotton tablecloth from some forgotten corner. Bob Greene and Leyton stood talking to the Professor. They had both decided he was a decent sort in his own way. Vince regarded the dinner-table with a distasteful eye. For the first time he thought of all it lacked, was glad to see Fred had ransacked the store for a tin of butter, and had opened some canned fruit. Then he glanced at his watch. Already ten minutes had slipped past since the bell rang. The good woman would have to learn that theirs was a work-a-day world, and not think she could keep them all hanging round.

A quite audible gasp from Greene made him face about.

"Ever so sorry to be late," said Eve sweetly from the doorway.

Gone were the goggles and the breeches; the short hair was still there, shingled and soft and shining, round a face as delicate as almond blossom, and, as almond blossom, suggestive of the spring. Two blue eyes sparkled at them, two fresh lips curled into a mischievous smile, two slender white arms guiltless of sleeves pressed down the flounces of a frock of palest pink organdie, two slim ankles provoked attention in their smooth, flesh-colored hose.

None of these men had seen a white woman for over eighteen months. This girl, with her English fairness, smiled faintly at the impression she knew she created.

The meal began awkwardly. Vince, at the head of the table, was momentarily thankful for the chill May evening which had caused him to don a coat.

ONCE on the old earthern verandah the girl commanded the men to smoke, and produced a cigarette for herself, to Leyton's amazement and disgust. She swept the conversation along in the same breezy way, and though three pairs of legs yearned for the verandah rail, three pairs of lips were laughing more often than not. There fell a little pause. Eve rose from her decrepit cane chair.

"I'm turning in," she said. "The driving has made me tired. Good-night."

"We have breakfast at six," Vince told her, "but you . . ."

"Will be there," she answered. "And I won't be ten minutes late, either. You must not make any allowances for me because I am a woman!" she added for Vince's benefit.

"Heigh-ho!" she sighed to herself as she climbed into bed. "It is going to be rather sport, Eve, my dear. I really didn't think a woman about the place could make such a difference—or rather lack of one, I should say. A house and three men to play with—and a great, wide, glorious country to live in! Oh! but I'm glad I made Huffy let me come . . ."

"Pretty as paint," thought Vince, undressing. "As pleased with herself as can be. I know her sort, seen 'em by the hundred, all smokes and cocktails and dancing and conceit. Still, might be worse, I suppose . . ." and he dismissed her from his mind to dwell upon his beloved station.

"A good-looker," thought Leyton. "Turned Bob's head already. Seems good enough in her way, but it will end up in trouble yet, mark my words . . . Anyhow, me for the open, with no women around . . ." and he fell asleep over his last pipe.

"Some little girl!" thought Hollis. "I will just see if I kin remember 'ow to make them old tarts of me mother's termorrer."

"Lovely as the dawn," thought Greene, staring at the dark, and thinking a lot more unnecessary, futile thoughts.

And the slumbers of at least three out of four men were disturbed by a vision of youth with tantalising lips of laughter, which crossed and re-crossed the pattern of their dreams.

The professor slept in peace.

* * * * * *

Long before sun-up the homestead awakened and went about its business.

Vince, his orders issued for the day, remembered a flaw in the river crossing he meant to inspect, and seized the odd moment before breakfast that was his. He strode past his old room with eyes fixed straight ahead, thinking. "B'gad, there isn't a curtain or blind in the place. I'll have to see what Bob can rake up in the store . . . Fool that I was."

As his eyes swung round by the river he halted in half-stride.

Slim and boyish once more in shirt and breeches, with head bare, a cigarette rakishly drooping from her lips, the girl was also on a tour of inspection. Vince eyed her with hostility before marching ahead. At the sound of his step she swung neatly on her heel, kicked a pebble flying with an accurate aim, removing her cigarette, and bade him good-morning.

"I love the way your river is such a hidden surprise . . . I was just watching the watering . . ."

With a wave of her hand she drew his attention to the garden. From where they stood they could see two terraces of black earth, planted after the fashion of Chinese gardens in strips of luscious green, here and there beds covered by neatly-woven bush shades. The garden, midway down the river bank, overhung a thick vegetation of native trees engarlanded with pale mauve and pink convolvulus. Through the dark green leaves Eve caught the glitter of flowing water. Half a dozen blacks were at work, two hauling water from the river with a primitive arrangement of saplings and ropes and great bags made from untanned goat hide; the women, heads gay in scarlet handkerchiefs, carried the water from bed to bed, tediously dispensing it from kerosene-tin buckets with little dippers made from jam tins. Evelyn laughed in delight.

"On the way out, I saw them hauling water like that at Aden, at King Solomon's Tanks. I got a bit of a shock to see anything as old as the Bible, even there, but here . . . why, I thought this was supposed to be the newest country in the world!"

The bantering tones pricked Vince.

Without reply, however, he bounded down the steep track to the river's edge, leaping from one to the other of the stepping stones placed wide apart beside the wheel tracks. The girl watched him with a funny little smile on her lips. She liked the easy movements of his strong, lithe body. For a second she stood, then followed after. Vince, satisfied he would have to send a boy to fill up with stones a too-deep hole in the submerged roadway, turned to go back, and, to his astonishment, found Eve beside him.

"Take care," he warned promptly and abruptly.

"Oh! I can look after myself," she retorted, and the man, watching her return ahead of him, had to admit she could.

"Breeches are a great improvement on skirts," she provoked him. "Not nearly so hampering . . . in many ways . . ."

They climbed the bank in silence. Then:

"Leyton and I will be busy on the run, Miss Haugh," Vince informed her. "I hope you will make yourself as comfortable as you can and go to Mr. Greene for anything you want. Our small resources are at your command," he added quaintly, "but you will have to provide your own entertainment . . ."

"Easily done," replied Evelyn. "Besides, you forget I'm a busy woman—my uncle's official secretary. Looking after him is no light job! But there is only one thing

as well as staphyl

I really crave: give me a horse, Mr. Vince, and the world is mine!"

The man looked down at her.

"You can't go riding about here alone . . ."

"Why not?"

Vince gave no reply. He thought: "For the excellent reason I'll have to know you can ride, young lady. I am not risking any broken neck or limbs with a doctor two hundred miles away."

WHEN he returned to the quarters he found Leyton engaged in rolling his swag.

"What's that for?" he queried.

"Oh! thought I might as well take a look-see at the Old Man water-hole after going with you to the 10-mile to-day. No one bin there for donkey's years," replied the stockman innocently.

"Think again, then, Leyton," grinned Vince. "I have a job for you to-morrow. You can get out on the run and stay there after you take Miss Haugh for a ride."

The stockman's language was unprintable. The sum total of his speech indicated that he would see Vince further first; what did he think he, Leyton, was—a blooming English groom? And, anyway, what was wrong with Greene taking her?

Vince and Leyton wasted no time after breakfast, their horses were waiting with a native. Hollis brought out their tucker bag. The manager strapped a water-bag to his saddle, and a moment later the two rode off.

The Professor, strung round with bottles, departed riverwards. Evelyn was left alone on the desolate verandah, just long enough for all its discomforts to display themselves in the full light of day. Then Greene ran up with a joyful smile.

"I say, isn't this great," he exculted. "I've got the whole day to do as your Royal Highness desires. Yours to command—mine but to obey. Behold in me the Genii of the Magic Lamp. What shall we do first?"

Evelyn laughed at his eagerness.

"What has Mr. Vince been saying?" she asked.

"The boss told me to let you do as you like with the place, and to give, get or invent those things needful to your comfort."

"Then I shall start straight away," said Eve. "I'll have a good look round, Mr. Greene, and then I'll come to ransack your store. The Genii shall produce his treasures. I'd like to see Fred—what should I really call him, that sounds slightly forward—and his kitchen first."

"Fire ahead, then; I'll follow on . . ."

The hours passed all too swiftly. To old Hollis, who was planning wonders of culinary perfection, to Greene already in love with the idea of adoring this lovely lady, to the girl, amused by such evident admiration and busy at contriving additions of comfort and elegance to her present uncongenial habitation. Not so the hours with Vince. For some strange reason the day dragged, the sun beat down without mercy as he and the stockman rode mile after mile across the treeless plains between waters. They returned to the homestead at sundown, hot, dust-coated, a thousand flies making black patterns on their shoulders, both of them weary and silent.

No "boys" came running to take the horses in answer to the manager's shout. Vince looked darkly round, and his angry eye beheld an unusual sight. Standing, squatting, sitting before the verandah was a vastly interested gathering of natives. Stock boys in dirty khaki, one or two demi-gens of the camp with bodies smeared in red ochre, guilty only of wholly inadequate belts; fat gins and terribly thin gins; little naked piccaninnies, all talking, laughing, merrily gesticulating.

"What the deuce . . ." muttered Vince into his beard, jumping from the saddle and striding housewards.

SUDDENLY the syncopated melody of a fox-trot floated out to him.

"Crikey, a gramophone!" exclaimed Leyton from the rear.

The smouldering annoyance which had piqued Vince all day burst to flame. How dared this chit of a girl so disorganise the whole place. This was the first time not one of his natives had come in answer to his call. Dangerously flicking his stock-whip, he halted an instant. His eyes came to rest on Eve; slowly the spark of wrath died out. So cool she looked, so fresh and sweet, seated at ease in one of the old chairs, a scrap of delicate sewing in her lap, arms clasped behind her head, lips curling with laughter at the antics of one small black man-child.

"It's the first gramophone they've heard," she said, gazing up at him, "and they are too thrilled for words. It's only my wee portable one—but I'm surprised you've never had one, Mr. Vince.

"No time for such things," he retorted.

"Oh, but! Surely life isn't all work and no play."

"Up here it is, as you will soon find out, Miss Haugh," he replied stiffly, and retreated.

After tea the girl started her gramophone once more. The professor retired almost immediately, for he meant to rise with the dawn, but Vince sat on, smoking his pipe in silence, the music of old soft songs reminding him of long-forgotten days.

LITTLE black Sally, wriggling with excitement, aped towards the camp. Skinny brown fingers held her one garment of turkey-red about her waist, skinner brown legs leapt the scrub, regardless of double-gee or prickles. Her big velvet eyes sparkled for the first time in their ten years of existence. She lived in a perpetual tumult of delight. Never had so many wonderful and amusing things happened before. In the old days one had gathered wood and washed the dishes, one had eaten one's tucker, learnt to sing corroboree songs, and been pleased with the poor sport of a dog fight. But now! Each succeeding day brought some fresh entertainment.

"Kuddi-kuddi," she shrilled, "that one white feller njorli go walk-about alonga horse, Kuddi-kuddi! Hurry!"

At the sound of her voice the somnolent blacks sitting in the shade of a cork-bark tree awoke. The women broke into chatterings and gigglings. More than one seized a dress to drag over her naked person before making for the homestead.

The entire household was gathered before the verandah. Leyton sat his horse in grim silence, his eyes on Vince and the girl. Evelyn had come joyously forth carrying a rifle, and she was loth to part with it. Vince requested her to leave it behind.

"But," she pleaded. "I love shooting. I'm quite used to riding with a gun—do let me take it."

"No," answered the man. "I cannot and will not allow you to run risks. If you are going, will you please mount?" he added coldly.

With the merest suggestion of a shrug Eve turned to the grey mare. Held by a native, the beautiful beast stood pawing the earth, impatient of the least restraint.

"Get Leyton to take it for you," suggested Greene, as he darted forward to help the girl mount.

"Good idea! Mr. Leyton," she smiled. "Will you take it, just in case——"

She held the fire arm out to him.

"What next?" he muttered, nevertheless he took it.

Vince looked directly at her.

"I hope you will find something to shoot," he said.

Evelyn could not decide whether he was being sarcastic or not. But once in the saddle she did not wait to think. With a gay wave, she headed for the open country.

"Eve is a good shot," remarked the professor pacifically, "and quite at home on a horse."

"But I am sure you understand I cannot afford to take risks."

"Quite, quite, Mr. Vince. In any case," he chuckled, "it does Eve good not to have her own way all the time!"

"Spoilt young devil," said Vince to the storekeeper as they moved away.

"I bet she always gets it in the end," grinned Bob.

Leyton did not follow the girl for long without realising her worth as a horsewoman. He was not to know she had been born and bred in the fox-hunting counties of England, where a good seat and gallant carriage count for more than any beauty of face or charm of personality.

Evelyn revelled in the beauty of her surroundings. As they neared the ranges the grass gave way to scrub intermingled with trees and great cairns of stones. Blue and purple shadows lay in the gullies, the great red cliffs made a wall against the sky far above their heads. Presently they were riding single file up one of the gullies. Crags hemmed them in on either side, the grass rustled lush and rank about the swollen bloated trunks of three huge boabab trees, yellow hibiscus flowers challenged the variegated greens, throwing their petals over the cattle pad. Eve halted with a sudden cry of delight.

At their feet lay a pool of water, a sheet of molten gold, reflecting the blazing red-yellow of the sunlight on the cliffs overhead.

"Pretty, ain't it?" said Leyton. "Thought maybe it was the sort of thing a lady's like. I often come here after cattle, and I always reckon it's good—not that I'm a judge . . ."

"Has it got a name?" asked the girl.

"A nigger one. You listen."

Putting his hands to his lips, the man gave a ringing shout. Clear and soft the word came back to them, each syllable distinct: "Mujillabberra."

"Why," said Evelyn, "that's the name of this station!"

"Yes; takes it from here. There's some sort of native yarn . . ."

"Oh, tell me," she cried.

"I'm no hand at talking," said Leyton, already feeling the strain of so much conversation. "But it's something about a black princess called Mujillabberra, who was bathing ere—tho' I never seen 'em bathing for choice meself!—when a bad man she didn't like tried to make out with her. But she sang out to her god, or debbil-debbil, or some chap like that, and got turned into one of them blue lilies. The bad feller was made over into a 'gater. That being

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623022

the tale of 'ow the lilies and 'gaters first come to Kimberley."

"You don't mean to tell me there's a crocodile in that pool?"

"Oh, no, but there are a few around about the country in different places."

"Oh," she shuddered. "How beastly! They're the vilest things. But I think this is one of the loveliest spots I've ever seen."

"There's another tale, too," said Leyton, quite wound up by this time. "Only it's true—'appened in my time. See that boab tree there—the one with the hole in it? Well, the police were out after a buck called Bungeye. He was wanted for spearing a white man he'd worked for, way up near Small's Creek. Real devil he was. Bin a police boy himself in his time—they're always the worst. They were after him a long time, too, and he did another fellow in before he'd finished. But they ran him to earth here in the end. An' I don't think they'd have caught him then, only there was a drought on, and he got forced here for water—right out of his own country. This being a permanent spring.

"Well, they cornered him here, close up nightfall. An' they fixed him up cosy-like inside thet there tree. Took him into Derby later on and hanged 'im. They christened it the 'Lock-up' then, and most people call it that still, instead of Mujillabberra."

"Quite an historical spot," laughed Evelyn. "I always believe in threes, Mr. Leyton! Surely there is another story?"

"Not that I know of. Unless the day I was out looking for another spring I reckoned to be over among them pandanus palms close against the rocks. I found a native skeleton there, up on a ledge. But I reckon it was only just buried there. You can see it from the track. I'll show you in a minute."

They threaded their way back in silence. The stockman broke the spell.

"There!—see?"

"Oh, yes—I can just make out a ledge. "Oh!" she whispered excitedly, "whatever is that? There's something moving! Quick, what is it?"

"A dog!" exclaimed Leyton. He swung the gun. "Oh! give it to me," she pleaded, "quickly, quickly, he's going."

The dingo had been shuffling round the old bones. Now, disturbed by their voices, he was making off, a scarce discernible red shadow against the red rocks. The girl brought the gun to her shoulder, took an instant's aim, and fired.

The report echoed like a thunderclap. The grey mare leapt to one side then, riderless, galloped off down the ravine. Evelyn struggled to her feet from the midst of a hibiscus bush. The stockman was trying to quieten his own beast, anxious eyes constantly turning towards the girl.

"I'm quite safe," she shouted. "What about the horse?"

Leyton nodded in answer to her reassurances, dug his heel in at the flanks, and galloped after the mare. Headlong he rode. Eve marvelling at the direction he chose. But presently she saw he had taken the shorter line of a triangle. The grey mare beheld rock ahead; as she swerved the man caught up with her, and, half leaning from his saddle, jerked up the reins. They charged on at breakneck pace together till, with a sharp twist, he faced both horses towards the rocks. The effect was magical. They slowed up long before any harm could befall.

He was back and down beside Evelyn in no time.

"No," she protested in answer to his worried inquiries "No, I'm not in the least bit hurt. Only my pride. I thought I could ride until I watched you now."

"So you can. I never seen an Australian girl wot could ride better," said he, and Eve rightly guessed that to be his highest praise. "An' the report of that there gun was enough to raise the dead. 'Ow's the dingo?"

"I don't know," said she, turning to look. Leyton's weather-beaten blue eyes were not long in picking out a soft still mass high among the rocks.

"By cripes, you got him! That's what I call a shot! What a pity I can't git up there for the pelt. Some shot—him moving up there in the shadders!"

"I've had a heavenly day," Eve sighed as they drew near the homestead. "May I come out with you some other time, Mr. Leyton?"

"Would yer like to come all day to some of the water-holes and boil the billy with me?"

"I'd love it."

"Done," said he, a smile lighting his lined face.

THE storekeeper was busy with his toilet when Leyton strolled in. The older man leant up against the lintel, rolling and re-rolling a pipeful of tobacco in the palm of his hand. At length he broke the silence.

"Bob," he said awkwardly, "got any ties in yer store?"

Greene turned in amazement, his eyebrows lifted in mocking inquiry.

"How are the mighty fallen," he murmured. "You're a sly dog, old man. I suppose you put in some good work out there, though you did pretend to hate going. I haven't got any ties, but I'll lend you one of mine—though only on condition you don't try to cut me out!"

"Quit yer fooling," growled Leyton, "an' give me the tie. It's up ter us ter look a bit decent, with a lady round."

"Them's my sentiments, sir. But they weren't yours this time yesterday."

THE three men who sat down to the evening meal with the professor and his niece were very different from the bushmen of a week earlier. The difference was not alone one of ties and coats; far more subtle the suggestion of a change of outlook, an awakening to the finer points of life, typified by the bowl of Darwin creeper which graced the table, trailing its deep blue flowers along the cloth.

The days slipped into weeks. Evelyn reigned supreme. Each morning she worked with her uncle; beyond that the professor lost himself entirely in investigations which grew more engrossing as his field of inquiry widened.

Three men were Evelyn's devoted slaves, the aloof courtesy of the fourth gave piquancy to the situation, arousing in her a determination to break through his armor of indifference. Half for this reason, half because she liked the lad, she flirted outrageously with Greene.

For a time the poor boy lived in the seventh heaven. She danced with him, laughed with him, teased him.

Sometimes she went out the whole day with Leyton. Very occasionally alone with Vince himself.

In the house Evelyn had already made many changes, but so unobtrusively that the men were scarcely aware of any difference. Hollis alone knew. But Hollis worshipped the ground she walked on, savored the intense joy of satisfaction.

One day she found an old bolt of cretonne; doubtless included by mistake in the order of some bygone year. With Bob Greene's assistance it was pulled from its corner, and soon curtains graced the dining-room windows, gay cushions the old verandah chairs. Evelyn wondered to herself if Vince would mind. She thought: "He can't. After all, I'm not doing any harm, and the poor things will be so much more comfortable.

Alan Vince rode in one morning a week later. Dusty and sunburnt, his black beard untrimmed, he went straight to his old room in search of Evelyn. Through the wide open door the man could see the whole interior. He hesitated in amazement. Fresh muslin curtains were ruched across the windows, spotless white linen, covered by a cretonne counterpane, graced the bed, three or four cushions making further gay notes of color. His chest of drawers glittered with silver toilet appurtenances, a beautiful rose kimono trailed across his camphor wood box. Evelyn herself stood at the washstand arranging a great bowl of blue water-lilies, gathered from a nearby pool.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered in embarrassment.

"Why, Mr. Vince," she exclaimed. Then, with a merry twinkle in her eye at the sight of his awkwardness: "You haven't seen your room since I came. Can you recognise it?"

"Hardly. How did you manage to do so well?" he asked, his momentary shyness vanished.

"Bob and I did it," she answered. "All out of things we found—for I took you at your word. Wait till you see everything."

"Not now. I came to get you. The cattle are only a couple of miles away, so if you want to see them you must come at once."

"I won't be a moment . . ."

WHILE he waited, Vince looked in at the dining-room. He thought: "There is no doubt a woman is clever at things, the place seems a lot more homelike . . . She calls him Bob, does she? I'm afraid the lad is going to have a bad time . . . I wish the old boy would hurry up and take her away before any damage is done . . ."

"I'm afraid you must find it dull here," was what he said as they cantered over the plain. "We are so far from the usual track and have so few visitors—but there will be two to-day. Do you remember staying at Gaynor's place on the way up? Well, Harry Gaynor and a chap called Rawton are coming over this afternoon."

"I expect they will be as charming as all the other men up here," was Evelyn's only comment.

The man shot a swift look at his companion, but her expression conveyed nothing. Vince did not know what to make of the girl, though more than once he was surprised to find himself longing to shake her. He would have been equally surprised had he known how thoroughly she reciprocated his feelings.

They rode on in silence, unbroken until the man drew Eve's attention to the distant mob. The beasts moved across the plain, a thin trail of dust marking their progress. At first they seemed a mere speck in the wilderness, but as the two riders drew close, Evelyn gained a clear impression of the herd, could see the horsemen riding

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623023

on either side, the dogs ever alert lest some unruly brute make a break for the open. Leyton came over to meet them, a week's growth of beard intensifying the blue of his ever-observant eyes.

"Glad ter see yer, Missie," he greeted Evelyn, with a flourish of his hat. "What do you think of our mob?"

"Not too bad," she answered. "But I'd like to see them break, everyone riding madly after them."

"Heaven send they don't," said Vince. "String 'em out, Leyton, and take the count to check me. We've wasted enough time as it is."

The stockman trotted across to the head of the mob, shouting directions as he went. In a second the whips were cracking, the dogs yelping. As if by magic, the leaders of the herd were urged forward until the mob stretched out on the plain, the bullocks straggling in single file across sufficient distance for each one to be distinct.

"Three hundred and twenty-three," said Vince to Leyton as the stockman joined them once more. The older man nodded assent as he turned to greet two more dusty horsemen who rode towards them through the rustling grass. In one Evelyn recognised Harry Gaynor; the other was a young giant, too big to look his best in the saddle. His bold brown eyes roved over the girl as they were introduced.

"Miss Haugh, Mr Rawton," said Vince.

"Pleased to meet you," said the newcomer, half-holding out an enormous paw. Evelyn broke the law of the bush, bowing distantly in acknowledgment. She took an instant dislike to Rawton. The expression of his eyes, a somewhat protuberant lower lip, above all the suggestion of latent animal strength in his pose, all filled her with distaste. Yet it was very soon evident that Rawton was far from experiencing any similar aversion.

Leyton bade them all farewell and went back to his work. He hoped to travel some miles on his journey to the coast before sundown. The bullocks mooched off to the west, a white drover and two niggers guiding their movements. The departing stockman turned for a final wave of his hat.

EVELYN dressed with more than usual care that afternoon, well aware of many eyes to appreciate her efforts. When she reached the dining-room she found Greene alone. He was standing beside the gramophone.

"Come and dance, Mam-selle," he begged. "I've not seen you all day."

"Surely I might have that pleasure?" interrupted Rawton's voice from the doorway. Evelyn noticed a frown darken Greene's face. She had seen the same expression there when first he heard of Rawton's arrival. Not knowing what to do, loathing the idea of dancing with the man, Evelyn groped for words. But Rawton gave her no opportunity to refuse. He simply put his arms around her and began to dance. Evelyn had avoided his hand, now she shrank in his embrace. Round and round they went, round and round, till in her vertigo the girl forgot all else, clinging for support to the iron strength of his arm.

Alan Vince appeared just as the music stopped, in time to see Evelyn standing with Rawton's arm about her waist, apparently acquiescing while Bob glared at them both.

"Miss Haugh," Vince said, coldly. "Hollis has put tea on the verandah. Will you please come and pour out?"

His tone aroused resentment, but Evelyn answered merrily enough.

"As soon as I recover, Mr. Rawton's dancing has been too much for me!"

The afternoon dragged. Rawton kept his eyes fixed on the girl. She had beheld that expression in too many masculine eyes to doubt its meaning. More often than not, it gave an extra sparkle to her own, a greater zest to her words. Now she tried in vain to shake off a vague dread, which she felt to be ridiculous.

She retired to her room until the clatter of the tea gong aroused her. She sprang lightly to her feet, gave her fair hair a few swift pats of the brush, and darted across to the dining-room, the light of battle shining in her eyes. Never before had Evelyn looked so well, never had she talked with such animation, nor been so apt with piquant repartee.

WHILE the remains of the meal were being cleared away she leant against the rough wooden mantel. A great log blazed in the open brick fireplace, for though the days be warm the inland nights are often frosty-cold. Alan Vince, deep in conversation with the Professor, became increasingly conscious of a desire to look at Eve.

He wrenched his thoughts back to the Professor, doing his best to forget the distracting vision, to pay no heed to the chatter of youthful tongues. But presently Evelyn's clear voice forced itself upon his ears as she had meant it should, and the subject of their argument was one even more ancient than the theories of Professor Haugh.

"It seems to me," Evelyn was stating in her most imperious way, "that you men up here have no use for women . . ."

There rose an instant chorus of dissent.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Bob Greene in outraged tones, "how can you . . ."

"You're the exception that proves the rule, Bob. But take Mr Gaynor—I'm sure he has little time for them."

"Never thought about it," he answered with an uncomfortable grin, reddening to his ears. "But——" he stammered, and could get no further, yet his manner plainly said what his tongue refused to frame—that he had in fact any amount of time for his fair inquisitor.

"You're quite wrong," drawled Rawton, with thinly-covered insinuation. "They're all that makes life worth living."

Evelyn thought: "How I hate the man." But aloud she cried:

"Hear, hear! At last I hear one bushman make a gallant speech! Only I'm afraid I could not wring such an admission from Leyton, were he here, while, as for Mr. Vince—I can sum up his opinion quite easily."

The man looked up at sound of his own name, to meet her challenging glance.

"Now, tell me if I don't speak the truth—I made this little limerick up in his honor:

"There once was a man called Vince,
Whose tale to relate you I wince.
For he fled to the bush,
To 'scape feminine "push,"
And has never been heard of since!"

The mocking voice ceased. There followed a moment's frozen silence. Then uproarious laughter greeted the sally. They had not quite known at first how to take it.

Evelyn, watching Vince, saw his eyelids narrow.

"Touche," she murmured to herself.

"Very clever," smiled the victim, biting his tongue to keep back a bitter retort, which his courtesy forbade. "But even so, I have not succeeded." Drowned in the general laughter, the incident died a natural death.

Hour after hour slipped by till Vince, knocking out his pipe, reminded them that two at least must be on the track soon after sun-up.

"I'll go with you fellows as far as the Rock Hole," he finished. Then he deliberately turned to Evelyn, "Would you care to come, too?" he asked.

"Of course . . ."

THE day was yet young when on the morrow the two from the homestead said farewell to their visitors. A glorious morning; a morning of clear blue sky, or golden light, of wide vistas of grass and plain and mountain; just such a morning as when the world was young. Man and maid rode on in silence, though the exhilaration entered into Evelyn's veins and she could scarce restrain herself from once more racing the grey mare, just to try her mettle against her beautiful black stable-mate.

Vince spoke first, as Evelyn meant he should. For the first time he made a personal remark: the reason of his invitation was explained.

"You are a very impudent young lady," said he, looking at her with disconcerting straightness. "Do you think the sort of thing you said last night is good to say to a man before a lot of boys, one of them in his employ?"

"Oh, la, la!" she rippled. "So I hurt your dignity?" She twisted in her saddle to face him with quick seriousness. "Have you heard of the spirit of perversity? If I remember rightly, it is Edgar Allan Poe who says somewhere that 'Perversity is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart'—and I am very sorry to say it is just that naughty inclination which Alan Vince awakens in me!" Inwardly she thought triumphantly, "At last! He doesn't seem to have a very good opinion of you, Eve, but at least you have pierced that impersonal aura!"

"Perversity's other name is doubtless woman," retorted the man, with just the faintest suspicion of what in one less wholesome-minded, would have been a sneer.

"Say rather the modern girl—and in particular Evelyn Haugh, when she makes cheap rhymes and behaves in a manner unbecoming to her sex." Dropping her bantering tone, Eve made sweet amends. "I am truly sorry, Mr. Vince . My tongue is quicker than my common sense at times, and I often say things I afterwards regret."

Vince, very conscious of her beguiling charm, was embarrassed by the gracious completeness of her apology. He felt himself to have been an unmannerly brute.

BY unspoken consent they declared a truce, she and Vince. Now Leyton was away they were much together, for Evelyn lived more and more in the saddle, and perhaps her uncle's notes were not so carefully compiled as of yore. Vince, who never grew quite accustomed to her independence, would often ask her to accompany him. Great was his surprise to find how much she knew about stock and how easily subjects of natural interest presented themselves.

When Vince talked of London and Paris she often tried to visualise him in a city setting, yet she could only see him as he rode by her side, tall, lithe, in khaki shirt and moleskins, his black beard obscuring his face.

Yet in spite of his improved attitude, Evelyn could not forbear to tease him. She

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Selznick, Orsatti, Schulberg are twisted

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623024

THE DISQUIETING SEX

found ample opportunities in the evenings to show him, with Bob's eager assistance, just how much a woma can count, though at this stage the girl herself was unawakened to what depths that "how much" can go.

Rawton, too, put in a second, and then a third, appearance at the homestead, on matters of no great importance. Vince was relieved to notice the girl distinctly cooler on his third visit, but would not have been so complacent had he known the reason, for, on a previous occasion, Rawton had found her alone and became too personal in his attentions.

One evening the professor and Vince chanced on Evelyn beneath a large shady Bohemia tree. The low sun lit to vivid scarlet the long red beams and gleamed on the black skin of a small rotund piccaninny, leaning against her white dress. To one side squatted a piccaninny on her haunches, her hands tapping rhythmic time to the corroboree song she shrilled with huge delight. She was ballet mistress and orchestral conductor in one. On either side were younger maids still in the piccaninny stage, sitting on their little naked thighs, beating time with hands or stones, high-pitched voices rising and falling with uncanny unison. Before these ladies danced their small brothers, naked save for an occasional loincloth or red handkerchief.

The two men looked on amused by the pretty sight.

"Aren't they sweet?" Evelyn queried, "but I should love to see a real corroboree—the proper dressed-up sort, not just a cobber cobber."

"A bit difficult," said Vince, smiling. "I'm afraid the niggers share what you call a bushman's prejudice. Miss Haugh. Women are taboo from the really big affairs."

Further speech was drowned in an unexpected hubbub. Two lubras, with the startling capacity of aborigines for stepping apparently from nowhere, scattered the children to right and left in an excited effort to seize the girl-children. Obeying instructions, these small persons shielded their eyes, the tiniest burrowing scared heads into the gins' scanty robes.

The boy piccaninnies gaped open-mouthed towards the river.

FOLLOWING the direction of their gaze the white party saw half a dozen bucks swinging towards them. Much lighter in color and taller in stature than the Mulilabberra tribe in the late sunlight they might have been living bronzes. They travelled light, clad but in yudina or belts of human hair, each carrying a couple of spears, with kylies thrust like daggers into the greasy belts. Already some of the station boys had joined them.

Vince walked across to make inquiries.

"Strangers," he told the others a few moments later. "Never seen 'em here before. Their country is over 100 miles away—don't know how they managed to get through as there's a hostile mob between; still, here they are, and they've come to make corroboree on the full moon, which happens to be to-morrow night.

"Oh," breathed Eve, "any hope——?"

"Not a single one! I'll take the Professor if he wants to come, but you will have to wait. Perhaps they will carry on again next night . . ."

All day long on the morrow the native camp hummed with excitement. Eve slipped down with Sally to see the preparations. Some yards away a space had been cleared, and a high bush fence erected. Piles of wood and spinifex stood ready to feed the fire. Both men and women were hard at work on fearful and miraculous headdresses.

That night she listened to their songs as she lay in bed.

Towards morning she could still hear them; drowsily she wondered would they ever cease. At breakfast her uncle was full of the spectacle he had witnessed. "Wonderful," said he, "wonderful. We must see what they will do this evening."

Accordingly about 8 o'clock they set out. Evelyn wrapped in a big coat, stumbled along the narrow track after Vince; the Professor, and Bob Greene followed on behind.

The chant rose and fell as they drew near. It is impossible to describe that age-old song. Almost without music, it yet holds an endless refrain like no other melody.

"What's that funny noise like a drum?" asked Evelyn, and was told to wait and see.

She shrank back against Bob as a wild figure leapt to meet them. A gigantic headdress towered over a ghastly white face. The black body was invisible against the night, but the legs and arms of a skeleton were drawn in white clay, and a pattern of tiny feathers stuck on by blood covered the entire torso. The grinning head thrust towards the girl.

"Me Jimmy, Missie; big one pretty feller."

Evelyn, relieved, murmured that it was a matter of opinion. Presently they were there, seated on boxes Vince had caused to be sent down earlier in the day. The corroboree was in full swing.

At their feet squatted a semi-circle of gins and piccaninnies, the central figure a decorated old man who tapped out the time with two smooth battens. As they sang the lubras beat their naked thighs with their hands, making the queer, hollow sound which Evelyn had mistaken for a drum.

From behind the bush screen issued lines of men, each buck painted feathered, capering beneath a gigantic headdress. Some carried spears and boomerangs, but the majority held a small bush in each hand.

Up and down went sinewy, painted knees, mud came regular feet in the dust, swish went the little bushes from side to side, "oom-a, oom-a," grunted 20 gutteral voices; wilder and wilder grew the chorus, harder and harder thumped the stamping feet, till with a culminating yell the bucks threw their arms aloft, running together in the centre. Back they crowded to the screen, while the chorus droned softly on.

Again they came and again repeating the whole performance. Sometimes a warrior would stamp right up to the old man, among the gins would sing a few mighty words, shaking the long shaft of a spear on high as he sang, before rejoining the rest. Evelyn wondered how long this would last.

The fire had almost died out. Surrounded by the black night the scene became more nightmarish than ever, like a dance of horrible ghosts or the imaginings of a tortured brain. Suddenly the flames shot into the air, a new refrain drifted into the chant. Right into the circle of light leapt a single man.

"The dance of the bia," murmured Vince into Evelyn's ear.

The dancer leapt, landing on bent knees, with empty hands held stiffly out to either side. His huge headdress, trimmed with grass and feathers, finished in a beak which projected far over his face, ghastly with stripes of white clay. This way and that he danced, almost on bent knees, agile and graceful as an acrobat.

Twirling and spinning he drew close to the old man, there crouching, the giant beak swaying from side to side, lower and lower till it pecked at the ground. Then up and away, light as the bird itself.

Dance followed dance, each movement symbolic of bush life. Carrion crows cawed, raucous and ravenous about the body of a dead man, finally carrying him off in triumph; dingoes howled faint and far, coming nearer and nearer till Eve shivered at the realism of the long-drawn wails; crocodiles slithered in the dust, and snakes—ah! that was truly uncanny.

Right back against the screen gathered the hideous forms—a sibilant hiss rose above the women's song. Closer they came and closer. Not a movement visible, almost as though some devilish power drew them of its own vile accord.

Each painted body was still as a corpse—not an arm stirred, not an eye turned. A practically motionless shuffle impelling them on, an intricate exercise of the muscles and calf and ankle, remarkable in its achievement.

The lubras gave but on exhibition, a somewhat feeble affair after the magnificent bucks. Their bodies, ochre-smeared, glistened in the firelight.

GREAT wreaths of pink and white convolvulus and yellow hibiscus formed their own decoration. Quite evidently the exhibition was regarded as an unusual happening, or perhaps the women, always more imaginative than the men, had already felt the restraining hand of civilisation.

But whatever the cause, the abandonment, the art of the men was not theirs. Lack of technique easily buried itself beneath a pandemonium of excitement. Piccaninnies capered like little black imps, even the pack of mongrel dogs evinced sufficient interest to yelp further accompaniment.

Presently a spear was thrust upright in the earth at the centre of the clearing, and the six strangers made a new corroboree. Round and round the spear they trod, springing on their toes, in great leaps that yet kept time-perfect.

They might have been demons, the weird and horrible figments of some Dore's fevered imaginings, demons leaping round the darts of hell itself. Suddenly three of them gave a mighty bound, alighting on the shoulders of their fellows, who scarcely halting to adjust their balance, leapt on. Back to earth jumped the riders, and their movements changed.

A strange cry issued from their throats, their arms shot alternately forward and back as though pulling invisible ropes, round and round and round, till the onlookers grew dizzy from very watching.

The stench of sweating natives soiled the night air, thicker than the smoke-dust from the trampled ground, the dancers stamped on in greater frenzy. A spear hurtled overhead.

The white men sprang to their feet. Vince reassuring the girl as he helped her up.

"They've got a bit excited, but it doesn't mean anything—the spears are always covered at corroborees. But it's time we went; with these strange men things might brighten up . . ."

More than one stock-boy, scarcely to be recognised beneath his livid paint, gathered excitedly about them.

"Him orright," explained Jimmy. "Him feller no hurt; him play-play."

"Mind him stop play-play," answered Vince. "No humbug. Good-night."

He disappeared in the darkness after the

as well as stophyl

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623025

others. When he caught them up they were standing to inhale long draughts of pure lily-scented air.

TORPID noonday silence hung like some solid substance over a dirty collection of iron buildings, which, red with dust, graced a tiny hillock. The walls rose straight from a mud floor, an ill-built lean-to doing duty as verandah.

From the roof hung a heterogeneous mass of harness, a bag of onions, and a rope line, whence fluttered various articles of male attire. Dead matches and empty boxes strewed the ground. A miniature whirlwind eddied from space, fluttering scraps of rubbish and paper in a spiral of dust.

On a rough bunk lounged young Rawton. His couch offered no promise of ease, for its mattress was composed of greenhide interlaced between four stakes driven into the earth.

For all that he presented a picture of absolute relaxation, his hat tilted over his eyes to shade them from the sun, his pipe precariously hanging from the corner of his mouth.

The unattractive buildings threw long reflections into a sheet of water stretching clear as a mirror at the foot of the rise. Tall, elegantly white-stemmed gumtrees lined the edge of the billabong, their grey-green foliage flecked by a flock of cockatoos resting like a mass of white blossom on the topmost boughs.

One rose screeching in the air, to be followed instantly by the rest, the sound of their harsh cries tearing the hot air. A half-caste piccaninny ran up the hill, his high-pitched, excited tones directing his dog after a cat. A man appeared in the doorway. Peace was fled.

"Get out of this," he bellowed, striding after the child and sending him flying with a well-aimed cuff. "What do yer mean by bringing yer dirty mongrels round the place?" He essayed another blow, but the piccaninny was more than half-way down the hill. The dog had vanished.

His coarse features still reddened by anger, the man turned his attention to young Rawton. For decency's sake his language must be censored; he would as soon thought of turning teetotal as of opening his mouth to speak without a torrent of lurid words.

"Here, yer lazy beast," he addressed the recumbent figure. "Lend me a hand with the books."

"Blimey if I do, Dad," answered the young fellow without altering his position. "To-day's Sunday."

"Sunday! Sunday! And any one 'ud think yer'd turned holy ter hear yer talk! Lying there in the sun like a sleepy dog. You hop up!"

"Not me. I'm thinking."

"Thinking!" roared the cattleman. "Why not say prayin', and be done with it—a pretty saint you make. I'll stake me oath it's a girl yer thinking about."

"Too right it is."

The man regarded his son curiously for a moment before breaking into a rough laugh.

"You're a bright 'un, an' no mistake. You and yer girls! Who's it this time?"

"DAD, it's serious this time," answered young Rawton, getting up with sudden alacrity. "You'll have to build a decent place, for I'm going to get married!"

"Married—you!" incredulous unbelief tinged the sarcasm of his voice. "Tell me something new!"

"Just what I am. And she is the neatest little thing you ever saw."

"Who the devil are you gassing about?"

"That girl over at Vince's, the Professor's niece."

At first Rawton's father thought he was being fooled.

"Garn! There's her uncle to reckon with—and Vince."

"The uncle is less than nothing—and Vince, why he can't even look after his own rickety cattle."

"Dunno about that. Once or twice lately I've fancied he's taken a tumble. But he can't touch us, so it don't matter. But maybe he's sweet on this girl, too, and then you'll 'ave ter look out."

He turned and re-entered the shack. His son followed slowly. Inside the two men bent over the station ledgers, spread haphazard on the uneven boards of a rough table.

The heat from a low iron roof grew terrific; flies buzzed in and out the open door which led to an untidy kitchen, settling in dozens on an old tin lamp hanging above the table; a stack of flour and sugar bags reached almost to the roof, and rows of jam and other tins lined two rude shelves; kerosene cases filled one side, empty ones served the men as seats, the corners were shoulder-high with bales of various goods. This one room did duty for many—store-room, office, dining-room.

Except for the kitchen and some rickety outhouses, it comprised the entire accommodation of the homestead. The cattleman must have listed his orders and done his business beneath some recognised name, but through the length and breadth of the country Rawton's served the purpose, and it is doubtful if any other name for the place was even known.

The owner had been a teamster before he selected his present holding. The run was a small one, but the country good. For years he had plodded along, building up a small herd.

Success attended his efforts, although, perhaps, his prosperity partook of a nature which could ill afford the investigation of the law.

Presumably there had once been a Mrs. Rawton to account for his son, but even in the boy's earliest recollections of himself as a tiny fellow, bumping along, perched high on the loading behind a team of donkeys, there remained no shadow of a woman.

At first Rawton employed a man on the run, but when his son returned from south, where he had been sent to school, they together undertook the whole business. The cattleman was not sorry to see the last of his employee.

Thereafter, only on the rarest occasions did he hire labor, and then seldom for any but contract work. He felt, left alone with his son, he could do better justice to the station.

Quite possibly he was right. He wrung good service from his native stock-boys, and a gin cooked sufficiently well to please his rough palate. He ruled them literally with a rod of iron, as many had reason to know—and they told no tales. For the first time he felt really safe, and the station prospered.

Never for a moment did Rawton, sen., imagine the recital he had just heard to signify anything. Young Bill married was an unthinkable absurdity. Besides, the girl was a professor's daughter or niece or something.

Sixty miles or more away across the sunlit plains, the unconscious object of young Rawton's imaginings rode alone. No breath of fear disturbed her confidence, it is doubtful if a thought of Rawton crossed her mind after she once dismissed him as an unpleasant subject.

Evelyn had been out some hours, bent on a project of her own. Long ago she made up her mind to find a track to the summit of the range encircling Mujillaberra Springs and dividing the country northwards of the homestead.

Evelyn told no one of her intention to go hill-climbing. She feared Alan Vince might put obstacles in her way. It was too long a climb to undertake on foot, else she had been there long ago, and to get a horse up the precipitous slopes promised no easy task.

She half-wished Leyton were back from the coast; she felt she could have persuaded him to come—indeed, he probably knew of a path, although she really hankered to find a way alone.

More than once the gallant grey mare carried her half-way there, but always a sheer wall of red cliff or a sea of skating ironstone no horse could possibly negotiate had barred their progress.

Evelyn looked ahead. She could see what she judged to be a clear passage until a clump of foliage obscured her vision. A thicket of trees grew not so very far from what appeared to be the highest ridge.

She longed to go forward, so sure she was of success, but already the sun rode high in the heavens, and she reluctantly turned the grey mare homewards, knowing if she did not return by dinnertime the whole place would be in a ferment.

On the pad once more, Evelyn found it did not entirely vanish, but twisted sharply to the left. The unappeased lust for exploration tempted her to follow on, for she judged it would lead to open country by another route.

The little track came up to her expectations, bringing her through bush-grown foothills to the plain. She stood in the stirrups, for a moment uncertain of direction, until she caught sight of a low line of vegetation, infallible mark of a water course.

She rightly guessed it to be the Narro, a small tributary of the Mereer, which she had heard Vince mention on several occasions, though she had not been so far afield.

Settling in the saddle, she gave the grey mare a flick which sent the two flying across the grass at break-neck speed. The girl did not draw rein until her mount baulked at the timber.

She guided her horse gently between low-hanging branches, bent on discovering a crossing. Hot and dusty from the gallop, Eve gasped with delight at the pleasant sight of water. A tangle of creepers stretched from tree to tree, the twittering of disturbed birds broke the silence.

A STRIP of clear sand left by summer floods stretched from the trees to the river edge.

Without a moment's hesitation Evelyn stripped off leggings and boots, struggled out of her warm clothes, leaving them to lie as they fell, flashed white across the sand, headlong into the water. It's soft, caressing touch drew the heat from her limbs. She lay motionless, floating like a water-nymph, with closed eyes, the sun's kisses failing to burn through such a delicate veil of water.

Eve left the water to fling herself on the hot sand, rolling over and over like a child, dashing with the same young joy back to the water, splashing just to see the drops fall like a shower of diamonds, stand-

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Seiznick, Orsatti, Schulberg are painted

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623026

ing on the edge and stretching just to feel the thrill of life race through her tingling body. Eve tasted this utter freedom joyfully, sighing as she turned to don clothes and self-consciousness once more, mentally registering a vow that this should be but the first of many such hours.

Personal relations at the homestead had for some time past been very pleasant. Alan Vince and his fair visitor were on better terms than ever before. The professor rose to a height of bliss by the discovery of an entirely new beetle which would require a fresh classification of its own. Bob Greene as ever, lived for the day, his irresponsibility and ready tongue throwing a happy atmosphere around the little company.

The even tenor of their days was shattered by the Professor's sudden decision to motor to Small's Creek. He said he felt it a pity to be so near the site of the original gold find of Western Australia and not to visit the place. Vince assured him he would find only deserted shafts but agreed that the run should prove pleasant, despite the bad track. Whereupon the Professor asked him to accompany them. Vince accepted with alacrity.

It was months since he had been into the tiny township, and, moreover, he would be able to get into telegraphic touch with Leyton to hear how the bullocks had fared. These were the reasons he gave, but perhaps the state of his mind was obvious in the very fact that he felt any reason to be necessary. But could they wait another week or so to get through with some late branding?

Imagine Eve's surprise, therefore, when one evening she felt Vince's former disapproval return in full force. In vain she racked her brain for any cause she might have given. Useless: she had really behaved in an exemplary manner, yet there was no mistaking his coldness.

"Bother the man," she thought. "he's quite impossible. I've been as good as good can be for days together. I'd begun to think he almost showed signs of liking me—and now I suppose I've hurt one of his silly prejudices where women are concerned. I don't care!" and she gave her head a mental toss.

In truth Vince was coldly angry. He felt it his duty to speak to her about a subject from which he shrank, and the very fact that she, however unconsciously, had made such a situation possible, filled him with chagrin.

He passed the evening in gloomy silence, retiring early. As a rule he was not slow in speaking his mind, yet he told himself thankfully that the matter could rest till the morrow—he would have to catch Evelyn alone, to-night he could make no opportunity.

Next morning the occasion offered itself only too readily. He came on Evelyn surrounded by a family of piccaninnies bent on a fishing expedition to one of the river holes. The demand for immediate admonition could not be denied.

Only the evening before, going to water his horse in the Narro, he had stumbled on Evelyn as she has basked in the sun after one of her lonely swims, like Actaeon chancing on Artemis, he had stood rooted in wonder behind a screen of creepers.

Then fear laid its icy grip on the marrow of his spine.

Vince waited but half a second, before certain she meant to swim no more, he turned his horse and made for home.

But there the matter could not be allowed to end. He felt furious at being obliged to speak thus to Evelyn, all the more so because he could not banish the picture of such loveliness from his mind. Bad enough to be conscious of the thing oneself, how much worse to make her conscious, too.

He strode across to the river track. "Now for it . . . ." said Evelyn, watching him come.

With a gesture and a curt "Get out," he sent the piccaninnies scuttling. When he spoke it was in the coolest and most impersonal tones.

"Miss Haugh, I must request you not to go swimming in any of our waterholes, there are far too many crocodiles for you to take such a foolhardy risk."

"Who told you I went swimming?" cried Evelyn aghast at finding her private amusement discovered.

He retorted: "For your uncle's sake, I'm glad to say I chanced on you yesterday myself—otherwise Heaven knows what might have happened."

As the full import of his words sank in Evelyn's fair face grew rosy with consternation.

"Sorry I had to tell you," said Vince, lifting his hat with a stiff little bow as he walked off. "I'm glad she still has the grace to blush," he found himself thinking unaccountably.

Evelyn stood where she was, robbed for a moment of any power to move.

She swung round and walked back towards the homestead. The piccaninnies disappointed, wandered off fishing by themselves. Evelyn made straight for the store, where Bob sat busy with his ledgers. His quick eye noticed a concealed agitation and the heightened color of her face.

"What's the matter?" he cried, leaping to his feet.

"NOTHING — only it is hot outside. Bob, I want some material—anything will do."

"What for?"

"Oh, I just want to make something—never you mind what."

And she began to rummage about round the shelves. She returned lugging a great bolt of turkey twill. The young man sprang to take it, his fingers touching hers as he reached out. His brown face looked down on her adoringly. He half went to take girl and all in his arms. But Evelyn was in no mood for dalliance.

"Don't be absurd," she riposted severely. "Cut me off three yards and go on with your work."

For the rest of the day she kept to her room, while enthralled piccaninnies watched the skilful manufacture of a bathing-suit which, in spite of its lowly material, would have done credit to the sands of Biarritz. If Vince was cold to her that evening his indifference was a negative quality compared to the frigid intensity of hers.

The man slept badly that night. He felt worried, and at breakfast a quickly-veiled glint in Evelyn's eye did not escape his notice. He realised how she misconstrued the warning it had cost him such an effort to make. He hung around until he saw her seated at her typewriter busy with a pile of her uncle's notes.

After dinner she returned to her work, lightly commenting on the fact that she had a lot of lost time to make up, she wanted to be right to date before they went to Small's Creek. Reassured Vince went away on some urgent business, telling himself he was a fool to worry.

Nevertheless the little itch persisted, so that when he got back to the homestead the first place he looked was in the dining-room. Evelyn was not there. He swung round hurriedly, shouting for Bob. Greene ran out from the store.

"I thought you might be with Miss Haugh," he said. "D'you know where she is?"

Bob, surprised at the urgency of his voice, replied quickly: "Oh, no—she went out about half an hour ago on the grey mare. She usually does in the afternoon."

"Did she?" exclaimed Vince.

Young Greene eyed him in astonishment. What was the matter? There was nothing unusual in Evelyn's going riding. Had he but known, Vince was cursing himself for not issuing an order forbidding the natives to saddle up without his consent.

At that moment a piccaninny came past from Evelyn's room, a bundle of treasured red scraps in her hands. Vince demanded what they were, more to gain relief from his suspicions for an instant than from any real desire to know.

"Belonga Missus," grunned the child. "Give this one feller to Sally."

"Oh! It's only some turkey twill I gave Evelyn yesterday," said Bob. "She wanted to make something or other."

"What?" The word left his employer's lips with such force that Greene jumped. What the dickens was all this fuss about?

"I don't know," he answered.

Vince strode after the departing native and caught her roughly by the shoulder. Startled brown eyes looked up in surprise, she was not used to the boss with such a grim face.

"What did Missie make from that feller stuff?"

Sally smiled with relief. She had feared the boss might want to take the precious trifles. The smile was short-lived, a rough hand shook her to expedite an answer.

"Makem dress," she whined.

"Who for?"

"Makem dress for himself—Missie takem dress just now, all same time go walk-about."

"Took it away with her on the horse?"

"Yis, boss."

He flung the child aside and ran across to the big black stallion. He leapt to the saddle and was gone almost before the storekeeper could believe his eyes. Sally was left gaping in amazement at the receding figure of horse and man.

Vince rode straight for the spot he had visited two days ago. It was a long ride, and his frame of mind boded ill for the lecture Evelyn would be likely to receive at its conclusion. He even made a decision to tell the Professor and suggest the visit would be better curtailed.

Horse and rider went crashing through the undergrowth just as Evelyn ran across the sand. Vince saw her in an instant, so vivid a figure in her suit of scarlet. She heard the noise and glanced up but seeing nothing through the thick screen, concluded it was an old man kangaroo or perhaps a solitary bullock.

She danced on towards the cool depths of the pool. Vince opened his mouth to shout an order to desist, and at the same instant his eye fell on a half-submerged log at the water's edge.

For what seemed to him an endless age he was paralysed with horror. The words froze on his tongue. So rapidly did his brain work that he even had time to notice the sun gleaming on the girl's hair and to wonder at the ghastly sick feeling invading his whole body.

Evelyn was moving quickly. What seemed to Vince such a lifetime of terror was in reality but a brief instant. The icy grip of fear cracked under the demand for immediate action. His voice went ringing

as well as staphyloc

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623027

across the pool as he fumbled for his revolver.

"Go back, go back!" he yelled.

Surprised, the girl hesitated. Vince's keen eye never left the inanimate log. She was not more than six feet away, and he imagined he could see the water stir ever so slightly, as if a monstrous tail made ready to strike.

Fast on his shout a shot shattered the tranquil scene. Yet even before the bullet reached its destination the log moved with incredible swiftness. Evelyn saw it, too, and she stood petrified.

Then happened an amazing thing. A man leapt from a nearby bush, catching the girl up in his arms, bounding aside as a wicked tail lashed from the water, and a hateful snout gaped wide. In the same instant the bullet found its mark. Another followed and yet another.

A churning of mud, a splash, a lightning slither, and the monster vanished. A thin trail of red showed that at least one of the bullets had found a vulnerable point in its armored hide.

Vince dropped his hand, surprised to find it shaking so he could scarce hold the weapon. He grew conscious of a cold sweat which made him shiver. He drew a long breath before looking to see what had become of rescued and rescuer. He expected to see them close at hand, and his astonishment knew no bounds at sight of the man making up the gentle slope of the far bank, Evelyn still limp in his arms. Vince looked again.

Indignation flamed to wrath, as, still carrying his fair burden, the fellow swung up and made off across the plain. In the short time Vince saw the rider he found the key to his identity. His was a carriage not easily forgotten; his frame was too big to look its best in the saddle.

It was Rawton!

Had Evelyn been asked to describe her sensations in that moment when she found herself face to face with a loathsome death, words would have failed her. Realisation came like an icy blast, freezing her rigid under the hot sun.

She was barely conscious of Rawton's leap. The touch of his arms as he lifted her to safety served to break the paralysis of terror, and she clung to him like a frightened child.

She did not question who her savior might be, or how he came to appear at such an opportune moment; enough for her to be carried for ever safe beyond the maw of the crocodile.

So it came about that Evelyn lay quiescent, her face buried, her eyes shut, only semi-conscious in the violent revulsion of feeling.

Until the moment when Rawton, clumsy under his burden, scrambled to mount his horse, she had not troubled even to look at her rescuer—perhaps because in the obscure recesses of her mind she expected Vince. Imagine then her surprise to behold Rawton's wide shoulders and dark eyes bending over her.

"What are you doing?" she said. "My own horse is just over there! Put me down . . ."

"Not so fast," retorted the man, his bold eyes fastened on her face. "Haven't you a word of thanks to me for saving you from that 'gator?"

His voice grated on the girl's ears. She twisted round until she could see the river-course fast disappearing. In another half-mile they would be among the foothills. Rage shook her as she made a swift effort to slip from his grasp.

A laugh was her only reward, driving her to fresh battle. The man dropped his reins over one arm and gave his whole attention to Evelyn. Of course, she was no match for him; those great arms closed round her like a vice, crushing her closer and closer until she all but cried.

She hoped the horse would bolt; but Rawton had chosen his mount; the beast took no notice of the comedy enacted on his back other than to quicken his pace. Exhausted, Evelyn lay quite still.

"Had enough?" queried the man, his voice ever so slightly hoarse. He bent over Evelyn's white face, and for one endless moment she thought he meant to kiss her. But he straightened quickly, murmuring something under his breath. The sharp stab of a new fear ran through the girl, this time like the thrill of an electric current.

Evelyn twisted in Rawton's arms as the horse bore them both forward. An intolerable fear gripped her.

"Where are we going?" she demanded uneasily. "You are not taking me home!"

"Home! So you call Vince's place home? Perhaps you'll change your mind . . ."

Rage stung Evelyn again. "You are insufferable," she cried. "Take me back this instant." Yet as she watched his face she was sorry for her words. With an oath he reined in. Whipping out a red handkerchief he had it knotted round her slim wrists in an instant.

In vain she kicked. In vain she thumped her heels against the horse—the man might have been made of steel, the horse of marble. A second handkerchief bound round her head effectively blinded her. Rawton laughed when he had finished, and so, laughing, set his horse off at a smart pace.

Evelyn's anger mounted. After one keen thrust, fear died under the whip of her indignation. She made no further attempt to get free. After all, any such effort was futile on a moving horse. She also told herself there was plenty of time.

IN this manner they came to their destination. Rawton unbound the bandage from her head and bade her look. Her eyes opened on a wild scene. Beneath an overhanging crag, built on a rising slope of grass, a tiny hut of iron and wood confronted them.

Still carrying her, he made for the hut. The door opened to a kick, and the next moment Evelyn found herself planted on a rough bunk. The place was bare enough. A broken table leant against one wall, a stock of tinned foods made a bright spot with their crude labels.

There was no other furniture save the bunk on which Evelyn sat, but two new nigger rugs made the green hide a trifle less uncompromising. The floor was of mud, the one tiny window a mere hole in the iron sheets.

Evelyn sat very straight. She wondered exactly what Rawton meant to do. For his part, the man leant up against the wall, allowing himself a moment to gloat on her erect loveliness, her self-confident disdain. Beneath the steady insolence of this inspection the girl grew restless. Once more a tiny thrill of fear tingled in her veins.

"Well, here we are—and here we stay. That," he added, grinning, "is a tricky little bathing suit . . ."

At his words a horrible wave of consciousness swamped Evelyn's inflexible attitude.

"All the same," he went on. "I don't know what's made you bother about it—first time I saw you, you weren't so fussy . . ."

He got no further. Evelyn was on her feet, her face white. "So you brought me here to insult me," she cried. "You vile beast!" And before he dreamt her intention she struck him across the mouth. They faced each other, the man smiling unpleasantly, his cheek reddened by the mark of her fingers, the girl still with blazing eyes and quickened breath.

"Some little vixen," said he. "But don't get so high and mighty with your 'insults.' Can't a man admire his wife without being called a vile beast?"

"Wife!" Evelyn fell back a step, amazement on her face.

"Yes—wife!" he said thickly. "You're coming into Small's Creek with me to-morrow to get it fixed up properly. The postmaster there can do these things when there's no parson about . . ."

"Are you mad?" cut in Evelyn.

"Never less—I want you. Will you come in and be married decently to-morrow?"

Evelyn simply turned her back.

Rawton felt his control fast breaking. He strode close, and with a sudden fierce grip whirled her round. So standing she found herself forced to meet his eyes, the while his fingers pressed cruelly into the flesh of her shoulders.

"I'll give you three days," he told her. "Remember, you can't get away. No horse, no clothes, no shoes. You don't know where you are—and neither—does—anyone—else!" He spoke slowly for her to get the full import of his words. Evelyn's eyes narrowed.

"Never!" she retorted. "If you kept me imprisoned here three years! You needn't think you can break my will with silly threats." She shrugged herself free of his hands. "Enough of this melodrama, Mr. Rawton. Take me back!"

"Melodrama be hanged! I'll give you melodrama if you want it."

The next moment she was struggling in Rawton's arms. In vain she fought, in vain some pre-historic instinct welled from the depths of her subconscious mind, making her white teeth bite hard into his shoulder; her resistance but inflamed him the more till at last his lips found hers, and in their cruel urgency seemed to drain the life from her limbs. She relaxed overcome, and as her limp arm fell from its hold, her fingers encountered the butt of a revolver in Rawton's belt.

Alert once more, she felt the man's lips loosening their hold. She kissed him back. In one brief space of time he knew the ecstasy of her clinging mouth. Amazed, delighted, he almost reeled. As the sweet lips drew away, something cold and hard pressed into his ribs, a voice Evelyn did not recognise as her own spoke in his ear:

"Let me go or I'll pull the trigger!"

In a flash he remembered the gun he had forgotten to leave outside. Cursing he flung her away. She did not lose her balance, but stood with weapon still levelled, looking at him with steady eyes.

"I'm a good shot," she said. "If you touch me again I'll kill you." And he did not doubt her word. She backed towards the door, keeping him covered. But she could not resist one gibe. "I'd almost rather have been eaten by that crocodile than kiss you as I did just now . . ."

Rawton saw his chance, and took it. With a half-shrug he turned aside. His apparent nonchalance left Evelyn unprepared for the tiger-like spring with which he wheeled and was upon her. Too late her finger pressed the trigger, his blow jerked her hand up and sent the shot harmlessly to the ceiling.

Courage could at least be numbered among Rawton's few virtues, or perhaps it was only a determination which refused the frustration of his desires. With a faint

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Seiznick, Orsatti, Schulberg, are painted

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623028

moan, Evelyn found herself once more in his embrace.

Wildly she thought of Vince—if only she had obeyed him!

"TO say that Alan Vince was nonplussed by the manoeuvre he had just witnessed would be to underestimate his sensations. He watched the horseman disappear over the plain, Rawton beyond doubt.

Hurriedly he forced the tired horse to a gallop. For years unaccustomed to think other than of stock and station, he grew perturbed at the new thoughts jostling in his mind—anger with all women, and Evelyn in particular, for the trouble their sex always caused.

He galloped on, getting hotter and angrier and more worried with every mile, until the gully at last cast its shadow over him and the rough going compelled him to lessen the pace. Often he nearly missed the way.

Sometimes he dismounted to search for a fresh hoof-mark, but, confident he had guessed Rawton's goal aright, eventually he was rewarded by the appearance of the little hut. He saw it had been roughly restored to a semblance of human habitation, and so realised this to be a premeditated abduction, for there, right enough, stood Rawton's horse, tethered and grazing.

His face grew grim as he tied up Black Douglas. He took his revolver from its case and shot back the cartridge-holder. It was empty . . . the whole of its contents had been poured into the crocodile. Vince snapped it shut, seized his whip, and with the useless weapon cocked, walked softly up to the hut.

At sight of the fast-shut door he decided to try the window first. Stealthily he drew close. He need have exercised no such care, for within, Rawton had quite lost count of all but the struggling girl in his arms.

When Vince looked through the window he beheld Evelyn as Rawton picked her up like a child, helpless in his mighty clutch, and his eyes met her agonised ones, turning in vain hope to the window. He saw her stricken face, watched courage and pride flow back at sight of him, fear give place to understanding as he placed a finger on his lips.

The door answered readily to a push, and he stepped inside.

"Put her down, Rawton," he said quietly.

The big man leapt round to face a pair of dead-cold eyes above a levelled gun. Evelyn fell from his embrace none too gently on to the bunk, where she cowered back looking from one to other of the two men.

Even through the black tangle of his beard Vince's jaw showed taut; his grey eyes were menacing above cheeks white, despite the obvious heat of his body; his fine nostrils, slightly dilated, marked an increased breathing.

Before him, dishevelled, hair on end, bold eyes ablaze, Rawton stood snorting defiance like an angry bull. The veins stood up on arms and neck as his great fists clenched ferociously. Fresh terror smote Evelyn. Something elemental was let loose within the four walls of the little hut.

Rawton commenced to bluster. Vince cut him short.

"You cad!" he said coldly. "I'm not even going to fight you. I'll give you the flogging you deserve . . ." and he advanced, gun still levelled, as he raised his stockwhip.

"Fair play," cried Rawton, springing back.

"Fair?" echoed Vince. "I like your impertinence . . ." and he brought the whip down across the other's face.

That which followed made Evelyn tremble in horror. By means of deadly voice and cocked revolver, Vince forced Rawton to his knees. More than once he showed fight, but the sight of the older man's determined face above the gunbarrel broke his nerve. Lash after lash the whip came down.

In vain he pleaded for mercy. Down came the cruel thong, and down again till the tormented man cried like a child, tears streaming down his cheeks as he grovelled on the floor in his torn and bloodstained shirt. Too sick with fear and shame to endure a moment more, Evelyn struggled to her feet.

"Oh, leave him alone," she implored. "It's so—so undignified . . . oh . . .!"

Then mercifully she did what she had never done in her life before—she fainted.

Vince espied Rawton's revolver lying where it had fallen during the struggle with Evelyn, and he stopped to pocket it before lifting the unconscious girl. He glanced once to where Rawton lay sobbing on the mud floor.

"I hope you've learnt your lesson," he said curtly. "You'll have a few days to think it over before you get home."

The recumbent figure made no sign as he passed carrying Evelyn in his arms.

He looked down at her, hesitating, wondering if he should try to restore consciousness. Then, thinking better of it, laid her gently on a thick bed of couch grass, beside the pool, whilst he walked over to Rawton's horse.

He removed saddle and bridle, and gave the animal a flick with the whip which had so terribly punished its master. It threw up its head in alarm, and with a mad bound galloped away down the track.

"That's that," thought Vince, turning to Black Douglas. "I bet you're tired, old boy, but you'll just have to carry double weights," he muttered, looking to the girths. "She'd not be fit to ride back. Besides," thought he cardonically, "she's easier to manage!"

He lifted Evelyn up again, anxiously scrutinising her face, but reassured by her color, climbed carefully to the saddle and followed in the wake of Rawton's outraged steed.

Back they rode across the plain, mile after mile while the man kept his eyes fixed on the slow-nearing river, lest one glimpse of beauty undo his determination. At last he drew rein in very welcome shade. There, for all the world, as if nothing had happened, she saw, down among the flooded gums, the grey mare grazing beside a little pile of clothing.

Evelyn slept on, her face flushed by the sun, her bright hair tumbled. Half-reluctantly Vince broke the spell. Eagerly the awakened girl slipped from his grasp and ran from his view. He took his horse to water, then lighted his pipe and waited.

Soon she came back, very straight in her riding-kit, very boy-like, in an attempt to forget the afternoon's hateful occurrences. She led the grey mare close to him.

"Mr. Vince," she said, holding out her hand. "Will you please forgive me for all the inconvenience I've given you—I was quite in the wrong—and—thank you very much—for——" she hesitated.

Alas, that in her strange shyness she should choose such an unfortunate word. Vince had for once an entirely mistaken idea that she expected him to murmur, "Don't mention it." Inconvenience! A prick of anger goaded him.

"Spare your thanks," he answered curtly. "The 'inconvenience' has been nothing to the possibility that I might have had to inform your uncle you were dead—or worse. Only remember that not even a woman can afford to doubt my word—or in this country deliberately to attract any and every man's attention . . ."

Vince's unexpected sneer banished Evelyn's contrition. She dropped her hand, and swinging on her heel had one foot in the stirrup and was mounted before the man could offer assistance.

Vince followed on behind, his eyes devouring her straight little back, the aggressive set of her shoulders. What an idiot he was to spoil the pleasant state of quasi-friendship they had at last attained, a kind of armed neutrality. He might at least keep the doubtful pleasure of arguing with her.

He cantered up beside her.

"Let's forget about it."

Evelyn looked at him, and her chagrin drowned in the friendly light of two grey eyes. She was still shaken by her ordeal.

"You won't tell uncle?" she asked.

"No. I said let's forget it."

A doubt revolved in Evelyn's mind. "Will he let us?"

Vince laughed. "Shouldn't think he'd care to remember, and he can't do anything if he does."

"I don't know," said Evelyn, only half-convinced. "How did you find me?" she suddenly demanded. "And oh, you don't know the other dreadful thing! There was a crocodile . . ."

"Didn't you hear me shoot?" interrupted Vince, amazed. "I used every cartridge in my gun . . ."

"Shoot? Did you see? . . ."

"Of course. How else would I have found you? One or two little things made me guess what you were up to, and I followed on. Rawton was there before me—I'm inclined to say luckily, though I hoped I should have been in time . . . But I'm very surprised you didn't hear my shots!"

"I was petrified," replied Evelyn, with a shudder. Then a new thought obtruded. "Was your gun unloaded all the time?"

"Empty as a dead marine," smiled Vince. "Bluff always pays. Wouldn't Rawton be sick if he knew?"

Evelyn was forced to reluctant admiration. Also she appreciated the levity with which he now dismissed the whole affair. It helped to restore her balance. Surely the man could be quite decent if only he'd try . . .

OVER at Rawton's the natives knew the old man was worried. The lash of his tongue grew more frequent, the swing of his boot more ready, as two or three sad piccaninnies could testify. It was three days since the young 'un's horse had come home, lame and without either bridle or saddle. The binghis were well aware of what had happened. Like bushfire spread the news, whence and in what manner the blackfellow alone can tell.

At last, towards sunset on the third day, a sorry-looking object crawled across the plain. Old Billycan was not behindhand in finding the boss.

"That one Bill come-back," said he, standing on one leg and removing a filthy pipe. Rawton dropped the bridle he was mending, and came out of the hut. As a rule, his sight was keen enough, but now the rays of the low sun hung in his eyes. He could see nothing.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623029

"Where?" he demanded.

"That way little bit long way."

Some seconds elapsed before he could make out an ant-like speck toiling across the plain. He swore a horrible oath, and sent Billycan as fast as his legs would carry him to harness up the ancient sulky which despite his son's frequent jeers, remained their sole mode of wheeled conveyance.

Grim-lipped, old man Rawton clambered up and set off to meet the home-comer. He reckoned on finding out what was wrong before letting any of the niggers in on it. He rattled along, cursing, with a horseman's intolerance for the stones that jolted the worn-out springs. Yet he felt glad to have come himself as he drew up beside his son.

Little of young Bill's usual arrogant carriage remained. He shambled along miserably: boots cut and scarred by mile after mile of sharp flint stones. His generally ruddy countenance was white and haggard beneath a dusty growth of beard.

His lips were cracked and parched, although a half-filled water-bag dangled in one hand. He leant heavily on a cadjibut waddy he carried in the other. Despite the heat a blanket was pinned about the shoulders of his tattered shirt. He kept stopping to wave a switch of green leaves and at every wave a great cloud of flies rose from his back.

His father looked him over without a word. Then:

"Up yer git."

Young Rawton struggled up in silence. He sat down thankfully, leaning forward with both elbows on his knees. The old man wheeled and headed for the homestead before offering any comment. After a casual glance at Bill's attitude and the blanket across his shoulders, he spoke again:

"Bin gitting a hiding?"

"Yep."

"At yer old tricks, I suppose—I allus did say you'd run foul one of these days. Though I thought you big enough and ugly enough with those fists to look after verself!"

"With a gun levelled at yer brains by a snarling devil with a stock-whip in his other hand . . ." Young Rawton straightened in his rage, only to sag with a groan.

"Who in the devil's name! I'll lay a hundred to one it was that Vince! You been tampering round with that there gal . . ." Purple in the face, the old teamster flicked the horse so violently it broke into a canter.

"Hold hard, Dad: I'm none too bright."

"Yer don't look exactly smart and smiling. Took a gun ter yer, did 'e? I'll learn 'im . . ."

"You just wait till I get my hands on him," snarled his son. "He'll be lucky if he gets home at all—'specially if I've got a gun anywhere about."

"Good enough, too, out quietly now—I ain't ready fer any perlice yet, so don't yer get too willing with any of yer bullets. I reckon I can ruin him. I've got it! Gun and all! 'Ow's this 'ere for an idea?"

Notwithstanding the loneliness of the place, old Rawton lowered his voice.

"Only fault with that is that I don't get my hands on his rotten hulk . . ." said Bill, after listening to his father's nefarious scheme.

"Don't you worry. His name will num like a dead cow. Take it from me, young feller," said Rawton shrewdly, "that'll hurt Alan Vince a darn sight more than anything you can do to him—barring a bullet in his heart."

"Reckon that's what I've been thinking about every mile I crawled along . . ."

"Well, yer never know yer luck," replied the old man. He waved his whip towards a group of natives gathering round the home yards. "Keep yer mouth shut in front of them black devils. They know a thing or two. A bit more nor yer're ever likely ter tell me, I reckon—but don't let on. Git down careful when we stop and I'll find yer a bottle of pain-killer and some ointment from the store."

"A nip 'ud go better! I've had to foot it close on twenty mile, and I can tell you I'm dry. How about that brandy you always kept for an emergency? Reckon this is what you'd call one!"

Old Rawton shook his head.

"Pain-killer is the stuff for you. The two don't mix." He was not going to own that the emergency had arisen long weeks ago at the urgent call of his own thirst for spirits.

As the pink glow faded and the moon rose high in the heavens one man sat alone on the Mullilabberra verandah. Automatically his feet sought the railing and found rest, but the pipe between his teeth grew cold. There was little of the self-contained dreamer about Alan Vince to-night.

Reflectively he fingered his beard. Well, it was time the thing came off. He must look a sight with such a growth. Twelve months now since he had been into town and had a shave. And by Jove, he would have to get some togs from the chest in Evelyn's room. Strange how a man forgot what it felt like to wear town clothes. Young Bob, now he'd taken the trouble to fish out his decent things since the visitors had arrived.

Of course, that was the sort of thing a woman noticed. Just like curtains and what-nots. "You great ass!" he ejaculated aloud, standing still.

He seated himself in the deep shadow of a boulder and built whimsical castles in the air.

So absorbed was he that the sudden sound of voice made him start.

". . . I don't call it fair. Most Beautiful Lady," Vince heard Bob say, half bantering, half serious. "Not one little spark of notice for three whole days. What's a poor feller to do when he's not even allowed a finger-tip to kiss in his best drawing-room manner? I do believe you have fallen in love with the boss!"

Evelyn's answering giggle cut Vince like a lash from his own whip.

"You seem amused—well, then, perhaps he's been giving you a little heart-to-heart talk on manners for modern maids. Come to think of it, it's only since he went after you in such a tearing hurry. What was that all about, anyway? You've never even told me that yet."

"You've guessed in one, oh wise man," side-tracked the girl's teasing voice. "He told me I was a naughty little girl, so I promised to be good in future, et voila!"

"The poor old feller doesn't know what a lot he misses. I can't believe you promised anything so impossible! Misses and kisses . . . there's a rhyme for you. And let me show you . . ."

"I never want to be kissed again," retorted Evelyn, and Vince thought he could detect a shudder in her tones. He longed to move but felt loth to embarrass them. Perhaps they would walk down the path.

"What, never?" quoted Bob.

"Never!"

They had come closer. Vince could see two young heads outlined against the pale sky.

"That's not right," said Bob. "As you jolly well know—it's hardly ever" . . . And his arms went round her.

Vince's teeth clenched on his pipe-stem. Then the bitter thought flashed through his mind that, after all, he had only to admit himself conquered, to show the rent in his armor of indifference, to bow down and worship, and his too would be such sweet reward. And yet—not so lightly after all. Evelyn lent back, her fingers against Green's eager lips.

"I meant it, Bob," she said.

"Serious at last!" he replied. "So am I, Evelyn. Just this once, for it's good-bye . . ."

"You are previous! We're not going away yet . . ."

"But I am. Telling Vince to-morrow. Sick relations or some old thing. And I'll push off as soon as you people get back again."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"You, of course . . . can't stand it any longer. Thought I could, but it's no good."

"Silly boy . . ."

But Greene only shook his head, his young mouth grim for a moment.

"No go, Evelyn. You're the dearest, sweetest girl in the world. And I'm not a bit sorry about anything," he said valiantly. "Only I can't go on like this."

"You won't have to. We only stay three weeks or so after we return . . ."

"Still, I could not stand it . . . I'd see you everywhere, and think of you all the time."

"Oh, Bob, dear." Regret made Evelyn's voice soft.

"Don't be sorry, sweetheart; there is nothing to be sorry about." The girl was in his arms now, good resolutions all forgotten, repulsive memories drowned in a surge of pity. Bob would have his hour to remember.

"Hang!" muttered Vince, staring at the river. Then, to his huge relief, he heard them move away. He rose and walked briskly back to the homestead, where he immediately engaged the Professor in conversation over the final arrangements for the Small Creek expedition. These completed to his satisfaction, he found ink and paper, and proceeded with his mail.

Evelyn came in alone. She went straight to her Uncle's side. Vince unceremoniously continued writing, with no more than the merest acknowledgment of her presence. Yet he was intensely aware of her, of the slight tinge of melancholy in her manner. Perhaps the little minx was at last learning. But no. She spoke with the same old mockery in her voice.

"You won't want me to-morrow, Luffy, darling, will you?"

The old man looked up over his glasses with the smile he kept for her. Apparently not, my dear child, as you put the statement before the question. Presumably your ladyship has already made her plans?"

"Well . . . there is something I should like to do before we leave on Thursday. To-day is Monday, I suppose? I never seem to know the day of the week here, let alone the date!"

"A beautiful state," smiled her uncle. "I have never before felt so comfortably unhurried. Eternity almost belongs to one. . . . Do as you like, Evelyn. I am quite happy to get on with some reclassification notes which do not need your help."

Vince, conscious of the girl's every move-

Names like Vaile, Bergmann, Sedlnick, Orsatti, Schulberg are painted

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623030

ment, knew she turned to him, scrutinising his apparent absorption with quizzical eye.

"Have I Mr. Vince's permission to go riding to-morrow?" she asked.

The man, goaded by memories and annoyed at the impudence of blue eyes in a solemn face, replied half-carelessly wholly ironically, "As Your Royal Highness wishes. Mine not to question why, mine, but to—stand by!"

Evelyn, amazed to hear his answer in her own flippant tongue, winced ever so slightly at the use of Bob's title for her, and the little stab of reminder it brought.

"My rank ascends," she retorted lightly. "But we shall not venture too far, my lud; and we shall take all due precautions for the safety of our royal person. Nevertheless, we would wish to ride alone . . ." Sudden devilment inspired her to carry on the little comedy. "And now, methinks, we shall withdraw . . ."

"Before Your Highness retires," interrupted Vince, playing up most unexpectedly, "will you grant me leave to find some raiment in the camphor-wood chest in your room? Any time to-morrow will do."

"But, certainly, my lud; name your hour. Five? It is agreed. And now to bed."

She stopped to kiss the top of her uncle's head, then had the temerity to turn and extend her hand, palm down, to the surprised Vince, who had risen as she made a move to go.

"Good-night, my lud," she murmured. Vince eyed the slender hand, brown and firm, the little oval nails shining in the lamplight. Was there no end to the girl's audacity? Yet his fingers itched to touch the proffered hand, to carry it, as she dared him, to his lips. Instead he produced a box of matches from his pocket.

"Sorry," said he. "Those gins never will remember things." He held the little box against her outstretched fingers. Quickly she took it.

"How you anticipate one's every need, Mr. Vince," she teased sweetly. "The lubras are forgetful . . ."

And smilingly she went.

NO hint of the coquette remained about Evelyn when she left next day on her long-projected exploration. During the night she questioned if she still had the nerve to go alone. For all her apparent unconcern, that terrible hour in the hut had taken its toll.

Yet the very fact, she knew herself, half afraid, acted as a spur to the venture. Was she going to admit defeat, to hanker for any man's protection? No, indeed! She had been taken at a disadvantage before; this time the little gun lying forgotten in one of the car pockets should accompany her.

Her fingers caressed the little gun. Its hard comfort, combined with cheering thoughts of what Vince would say did he know her goal, considerably raised her spirits. Over the plain she went in the blazing sunlight, then thankfully into the deep shadow of the gully where Leyton had brought her for that first ride.

Ahead grew the clump of bohenia trees, beyond which she felt sure the way lay clear to the summit of the ranges.

At last the grey mare's hoofs were clear of the treacherous shingles, and striking firm on the earth. The belt of bohenia did not prove easy to negotiate, but, left behind at last, it made a barrier obliterating the view to the west. In front of her Evelyn saw the ground fell away, before rising again in lightly-timbered slopes, forming thus a little cup on the crest. Evelyn urged the mare forward—agog with excitement.

She drew rein none too soon. They stood on the summit, but almost at the horse's hoofs the ground dropped away, down, down, down in a sheer wall of scarlet rock.

Evelyn gasped at the grandeur of the gorge below as her eyes followed down tier upon tier of precipice ending hundreds of feet beneath in a thick tangle of vegetation. Beyond the thicket lay a small clearing.

Not yet was Evelyn to enjoy the vista, she had worked so hard to find. That little clearing held her attention riveted.

The place was alive with cattle and horses, dogs and men, all was bustle and excitement. Some twenty cows and their calves huddled together in a single yard. Diagonally across one corner sprawled a three-paling fence, not joined to the side railings, but finishing at two upright posts placed close together.

A sloping pole, one end resting on the second post, had the other buried in the soil. Close to the gap stood a white man and a native, their horses tethered outside the yard, while another "boy" rode among the herd.

Evelyn arrived just in time to see him charge through the mob. As they scattered, he deftly separated one calf. Out sped his lasso, like a great snake coiling round the terrified animal. Instantly the rider wheeled, and, ever tightening the rope, galloped back round the paling fence towards the waiting men. The rope slid up along the sloping pole and fell between the vertical posts.

In a moment all three were on to it, hauling it like maniacs, till the bellowing and reluctant animal was forced towards the fence. The bellows changed to a choking cough as the thong tightened and the half-strangled animal staggered to its knees against the palings. The irons were hot. Evelyn watched one "boy" hand them to his boss, and saw the convulsive struggles of the calf as the brand bit home.

Evelyn stared, enthralled, forgetful of the time as one after another the victims were hauled sweating and straining to the ordeal. She watched them brand four calves, and then, as the brander turned clumsily to take the hot iron from the "boy" at his side, it grazed his knee. With a roar of rage he wrenched the instrument from the unfortunate blackfellow, and to Evelyn's horror swung the glowing brand across his naked back.

Suddenly the white man turned and looked upwards. As suddenly Evelyn realised her conspicuous position against the skyline. Had he seen her? She could not tell, but, hastily pulling the mare round, she made off down the slope. Too late she remembered she had quite forgotten to glance beyond that sinister gorge.

She gave a little sigh of regret, half-inclined to turn back and risk one peep at the wonderful panorama she knew lay spread below. But discretion won, aided by her eagerness to get back and tell Vince what she had seen.

A FLUSHED and dusty girl ran up the steps to her quarters some two hours later. The afternoon was almost gone, for the return had proved more risky than the ascent. Twice she had narrowly escaped disaster—once when a great red boomer roo started up almost at the mare's hoofs, frightening them both when the grey mare slipped to her knees.

Evelyn was thankful to find the animal unhurt when she dismounted; she had no fancy to lame one of her host's horses. Yet, despite her fatigue, she hurried. A wash, a change, and she would find Vince.

She found him in her room. He was on his knees before the open camphor-wood chest.

He rose at once as she entered.

"I hope you will forgive me, but you said I might . . . . and it is getting rather late." He had wasted the best part of the afternoon waiting for her to return, and, at last exasperated, ventured to go alone. The intimacy of her room—so subtly changed was his old abode—the faint scent, the unavoidable sight of a dozen personal trifles, disturbed his poise considerably. He longed to find what he wanted and be gone.

So longing, he tumbled the clothes unmercifully, and swore at having to straighten out the package. In the midst of his struggles the girl herself found him. He was immediately conscious of a suppressed excitement in her bearing.

"OH, sorry I forgot," she replied hastily. "But, Mr. Vince, I've got something to tell you—I've just been to the top of the range . . ."

"What?" he interrupted.

"Up behind Muttlabberra Pool . . . I've always wanted to go . . ."

"But no one has ever got that far, that I know of . . . Unless Leyton. I believe he does know a track."

"Oh, never mind that just now; I did get there and found something I must tell you about, because I'm sure it's terribly important . . ." The man smiled at her air of momentous secrecy as she threw herself down on the bed. "For goodness sake, sit down and let me tell you."

The end of her tale found Vince as worked up as Evelyn, his grey eyes bright with anger.

"I've known something was going on for months past. . . . But this! The nerve of them! Why, it will give us some chance of getting direct evidence. I've been on the look-out for all sorts of things, but never dreamt of such a wholesale performance. It's generally quite impossible to bring a case for cattle-duffing—one can never get sufficient proof.

What a wonderful place they have found to dare. How I wish I'd been with you! If only you knew the man. I can guess, but still . . . I'll go up to-morrow myself . . . Oh, I forgot,' he stopped short, remembering that they left on the morrow for Small Creek. He cursed softly under his breath.

"Put it off," said Evelyn promptly. "Seems to me the proof should be good enough if it's in your own run. If you go at once you might even get some of the mob."

"Oh, no, he'd be sure to drive them off at once, and separate the young 'uns from their mothers."

"Well, one never knows . . . he might be careless."

"No," replied Vince slowly. "If we put off the trip the blackfellows will know. They might get wind of something up. We'll go—but come home quickly, and the minute we get back you shall take me there. But how about you," he said, suddenly—aware of complications. "It will mean a court case, and you will be dragged in——"

"Oh, I don't mind. I think it's fun!"

"Bitter fun!" murmured Vince grimly. Yet his face softened as he looked at Evelyn, hair tumbled, eyes bright, sitting on the bed nursing one knee, man-fashion. She could be a sport even if she were a woman, he thought.

A pile of photographs lay at one side where Vince had put them after removing them from the chest. Evelyn could not resist one peep. Groups, for the most part — schoolboys, a rowing crew, officers of A.I.F. In vain she searched for one face which might belong to the cattleman. She could not recognise him. Yet he must be in some—however

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623031

hard to believe; she certainly knew he had gone to a public school, had served as an officer in His Majesty's Forces.

She pushed the photos aside impatiently. Then a gleam of silver proved irresistible; guiltily she drew aside the covering piles of clothes. A row of trophies met her astonished eyes. "A Vince, 880 yards open championship." "A Vince" . . . shooting . . . boxing, rowing . . . tennis. And never a word had he spoken . . . to show even the slightest interest in sport. Amazingly reticent man!

Feeling half-ashamed of her curiosity, Evelyn picked up the clothes on the floor and began to replace them. Two well-cut cloth suits—a little out of date perhaps, but one bearing the tab of a famous Bond Street tailor—tennis flannels, uniforms—ah, she turned the coat, looking for the regimental marks—a single crown—Major Vince—and what were these ribbons still sewn above the pocket? Four service years, red and blue, purple and white. Not only Major Vince, but Major Vince, D.S.O., M.C.

In the winter months Small Creek flows leisurely between banks shadowed by flooded gums, its slow waters reflecting dead-white trunks backed by crags of red stone or rolling spinifex downs. But in summer wet it rises turbulent and swollen, sometimes swirling even in the main street, and leaving in its track minute specks of gold to gladden the hearts of the storekeeper's children and the binghis.

To this relic of the eighties the Mujillabberra party came over a road which Evelyn declared outrivalled the switchback at Wembley.

Evelyn had risen with the sun on the morning of their departure, had donned her well-worn breeches and sat back with a cigarette between her lips, while black Sally buckled on her leggings.

The young lubra had become quite a useful valet—Evelyn could not term her rough-and-ready services those of a lady's maid. Once dressed, the girl set about rolling her swag with professional ease.

Finally, ordering Sally to tidy up, she pulled her wide-awake over her shining hair and sallied forth to supervise her uncle's preparations.

She had paused on the verandah in surprise. Early as was the hour a stranger stood outside the store talking to Greene. Unlike most station men, he wore a topee, a grey one matching the shade of his lounge suit, well-cut in some washing material.

Most intrigued, Evelyn strolled towards them; the two men ceased their conversation, turning with common accord at sound of her footsteps. The newcomer presented a lean, clean-shaven face, pale beside Bob's bronzed countenance.

But his hands were brown as leather . . . how strange! His hands—why, how absurd of her . . . she would know those long fingers anywhere! Of course it was Alan Vince, and he had shaved his beard!

"I didn't recognise you," she cried, frankly staring. Immaculate linen, matching tie, shoes! She noted the details in haste, her interest all for his face, approving a generous mouth curling a little to one side with a humorous twist.

Vince flushed slightly beneath her close inspection, so that Bob, watching, suddenly found the reason for this extraordinary behaviour on the part of the boss, who did not as a rule honor Small Creek with such attire.

To be sure he had hitherto always ridden, but still . . . The young man's eyes flew to Evelyn's face in fearful search of he knew not what, but she was only laughing. Mumbling some excuse he left them. The boss, too, oh, Lord!

"Why, I am the bushie now," she exclaimed. "You make me feel horribly shabby, Mr. Vince."

He retorted lightly: "Merely trying to be civilised for once."

Despite his lack of a sheltering beard Evelyn was unable to decide if he were laughing at her or not.

"I think it's a great improvement."

"Thanks." His tone was dry.

"You'll hardly like to be seen with me, I suppose!" she taunted.

But Vince refused to bite.

Half an hour later they left. The entire staff turned out to see them depart. Evelyn sat beside the chauffeur, who, thankful to be at his own work after months of idleness interspersed by an occasional short run with the Professor, firmly declined to allow her to drive.

Bob Greene turned away sadly as the car glided off.

BUT the occupants of the car were gay enough. Over plain and river, along gullies and past flat-topped ranges, through sugar-grass standing high above their heads, and across miles of tufty spinifex, they sped without mishap.

They camped at Taylor's Hole, a permanent water high on the plateau. All was haste to be settled before the daylight vanished. Town clothes notwithstanding, Vince looked very much at home.

In a trice he had the swags unrolled, had cut spinifex bushes and turned them upside-down to make mattresses for the girl and her uncle; had staked their mosquito nets above their beds, and was back showing the chauffeur how to make a really good fire to grill steak.

The next day they descended with some suddenness upon Small Creek, round a sharp curve of Evelyn's switch-back road. The half-dozen corrugated iron buildings forming the township presented no evidences of human life, until the car, coming to a standstill beside the one remaining hotel, the sound of raucous voices proclaimed inhabitants.

Vince frowned at the noise, only too well aware of what it heralded. But before he could speak Evelyn, eager to alight, swung one leg across the door of the car in the careless manner she affected. At the same instant a man lounged round the corner of the mud verandah. His eye lit on Vince.

"Hello! Glad to see you . . . suppose you've brought the Professor along to have a look at us." A broad grin crossed his face. "Darned glad you had enough sense to leave the lady behind. Flannigan's on the booze again." And he jerked his head backwards as though to indicate the noise.

Evelyn lit the cigarette she had just found, before turning to enjoy the speaker's dismay at sight of her features. But even as the disconcerting truth rushed upon the unfortunate man, a figure hove into view.

Vince made a grimace of displeasure. "That's bad luck," he replied, getting out and joining his informer. "Bad?"

"Just about got the blue devils . . . he's marching up and down the verandah. . . . Thinks he's Admiral Beatty or something . . . in the war . . . and is just going into action or some blamed thing."

Round the corner hurried the bachelor proprietor of the little hotel. Vince went to meet him, and there followed a low-toned conversation. A waving hand imparted the publican's dismay. He was not accustomed to ladies . . . still he would do his best.

This business with Flannigan was unfortunate. Been trying since dinner time to get the man to bed . . . was worried, as the poor bloke was nearly raving. . . . "Don't know why you give the blighter so much," said Vince.

The pseudo-Admiral strode into view. "Better try tact instead of force. . . . Here, I'll see what I can do."

Together they vanished round the corner in the Admiral's wake.

Left to the stranger, Evelyn offered him a cigarette from her case.

"Your name?" she smiled. "The Admiral has at least conquered their attention. . . ."

"Bennet, miss. I'm the postmaster here. We don't often see . . ." he began. But Evelyn cut short his expected apologies.

"Come and meet my uncle. Huffy, this is Mr. Bennet, the postmaster—the only man who can talk to the world at large when he likes! I suppose you haven't any mail for us? It seems simply ages since I saw a letter or a newspaper."

"Afraid not. You get yours straight from Derby . . ."

Vince and the publican rejoined them, a smile on each face.

"Wonderful at managing people. Mr. Vince is," the publican told Evelyn. "He just walked up and says: 'Look here, Admiral, we'll be going into action in a few minutes and I think you better get below for a rosiner to keep you going.' . . . Flannigan took it like a lamb."

"He had his rosiner all right—but in his bunk. Let's hope he'll stay there! I'm mighty sorry all the same . . . we're not often honored by ladies. Never had one staying in my time, and I'm afraid you'll find it pretty rough . . ."

"Not a bit," answered Evelyn quickly. "I'm a thorough bushman by now. But are there no women at all here?"

"Only four . . . not counting girl-kids. The storekeeper is married, and one of the policemen. Then there's the two nurses up at the hospital. Mrs. Cordin, from Claypan, she always stops there when she comes in. Reckon they'll want you to stay there, too . . ."

"The hotel will do me," replied Evelyn, to Vince's huge enjoyment.

"The girls will be jolly glad to see you," remarked Bennet, as the publican turned to Professor Haugh. "It's more than a hospital, that place. Like a bit of home for us lonely chaps."

"Let's go up to the post office. Sorry to interrupt your oration, Bennet," broke in Vince. "But I'd like to get on to Leyton, if he is still in Derby."

Five minutes later they set out with Bennet for the post office, leaving the driver behind to unpack their gear.

Evelyn stepped with relief into a big mud-walled room. How strange to behold all the usual paraphernalia of a postal service—counters, desks, pens, pencils, blotters, telegraph forms, cable forms. From behind a matchboard partition came the tick, tick, tick of the transmitter.

"Come right in," invited Bennet, lifting the counter to enable them to pass. He led the way to the second room, where an operator was at work with the earphones on his head.

The young fellow stared in surprise at Evelyn. "Derby's speaking now," he re-

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Selz-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623032

plied in answer to a query from Bennet.

"We're a busy line," said the postmaster. "Get all the through traffic from Wyndham. If you'll just go next door, Vince, and write out your message, I'll get it put through as soon as he is clear."

Evelyn sat on a rickety chair listening to the tap of the machine. She had never before given a thought to the romance of the talking wires. She looked round the little room, its mud walls plastered with forms and maps, its windows opening on a glimpse of the creek whose banks had once been thronged by avid diggers; windows so blazing that she turned her head aside, blinded by the white sunlight of Northern Australia.

Here she sat, a thousand miles from nowhere—yet the man over there could talk to Derby, to Perth, to Sydney, to London.

Wonderful! Here in the Never-Never, by telegraph, by cable, by wireless, she could feel the pulse-beats of the whole world.

Vince came back holding a form in his hand. The postmaster turned to take it.

"Rather wonderful, this," said Evelyn suddenly. "I never gave a thought before to the romance of a telegraph-line!"

"Romance, eh? Tragedy, too, sometimes, Miss Haugh. I reckon this very room has seen one of the bravest things I know of." He passed the form to the operator.

"Line's clear," interrupted the operator's voice.

"It will be a while before any reply can come," said Bennet. "And I've got some butterflies which might interest the Professor . . . always collected a few since I was a kid. If you'll all come to my quarters . . ."

Evelyn had other plans, and she felt loath to listen to a dissertation on insects from the loquacious Bennet. "I want to look for nuggets," said she. "I'm quite sure uncle would love to see them . . . but may we come back in a little while?"

"All right, then . . . and we'll go up to see the nurses when you come back."

Evelyn made for the door. Vince, included, of course, in that "we," found himself following as had been intended.

"Squire of dames, a new role for Vince," commented Bennet, as the two enthusiasts turned to his private rooms. "Doesn't seem to mind, though?"

The Professor shook his head. "He has been very good, indeed, to us—in politeness itself. A most charming host."

Whilst her uncle examined the collection of butterflies, Evelyn searched the creek bed for a glint of gold. She would most certainly not have acquiesced in her uncle's estimate of Vince.

At last, when she slipped for the second time jumping across a too-wide runnel and wet her boot almost to the knee, "I don't think much of you as an escort," she told him.

"I always thought you despised assistance, and could take care of yourself."

"You never did, and a lot depends on who offers the assistance."

"Very nicely put," teased Vince. His blood raced. He longed to seize those slim wrists. Was he as big a fool as Bob, as mad a beast as Rawton?

Oh, women! Yet as the girl flung herself down on a strip of red shingle, tossing aside her hat, lifting her winsome face to smile at him, he knew himself both and neither. He could let her go back with never a sign of his surrender, let the world swallow her up till he became no more in her memory than one of the rough fellows she met in Kimberley.

But time itself would never efface for him the scar of the wound which was now a throbbing, aching reality. He wanted her so—if only—Bah! The wretched girl was only at her game. "The woman tempted me."—Quite right, old Adam wasn't the hedger most people thought!

"Small Creek has no gold for me," she sighed. "Come and sit down, it is so cool and nice here . . . I want to hear some more about this cattle-duffing business."

"Mighty little to tell. That is always the trouble . . ." Evelyn glanced covertly at Vince as he lounged beside her. She had to keep assuring herself that this man in grey, with the clean-cut face was really the Alan Vince who always aroused within her a spark of antagonism.

Even his eyes looked different; those grey eyes, laughter-lined, which yet could look so cold. The minutes slipped by, till Vince, noticing the lengthening shadows, declared they should have returned long ago. They scrambled up the bank straight out on to the main street.

A quick pressure on his arm made Vince turn. Evelyn's hand gripped his wrist. He thought at first she had lost her balance, but saw her face was vivid with excitement.

"What's . . ." he began.

"The man," she whispered. "There is the man I saw!"

Old man Rawton was striding down the road from the hotel. In another second he caught sight of the two figures and recognised Vince. He stared curiously at Evelyn before saluting her companion.

"Hello, Vince," he greeted familiarly. "Didn't think I'd see you in—thought you were too busy playing round with a few little irons. Won't you introdooce me ter yer young lady?"

Evelyn found herself looking into a pair of malevolent eyes, her hand clasped in a cruel grip. Again she wondered could he possibly have seen her. Something baleful about the old ruffian made her blood run cold. She felt surprised he spoke to Vince at all if that horrible son of his had told him anything . . . and she was sure he had, for she could feel a current of ill-will pouring towards them . . . How the man hated Vince!

"Well, I'll be getting along," said he. "Two's company . . . Pleased ter 'ave met yer, Miss. And, Vince, I'd be more careful if I was you! One or two suspect a bit. I gathered up at the pub that you wasn't too popular.

"Them little irons is risky things to play with . . ." He grinned and passed on down the road to the store, leaving the two staring at each other in blank amazement. An ugly frown rubbed the laughter lines from Vince's eyes.

"What the blazes is the old beast talking about? Strikes me the sooner I get back and take a look at that bronco yard the better."

BACK in his store Bob Greene sat puzzling over a message. It had come mysteriously, trickled in by word of mouth from the native camp, and in no wise could he trace its source. Being interpreted, it ran something like this:

"Tell the boss, when he gets back from his walkabout in Small Creek, there is something wrong at Rock Pool; there's at least 20 dead bullocks lying round."

A strange message. One binghi appeared to have picked it up from another. Just a spinifex wire . . . and it purported to have come from Harry Gaynor. Yet, thought Bob, how did Harry know Vince had gone into the Creek? Another spinifex wire?

True, news travelled across the empty plains at a staggering pace. Or that, Bob was well aware. There was really no reason on earth for him to feel suspicious of such an innocuous message—information had been received in the same way before now, and was generally more or less correct. Yet, suspicious he felt.

So he sat, smoking and worrying, when the purr of a car brought him sharply to his feet. He rushed to the door in time to see the Professor's car draw up before the dining-room verandah. Bob had not expected the travellers home for at least a week, and here they were within five days! He hurried across to greet them.

"Business, Bob," Vince answered his unspoken question. "I want to see you at once."

"SEEMS pretty serious. I hope Leyton hasn't mislaid the mob!"

"It is serious," replied the older man as they walked to the store. "About as serious as it can be. . . . Listen here . . ." He poured forth the story of Evelyn's discovery and her subsequent recognition of Rawton as the criminal.

"Now I've known for months," he concluded, "that something like this was going on—but considering how well they are hidden, it's not surprising I failed to lay my finger on it. The old devil! He's built up his station that way—everybody knows it, yet it has never been proved.

"But we've got him this time—and I'm hoping Leyton will be able to furnish further evidence to show that he hasn't confined his attentions to clean-skins. I've once or twice seen a brand I reckoned had been doctored.

"Damned nerve to risk tampering with them all the same. But just imagine Evelyn stumbling on the old boy like that! What luck! Which reminds me, Mr. Vince; I'm jolly sorry about it and all that—but I'm afraid I'll have to make tracks. I mean—well, it seems things aren't too good at home, and mother wants me more within reach. I was just waiting till you came back to tell you; I got the letter last mail."

Bob floundered and blushed. He did not make a good liar. Vince wondered how he would have taken such a speech had he not been already prepared by words never meant for his ears. As it was, he waved it aside.

"Terribly sorry to hear it, Bob," he replied. "But it's not urgent, is it? Nothing vital?"

"Oh, no! But I must——"

"Well, I'm glad to hear that; so let it slide for a bit and we'll discuss it later. I need you too much at the moment."

"Then, of course——"

"Ah, here they are!" interrupted Vince, turning to hold aside Bob's hessian curtain for the Professor and Evelyn. Quite a council of war, thought Greene.

"I felt," said Vince, with one of his stiff little bows, "it would hardly be courteous to leave the Professor and Miss Haugh in ignorance of my plans. They are too much concerned. What I want to do is ride up first thing in the morning with Miss Haugh and you, Bob, as a witness. I want to see if I can get down the cliff and track them back . . ."

"You can't, broke in Evelyn. "It's a sheer precipice."

"Well, if I can't, we'll try Possum on from this end. He is my best tracker, not much can get away from him . . . but I don't, if possible, want the binghes to know—yet."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623033

"I wish I could undertake the ride," said the Professor regretfully. "But as this is out of the question, I mustn't waste time in vain repinings." He sighed.

Ever since Evelyn had told him of her explorations he had been worried. Would she be quite safe? How he hated to think of her mixed up in such a sordid affair.

"I don't like Evelyn being mixed up in this," he said. "Mr. Vince, you will be exceedingly careful, I hope? I suppose it is quite impossible to leave her out of the case?"

"Leave me out?" echoed Evelyn. "Why, Huffy darling. This is the most gorgeous adventure of my whole crowded career. How can you suggest such an outrage! Besides, you forget how important I am. They can't even find their evidence without me, and I'm the chief witness!"

"I AM sorry, too, Professor," said Vince over her head. "But as Miss Haugh says, I'm afraid she can't very well be done without. I'll take the greatest possible care of her . . ."

"Now I have something more to tell you," Evelyn added. "There has not been an opportunity since we left. I've discovered the meaning of Rawton's remarks to you, Mr. Vince. He is up to still more mischief.

"You all know the room I had at the hotel. Its walls only go up about four feet above my head: over that it is open to the roof. And on the other side of one wall was a room where men kept coming and going all night . . . I couldn't get much sleep.

"One old fellow, judging by the sounds, fell on to his bunk very much the worse for wear. He got one boot off and couldn't manage the other and began cursing most horribly. A second roused himself to whisper, 'Sh-sh, she'll hear you.'

"'Sborry," said Number 1. Then fumble, fumble again; then an oath; then "Sborry," and so on for ages. I think he went to sleep with the boot still on—anyway, I dozed off, only to be wakened by new voices.

These men weren't drunk, or at least not so drunk—I think they had only arrived in an hour or so ago, and they were talking about you—and not very nicely. One man said—it's not nice, Mr. Vince . . ."

"Go on, let's hear the worst." A little smile twisted his lips as he sat with eyes intent on Eve.

"Well, I shall have to censor it a bit for my own sake. He said: 'D'yer hear this about that Vince? Seems for years he's been pinching cattle.'

"WHAT?" exclaimed the Professor and Bob at the same moment. Vince never moved his eyes from the girl's face.

"'Heaven knows how long he's been at it,' he said. 'I shouldn't believe all old man Rawton told me,' replied the other, 'if I was you. He's none too snow-white himself . . . Vince always seems a square sort of bloke.'

"'Granted to both, but that Vince . . . he's a bit stiff-necked, I reckon, and, you see, it'll be right enough. Reckon he's been acting his gentleman stunt while he does us in the eye.

"'Tain't only Rawton I hear it from—you can pick up the rumor anywhere . . . 'Well, p'raps it's true. Rotten if it is, and I hope he'll get it in the neck.' 'Too right he will. Old Rawton got a bit boozed up ternight before he went out an' he told me confidential that he'd got a grand case, and Vince would go inside if he knew anything about it.

"'Wonder how he'll fancy stripes after that there topee he swanks it in' . . . There! That is all that mattered. They went on talking rubbish for a while, but I think that's quite enough to explain Rawton's remarks to us."

Vince's breathing had perceptibly quickened during the recital; now he leapt to his feet with an angry gesture.

"Enough!" he exclaimed. "I should say so. Of course the old devil was only talking in his cups, but a yarn like that will travel fast and not do a fellow any good. The sooner we get to business and stop his tongue the better. Silly old fool! What good does he think a thing like that can do him?"

"I don't know," put in Professor Haugh, quietly. "But, according to Evelyn's report, he said he could prove it."

Vince turned sharply on his guest. "Surely you don't suggest you believe it?" he demanded.

"Don't be so touchy, Vince," retorted the Professor with some asperity. "What I meant to imply was that possibly he is cleverer than you think. He may have seen Evelyn the other day, and, knowing himself discovered, hatched some plan to get in first."

"I never thought of that," replied Vince slowly. "Anyway, I don't see what he could do."

"Neither do I. But, since this cattle duffing seems to upset you all very easily I suggest you send in the car for the police and act both quickly and carefully."

"I believe you are right, Professor. In any case, if it will make you happier I'll send for Macgrath to come out at once. I shall still have time to do as I want before he gets here. We'll go up at sun-up to-morrow, Miss Haugh, if that will not be too early for you."

Evelyn made him a sweeping bow. Her eyes were bright, her pulses leaping. This was adventure.

"Yours to command, me lud," she answered gaily. "Come along, Huffy, darling, and let's get changed before tea. I've not seen my beloved Hollis yet."

As Vince made to follow his guests, Bob called him back. "Half a moment. I want to tell you something. Listen to this."

The message impressed Vince more than Greene had expected, and comments were for Bob's ear alone. "It's a nuisance," he ended, "for it means I'll have to go out at once. Sounds like poison of some sort. Jolly good thing Gaynor managed to send me the tip."

He thought: That comes of worrying over a wretched girl! Thank heaven Leyton will be back soon. I've been hanging round the homestead too much . . . and now Bob wanting to go!

Aloud he went on: "I'll go out to-night, Bob. Get Hollis to put me up some tucker, and tell the boys I want Black Douglas saddled and brought round at once. I'll go off and get changed. You can tell Miss Haugh my plans had to be altered. Dare say she'll be glad of the rest.

"We'll go as soon as I come back—only I must find the reason for this. I'll try to make the pool to-night, camp there, and, if possible, be home to-morrow."

Bob hesitated a moment. Then: "Are you going alone?"

"Why not?"

"Oh—I don't know. Only look here, Vince, perhaps it doesn't strike you, but I think there is something funny about this message."

"Funny? It's ordinary enough."

"Well, I don't know . . . I think you should let me come, too. All this business—"

"Seems to have made you nervous! But just for that reason you've got to stay here with our visitors."

"Well, then, take a boy."

"I meant to; only now you've made me think! As I said before, if there is anything fishy I don't want the natives to know. I'm trying to keep the whole thing dark until I tell the police. And now I come to think of it, I saw some strange boys down the river as we passed."

"I know! And though they know the message they won't tell where it comes from . . . and I'll stake my hat they're not Harry's boys."

"Travelling tribe, I expect."

THE moon was at the full. Vince rode hard, yet it was close on midnight when he saw before him the white sand and black shadows of Rock Pool. The water rose from a permanent spring oozing beneath the crags of a tiny hillock, the pool owing its name to the nature of the surrounding country.

Though a few bent trees found a precarious foothold and overhung the water at one end, little else than low scrub grew among the rocks. The brilliant moonlight glistened on stony surfaces, casting dense and gigantic shadows.

Down to the dark water's edge rode Vince, his eyes probing every rock and mound of earth. Black Douglas tugged eagerly for the water, and Vince let him drink. Then he rode slowly from end to end of the pool.

Nothing!

Not a beast, dead or alive. Only the bleached bones of a bullock he had himself found bogged, and shot, many years ago. An immense relief assuaged his anxiety. But its comforting embrace quickly dissolved. Why, then, the message? Could Bob possibly be right? Was Rawton's sinister finger at the back of this wild goose chase?

An eerie feeling crept over him, like a mist rising from the water. The shadows suddenly appeared monstrous and full of terror.

He swung down, unsaddled and hobbled the stallion, unstrapped his swag, and prepared to turn in. Yet at the smallest sound he would straighten, listening, looking, he knew not for what.

His gun was never far from his hand. He even cocked it ready beside him when he lay down.

Vince rose with the dawn, and was well on the way home by sun-up. He puzzled for a while over the incident, finally dismissing it as some traveller's yarn; yet he worried lest the tale be true and only the locality at fault.

He felt more annoyed at the miscarriage of his plans, and wondered, as he rode along, if he could take a fresh mount and still have time to climb the ranges that day. But he was loath to over-hurry Black Douglas after last night's strenuous effort.

He had gained the track again, and was riding across a dry river-bed. The road led up the far bank between walls of greenery, but so absorbed was Vince that his usually keen eye failed to detect a quiver amid the bushes.

Another moment and his way was barred by two horsemen. Too late his hand moved instinctively for his gun. On either side the cold steel of a revolver checked his movement.

"No, you don't! Not again!" grunted young Rawton. "We've got you where we want you this time!"

Vince, seething with rage, looked from father to son. The old man's face was set and grim—Bill grinned with pleasure. But in each pair of eyes the trapped man beheld a determination which boded ill for him.

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Selz-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623034

"What's the meaning of this tomfoolery?" he demanded, angrily.

"Now, don't you get so high and mighty, Alan Vince!" retorted old man Rawton. "I just got an idea."

"To blazes with ideas! What the devil d'you two mean by this?"

"Tomfoolery!" shouted the younger man. "It isn't! Neither was it tomfoolery the other day. If you want to know I'll tell you quick and lively! Now—now—none of that! I'm as slick with my gun as you are . . . I'm just going to square my account with you, and Dad . . . well, Dad," he grinned again. "Dad reckons he has a sensier way to square it!"

Two to one was a bit thick. Young Bill evidently wasn't taking chances of having the tables turned a second time.

"Hand over your gun," demanded Bill.

"Not I!"

"Hand it over, I tell you." His revolver dropped until it covered Black Douglas. "Quickly now, or I'll do in that moke of yours!"

THE malice in Bill's voice left no room to doubt his intention. Vince passed over his gun in silence. He folded his arms, and, pressing his knees hard to the stallion's flanks, looked from one to the other.

"You stuck up cull!" retorted old man Rawton. "We'll take the starch out of you! Yer airs won't do yer much good when the crowd knows what we know, 'ere, read this . . ."

He produced a sheet of paper, thrusting it rudely in Vince's face. Slowly Vince took it. His eye ran down the page and gathered the drift of its scandalous statement. Filled with horror he read the thing carefully.

"I, Alan Vince," it ran, "do hereby confess that this year and in years past, I have stolen and branded animals I knew to be the property of James Rawton and Son, or other owners. So help me God."

What diabolical plot was this? Had the old man seen Evelyn, and, knowing the game was up, hatched this absurdity?

He handed the paper back to old Rawton.

Vince said carelessly: "It's news to me. I always had a strong suspicion it was the other way about!" He longed to dig his heels into Black Douglas and go crashing between them, but the gun-barrels never wavered. What could a man do?

"Did yer now? Well, it ain't more nor a suspicion. I ain't left no traces where you're likely to run across 'em . . ."

The old teamster produced a sheet of paper and an ancient fountain-pen. "Now then, Vince, just yer write this out nice and tidy and sign it neat."

"What rot!"

"You'll do the rotting, me boy, if yer don't hurry up. I can tell yer this is on me own idea—I rather fancy the notion of Alan Vince doing ten years in jug! You always was keen on this 'ere country, but let me tell you the country won't be too keen on you! But if yer don't care fer my idea, Bill don't care fer it much either . . . he reckoned all along he'd rather do things his own way!"

"Yes—with a nice bit of green hide and a dinky precipice where a man might easily topple over," gloated Bill.

"You wouldn't dare," retorted Vince, with an assurance he was by this time far from feeling. "The police would be after you in no time."

"Would they? Well, I'd take the risk. Dead men tell no tales . . ."

The hopelessness of his situation made Vince feel sick. He was certain Bill meant to carry out his threat. They evidently felt quite confident of despatching him without any risk to their own necks.

"You'll enjoy the feel of a nice bit of leather, won't you? And let me tell you, I've still got my eye on young Evelyn, though it's only a case of taking your leavings."

"Now then," said the old man. "You two can talk about yer gal later. For the last time, Alan Vince, will yer write that out, or will yer not?"

He shoved his gun persuasively closer. Vince looked from father to son.

If he wrote it he signed away his honor and all the pride of his possessions. If not—well, they would chuck him over some precipice like a dead dog . . . And perhaps that young beast might get hold of Evelyn again. He knew himself beaten.

"Give it here," he said suddenly, and copied out the lie with a steady hand. The pen paused the barest second before his signature went sprawling across the page.

Old Rawton seized the document and checked it greedily. He nodded complacently, as he stuffed it away in his shirt pocket.

"Yer kin go now," said he, "mind yer speak nice ter the sergeant when 'e comes fer yer!"

BOB'S announcement at tea that Vince had gone out to Rock Pool because of a message he had received, and would not be back till the following day, perturbed Evelyn considerably.

She spent a restless night, meandered round the homestead next morning, and put her unaccountable agitation down to nervous excitement over the whole affair.

The afternoon dragged away. Evelyn flicked the leaves of a months-old magazine; in desperation tried a cross-word puzzle; gave it up; looked forlornly from the window and beheld Black Douglas being led past by one of the boys.

The big black horse was wet and steaming. He mooched along, content to follow the lead, too weary even to hold up his proud head. The shining satin of his flanks bore the stripe of a whip.

Evelyn flew out, hatless in the burning sun.

"What way boss?" she demanded of the boy.

"Him feller along dining-room. This one Black Douglas, him properly tired feller," said the binghi, petting the soft nose. "More better me get'm plenty tucker." And he stalked off muttering encouragement to the weary beast.

Utterly regardless of the heat the girl rushed to the far verandah. Yet for all her haste she hung back at the dining-room door, to wonder if Vince would think her officious. Finally she entered very quietly.

The contrast of the dark room was so blinding that she thought the place was empty and the boy at fault. Then, growing accustomed to the dim light, she beheld Vince. He sat hunched in the one arm-chair, a bottle of whisky and a glass on the table in front of him.

He failed to notice Evelyn and she watched him drag himself up to pour a stiff nip, and, to her horror, toss it off neat. As he set down the tumbler his face appalled her.

Dead-white, haggard as only unshaven cheeks can be, streaked with red dust and sweat, his mouth disfigured by a mark for which not all the dust in Kimberley could be held responsible.

Then he saw her standing hesitant by the door. She caught his glance and rushed into speech.

"You look all-in! Whatever has happened?"

Vince stared vacantly for an instant before slumping back with a dejected sigh.

"It's all up," he answered listlessly. "There won't be any court case, at least not one to drag you in . . ."

By this time Evelyn was standing over him, her shocked eyes travelling from his bruised face to his dust-covered shirt and riding breeches.

"Then tell me what is wrong," she exclaimed. "Have the Rawtons anything to do with it? That dreadful bruise; however did you get it?"

"Bill Rawton getting some of his own back." As ever a reminder of that episode brought the blood flaming to Evelyn's cheeks.

"Then you did meet them?"

"Meet them! They waylaid me like the pair of bushrangers they are. That was a cock and bull yarn about the dead cattle. Wanted to get me on my own somehow. All the same, chance favored them that I did go alone . . ."

"The old man's a bit smarter than I thought. He's made up a devilish plan, and as far as I can see they've caught me like a steer in the yards and got me all ready to throw! I'm just about a ruined man, Miss Haugh."

Leaning forward, he poured forth the whole miserable tale, only omitting the episode of her own name. The recital stirred primitive depths in Evelyn. Her compassionate eyes caressed the man's hurt lips.

"Oh, how dare they! How dare they!" she cried. "But why should you feel so worried about it? Surely no judge and jury on earth would believe such a thing of you."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. The law doesn't go in for beliefs. Rawton was quite right when he said a man's signed confession left little room for anything else. The point is, he means to bring the case, and even if it is dismissed it will leave a foul taste in people's mouths . . . and my word won't be up to much in future."

"Get in first. Bring your case at once."

VINCE shook his head . . . "I don't know," he said. "I thought so at first. But don't you see he'll say I'm the one trying to checkmate? So much depends on what I can find out at those yards . . . But even so the written word counts for so much . . ."

"Surely you could prove how they forced you?"

"I don't know," he repeated. "It's hard to think a man would acknowledge such a lie without reason, even at the revolver's point. They'd think I'd owned up from funk—not dreaming Rawton would have been game to do me in. You see, they wouldn't know . . ." He stopped abruptly. His thoughts had let his tongue stray.

"Indeed they would!" exclaimed the girl, tell-tale blood flooding her cheeks again. "I'd tell them!"

"You would do nothing of the sort," he retorted. "A fine piece of news that would make. I can see it being lapped up with relish, and the papers going mad! Your uncle would be in a fine state."

"Huffy!" She had quite forgotten him. Now her courage ebbed a little at thought of a confession to him.

"Forget about it," went on Vince. "I told you long ago. I don't want any further

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623035

scandals to live down . . . One will about settle Mujilabberra for me as it is."

His bitter tones cut like a knife. Evelyn felt the old antagonism rise within her. Then she told herself to remember Vince was tried beyond all reason.

"Very well," she acquiesced gently. "But surely we can find some other way. We'll get Huffy to work. He is surprisingly practical when he can be got to earth. Just wait till you've seen my find."

"Yes . . . I'm banking on that. We'll go first thing in the morning."

"You're not fit to," exclaimed Evelyn.

"What nonsense! A bath and shave and I'm as good as ever," he retorted, making an effort to straighten.

"Then let me see what I can do for those bruises."

The eternal feminine! A little smile creased his cheeks. Nevertheless, despite all cynical theories, the prospect did not appear quite so black as before Evelyn's entrance.

THE grey mare led the way next morning, when it came to climbing the hazardous mountain tracks. Evelyn felt happy once more, riding across the plain between Vince and Bob.

Both men evinced a satisfying surprise at her daring once the ascent began. The grey mare, intrepid as her rider and knowing the path, soon out-scrambled the others.

Black Douglas had perforce been left at home, and neither the brown Vince rode nor Bob's pony showed any liking for the sea of flints from the far side of which Evelyn turned to wave. She waited for them in the little cup of the range.

"Some stunt!" gasped Bob.

Vince failed to suppress an admonition. "You had no right to be scrambling about up here alone. It's lucky you didn't break your neck!"

"Very," replied Evelyn dryly. "For you!"

He flushed, and bit back a retort. Bob looked embarrassed. Then yesterday's understanding came to Evelyn's mind . . . the man was worried to death.

The men followed her lead, but this time Vince outstripped the others. He had scarcely gained the summit when he surprisingly leapt from the saddle, and turned round, dragging his horse after him, flinging up a warning arm to signal them back.

"Quietly," he said, as soon as they were within speaking distance. "There is someone there. Old Rawton, I guess. And I hardly want him to see us. Leave the horses here and come up carefully. What a stroke of luck!"

Evelyn's hands trembled with excitement as she tethered the grey mare and turned to follow Vince. Together they crept out on the ledge at the top and lay flat behind the few rocks which afforded shelter.

They reached the very edge of the precipice, and, craning their necks, were able to gaze right down into the beautiful gully of Evelyn's description.

Old Rawton was there alone, his horse peacefully at graze while he paced up and down and round the yard.

"I reckon he's wondering how to get rid of them and leave no traces," Vince murmured in Evelyn's ear.

"This is Mujilabberra country all right, and about a mile or more on the far side. I always thought the division rather a stupid one—the range seemed to make a natural boundary. But thank heaven for it now! Look!"

Rawton stooped to pick up some dark object. "I do believe that's a branding iron . . . I'd like to get it; it might be . . . Bob, d'you think I could get down?" Intense strain made his voice vibrate.

"I do not! And what a mark you'd be even if you tried. You can bet your life the old boy has a gun nice and handy. No, all we can do is ride down and see if we can find where he comes out . . . It would be pretty red-handed to catch the old beast on your run with his own brands in his pocket."

"Too likely to miss him. I'd rather try to get down from here. If those brands are what I pray they are, he'll probably plant them on the way home. Look here, you've got a rifle . . . perhaps we could bluff him."

"Well, you asked me, and I think it would be suicide. Why, Vince, you'd never get down that precipice alone."

"I've been down some as bad."

"Look again! You'd be mad to try!"

Whilst the men wrangled Evelyn never moved her attention from the clearing below. A sudden flicker in the scrub caught her eye. Old Rawton apparently sensed the movement at the same instant, and wheeled, one hand reaching for his gun.

Vince and Greene leapt to their feet as Evelyn, her hands at her throat, screamed—and screamed again.

The report of a revolver, far off, wrenched their eyes back to the gully. They looked in time to see the shaft of a native spear still quivering as the barb found a mark deep in old Rawton's chest. He staggered back, gun smoking from the shot which, just too late, had brought a naked binghi to his knees with his womera still held high from the throw.

The native was up in a second and crawled off towards the brush, dragging one leg from the thigh. Struggling desperately, Rawton managed to fire yet again as he lay on the ground.

Then he writhed back, hands clawing the air in agony, as the binghi fell to his face with a bullet through his heart.

Evelyn, tearing hypnotised eyes away, buried her face in her hands. Bob's arm went round her shoulders.

Vince still stood gazing into the arena where both bodies lay motionless. He wet his lips with his tongue. Just retribution, perhaps, but what a ghastly end! When he spoke his tone startled the other two.

"I'm going down," said he.

"Bob, you and Miss Haugh get home as quick as you can.

"If Macgrath is there send him out at once and tell him to wait with some boys on the plain near the pool. You can come up here again and see what is doing. I'll try to find the way round. Rawton's horse will know . . ."

He walked briskly off along the ledge, looking for the most suitable spot to begin his descent.

He found a place not quite so steep—a good beginning.

He retraced his steps.

"I've found a good jump-off," he announced. "And there is a handy sapling to help me down the next cliff. I'll be as right as rain. Now, Bob, up you get and take Miss Hough as quick as you can."

"Indeed, we'll see you safely down first!" put in Evelyn.

"I'd rather not have an audience."

Evelyn's unusual quietness made Vince once more urge Greene to hurry home. "See, Miss Haugh is quite white—this has been a ghastly experience for her."

"Oh, I'm all right! Only do hurry up if you'r going." The cry was wrung from her lips, an ebullition of the suspense filling her beyond endurance. Both men regarded her in surprise.

"Thanks for the tip," said Vince grimly. "Cheerio, Bob!"

Why must she always so provoke him? wondered Evelyn dismally, as she watched him swing along the ledge. Bob followed. She was left alone to hang over the precipice, and watch him begin the perilous descent.

True to his surmise Vince found the first part easy enough. It did not take him long to clamber down from rock to rock, but when he eventually stood on the rough ground of the first shelf, and could peer over the second cliff, his heart failed him.

Certainly there was yet another ledge below, wider and supporting a scrubby growth, but between him and it lay a thirty-foot drop of sheer rock, the glistening face of the bare wall unbroken save by the trunk and foliage of the tree he had seen from above. In some extraordinary manner the sapling had taken root and flourished where no earth was visible. Vince leant out, trying to touch the stem, but the smooth white bark was beyond his reach.

He looked down and did his best to see what hold the roots twisting into the rock had managed to find for themselves. Apparently satisfied, he stood up and patted himself all over as though to make certain of no dangerous tags.

The two watching saw him step back as far as the swift-rising ground would permit, and kick the stones aside to ensure a firmer foothold. By this time Bob had rejoined Evelyn. She heard the sharp intake of his breath as he realised Vince's object. "He's going to jump!" he muttered.

The girl's eyes dilated and her nails bit into Bob's wrist as unconsciously she gripped his arm.

THE next moment Vince leapt. With a cat-like spring he flew out over the precipice towards the tree. He caught the stem surely enough, clinging with hands and legs as it shook beneath the impact.

For a second man and foliage swayed dizzily above the abyss, the slender pole of the gum gallantly endeavoring to recover. Then to Evelyn's horror came the sound of tearing fibres.

Followed a reply which echoed through the ranges, as the tortured roots, unable to support the strain, were ripped from their precarious hold.

The watchers saw Vince loosen his grip as the branches crashed round him. He dropped from sight like a stone.

An agonised cry reverberated down the gully.

"Alan!" cried Evelyn. "Alan!"

In that fraction of time given to intense silence as the last stone fell, and the echoes of her cry died, Evelyn bit the fruit of knowledge. She loved Alan Vince. At best it would have tasted bitter-sweet, but experienced at such a moment its cruel tang turned her faint.

"What can we do? Oh, Bob, what can we do?"

All that was finest in Greene rushed to alleviate the anguish her voice proclaimed. This was a new Evelyn, this terrified, unhappy girl turning to him for assistance.

"It looks pretty bad," he replied in his most matter-of-fact tones, crushing back the ghastly feeling that Vince was more probably lying below, with a broken neck. "But you never know. Might have landed on something soft to break the fall. Let's wait a moment first . . . and then, if we hear nothing, I'll go after him."

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Seiz-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623036

Evelyn bit her lip and turned away to hang over the precipice. "I can't bear doing nothing," he muttered.

"Well, it's not five minutes since the thing broke. Give him time just in case. We don't even know how far he could fall."

They hung out over the edge, straining their eyes.

Evelyn clutched his hand. "It is! It is!" she breathed tremulously. Faintly from below they heard a voice.

"Coo-ee. Coo-ee-ee . . ."

Greene's pent feelings poured into the answering shout he sent ringing across the gully.

"Coo-ee," replied the faint voice. Then words, they could not distinguish all but the last one: "safe . . ."

Evelyn sat back on her heels. Her eyes brilliant in a pale face, seemed to Greene like stars of hope.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered.

Looking at her he exclaimed, "Thank the Lord!"

With common accord they turned back to stare down the mountainside, each glad to avoid the other's eyes.

"He'll go on down," remarked Bob. "And so it will be some time before we see him . . . . He'll be quite all right now," he added, noticing the strain of Evelyn's expression unlessened.

"Perhaps."

"Sure thing! Here, have a fag. And try not to look so horribly worried. Vince always falls on his feet," he added with a sigh, as he lit for her the cigarette Evelyn took from his case.

She smoked in silence, limp after the shocking experiences of the past hour. Bob marched up and down, too miserable to keep still, fearful less Vince should not reach the level without further mishap. Every now and then he paused to peer over the cliff, but Evelyn sat with her eyes fixed on the first rocks they could see below. At long last a tiny figure clambered into view.

"There!" cried Evelyn, jumping up. They could see his shirt badly torn, and wondered for anxious moments if his slow progress could be due to injury. But before long he looked up, and, seeing them, straightened to wave.

"All right," he called more clearly now. "All right . . ." and waving once more, returned to the descent.

After what seemed an interminable age to the watchers on the mountain-top, Vince struggled through the scrub and out into the clearing.

He walked across to Rawton and knelt beside him. A moment later he rose, cast one glance at the native, and, turning, shouted up at them. This time he was too far away.

They failed to catch his words, but there was no mistaking the shake of his hand bidding them be gone.

"Both dead," said Bob. "Come along. We'll dash off for the sergeant. En avant, Madame!"

WORN out and dusty, they made the homestead late. They found Professor Haugh walking anxiously up and down before the dining-room verandah. A tall figure in khaki uniform paced at his side.

Sergeant Macgrath was not slow in his duty nor behindhand with his fist, but even the worst drunkard in Kimberley hailed him as a good fellow.

Now he eyed the little party of two trailing a led horse, and looked with undisguised curiosity at the English girl, who, according to hearsay, was far from being the stuck-up young Miss they had somehow expected. The Professor almost ran to meet them.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "Where's Vince?"

Evelyn clambered wearily down, leaving Bob to explain.

"We left him back there. Oh, we've a fine tale for the sergeant when he comes!"

"Here, Bob," answered Macgrath, striding forward in the dusk.

"The devil you are! You must have been close handy?"

"No. It's that man of the Professor's. Said he was told to hurry up—and I'll swear he did. Kept going most of last night. I reckon he put up a record from the Creek here . . . The Prof.'s been telling me all he knows about this little bit, but I badly want to hear the rest. Sounds pretty rotten to me. Come on into the store."

"It's a beastly tale," said Greene. "But things look a bit brighter than they did this morning, thanks to a still beastlier tale. Wait a jiff till I get a boy for the horses . . ."

VINCE'S first action after signalling to the others to be gone was to go through Rawton's pockets. Death had in no way ennobled the old man's features. Avoiding the dark ooze from the spear's wicked fang, he searched for the damning confession, a little sweat breaking on his brow for fear it should not be there.

But it was safe enough, snug in the very pocket where Rawton had placed it on that momentous day.

Vince stood up with a sigh of relief, and, still with the slip of paper in his hand, looked around for a resting place. He glanced at the hilltop. The place was deserted. The long shadow of the mountain crept down apace.

He became suddenly conscious of overwhelming thirst. Slowly, stiffly he rose, almost limping across to where Rawton's horse continued to graze, all unconcerned. The beast backed a little at the stranger's approach, yet after a few soft words from Vince, in the voice he always used to animals, it became a simple matter to unhook the water-bag from the saddle and drink his fill.

He espied a tucker-bag as well dangling from the straps of a small swag. That, too, he unfastened, and, only pausing to unbuckle and remove the heavy saddle from the animal's back, proceeded to the young boabab and resested himself.

He made a good meal from tinned meat and damper, the while he watched a quart-pot boil above a few twigs he lighted to brew his tea.

The food and fragrant billy-tea gave him new life. The sun had long vanished behind the mountains. Vince judged the time to be about five o'clock.

Throwing himself on the ground, he pulled his hat over his eyes and sought oblivion in sleep.

He awakened cold and stiff, to find the moon riding high in the heavens, brilliant as a white sun, flooding the gully with white light. Shivering, in an instant his mind was made up.

He would start to find the secret way round the range. He lit a tiny fire to warm himself, and boiled another quart-pot.

Then, less cold, he found Rawton's horse and saddled up, wondering what he should do if the animal showed no signs of intelligence. But the horse, like so many of its kind, needed no guidance.

Vince was barely astride before it set off down the gully. They passed more than one cattle-pad leading into the tiny clearing. Made by his own beasts, thought Vince bitterly, as they were driven in to be branded.

He let the reins hang loose, studying the track as he went.

Towards morning he dismounted. The light had become too treacherous for further advance. Soon he sat crouched over a huge fire, trying in vain to get warm. The blood had congealed on a dozen scratches, and the remnants of his shirt gave little protection against the chill dawn wind.

He watched the stars pale, and listened to the long-drawn howls of hunting dingoes.

He could have sworn he did not close his eyes, yet he must have dozed off, for he leapt up suddenly to find the first rays of the rising sun struggling to warm the air. He wondered what had made him start up in alarm, and the next instant heard a shout:

"Coo-ee. Hullo. Who's that?"

Vince would have known Bob's voice anywhere. Must have been riding all night! How like the boy to waste no time. Warm appreciation helped to rouse a sluggish circulation.

His eyes caught sight of a small cavalcade riding in single file up from a deep cleft in the rocky barrier. Vince put his hands to yell back his name. Yet all the time he thought: "They've got through! Now, can Macgrath have known about this track the whole while?"

WHEN Bob Greene began his tale to the sergeant he had meant to tell him the entire story as far as he knew it himself. But while he unfolded the history of Evelyn's discovery, caution hinted that he leave Vince to retail the incident of the hold-up in his own time.

He felt uneasy about his employer, disliking the thought of him alone behind the ranges, fearing lest the younger Rawton turn up, engineering he knew not what more of tragedy.

Macgrath looked at him curiously when he first broached the subject of setting forth at once, vowing the moon gave sufficient light for their purpose.

"To-morrow will do," said the sergeant. "I was up most of last night, don't forget. Vince will be quite safe. Don't know why you should worry. Anyone would think it's the first time he's camped out on his own!"

"He might get lost . . ."

"Lost your grandmother! What sort of man do you take him for? He's been through more bush than you've ever seen, me lad!"

Bob strode restlessly up and down. He felt weary himself, yet could not keep quiet while the thought of a further encounter between Vince and Bill Rawton preyed on his mind. Fortunately indeed for him, he did not know of the first.

His uneasiness at last prevailed upon Macgrath. Must be more in this matter than meets the eye, thought the sergeant. The sooner he had an explanation from Vince the better. He said he would go.

"Good!" exclaimed Greene with boyish satisfaction. "I'd have gone alone in another half-hour, but I wanted you to come. I'll send for the horses."

"I've brought two 'boys' with me, but you'll have to find them mounts."

"Come on, then; we'll go down to the camp and kick 'em up . . ."

Towards dawn the two men, accompanied by the police boys and two more binghis from Muillabberra, were many miles 'way, nearing the boundary-peg marking the end of Vince's run. They had ridden for the most part in silence. Once Bob spoke suddenly.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623037

"What will you do if we catch young Rawton?" he asked.

"What do you want me to do? Shoot him up?"

"DON'T be a fool. Arrest him, of course. Quick and lively."

"Got no warrant."

"Warrant be hanged. I tell you, Macgrath, he's dangerous to Vince."

"So you seem to think."

"Don't be so beastly sarcastic. What did Vince ask you to come out for? Didn't he lay a charge?"

Macgrath smiled. "In a way, but he only said he might have something to tell me about cattle-duffing and wanted to show me some evidence."

"That's good enough!"

"Bonzer idea of law and order you have! "I'll see what I'll do if we find Bill. Anyway, I'll guarantee he does no harm," and with that Greene had to be content.

Not long after this conversation one of the police boys called to Macgrath:

"Horse come this way."

"What time?" demanded the sergeant.

In a trice the boy was on the ground examining marks on the hard earth too faint for white men even to notice.

"Not long time. Him go quick feller, that way."

A black arm pointed straight towards the mountain, where nothing but a sheer wall of rock met their eyes.

"Funny," said Bob, let's follow the tracks.

"Better than this wild goose chase," replied Macgrath as he turned his horse's head. They had not gone much further before a guttural exclamation from behind once more caused a halt.

"Eja duruwuddi."

"What you say?" asked Macgrath.

"I say white man light'em fire."

"Where?"

Both men looked in vain in the direction indicated. They rode on once more, staring ahead trying to emulate the quick vision of the natives. Bob was the first to locate a tiny blue spiral, so weak as to be scarce discernible.

"That one dead feller fire," announced one of the boys. "Him mak'em for tucker lars' night."

The tell-tale smoke led them a little faster than the natives would have been able to track the horse. The thin whisps curled above a great mound of rock, slipped from the mountain side. For all his sarcasm Macgrath's hands rested on his revolver as he rode round the rocks.

The fire was dead, sure enough. The smoke rose from a few charred embers, remainders of a big log carelessly extinguished. A horse, close hobbled, nibbled at the unappetising bushes, whilst his master slept on, muffled in rugs, beneath the shelter of a mosquito-net strung on two stakes.

A dilly-bag and quart-pot, a rifle and holster all leant beside a saddle on the ground. The sleeper did not stir at the noise of approach. Greene wasted no time; he was out of the saddle and had grabbed both guns before Macgrath realised his intention.

"Windy, aren't you?" remarked the sergeant when he saw what had happened. "Plenty of cheek, too. How do you know this is your man?"

"Look at the size of him," said Bob, "and that black hair."

"Sleeps like a nigger, anyhow," remarked Macgrath. "Hey, wake up," he yelled at the full extent of his lungs. "Doesn't look like a guilty conscience," he remarked to Bob.

"Thinks he's too safe hidden up here. Wake up," he added, prodding the recumbent figure with gusto.

With an oath and a splutter the rugs fell apart. Young Rawton's bold face, with its untidy shock of hair, poked forth from under the net.

"It's him all right, Sergeant," said Bob, with emphasis on Macgrath's title.

"Who are you?" demanded Rawton angrily. "Oh, I see now, that young puppy from Mujilabberra. What d'yer mean by sticking yer dirty feet into me?" He staggered up, shaking himself free of blankets like a huge dog. Instantly he turned for his guns. Macgrath, foreseeing trouble, rode his horse quietly between the two men.

THE sergeant broke away from his companions, riding at breakneck speed to join Vince the moment they sighted him. He had his own reasons for wishing to interview the owner of Mujilabberra alone. His interested glance soon took in the other's tattered appearance.

"Good-day, old man," he shouted as he rode up. "After all young Bob's been telling me it seems I'm lucky to find you alive."

"Hardly as bad as that," replied Vince with a slow smile. "Who've you got with you, and how the devil did you get here?"

"Ah! You know the niggers say Macgrath will always get there . . ."

"I'm glad to see you, anyway."

"The truth is we picked up Bill Rawton. Look here, Vince, tell me quick and lively what this beano is about. I want to hear from you before anyone else."

Omitting any mention of the hold-up, merely stating he had long suspected the Rawtons of stealing his cattle, and in the light of subsequent happenings had had such suspicions confirmed, Vince found barely time to present his case before the others were upon him.

Bob leapt from his saddle, rushing at Vince with outstretched hand.

"By love, it's good to see you!" His enthusiasm embarrassed the older man, who found himself forced to shake hands as though Bob had not seen him for years. Then, half ashamed of this outburst of feeling, Greene gave a little laugh. "Not that you're much to look at. He's no oil-painting, is he, Macgrath?"

"Portrait of a gentleman after a night out!" he added in his old ridiculous way. For a flash Vince felt thankful to hear him talk nonsense again, this boy who had recently grown serious. But his smile died as he turned to Rawton.

"Terrible about your father," Vince said, turning to him. "I'm sorry."

"I bet you're blamed glad. You can save your sorrow for yourself."

The surly answer made Vince turn with a shrug to Macgrath.

"Very well, Sergeant, I wish to charge Bill Rawton and his father, deceased, with stealing and branding my . . ."

"Hold hard," shouted Rawton, striding forward. "Sergeant, you'll find a con . . ."

"No, he won't," interrupted Vince.

For a moment the two men glared at one another. Vince found his tongue first, and went on calmly.

"This has been going on for years, and we will take you to the yards where I think you will find sufficient evidence . . ."

"Yards!" Rawton spat contemptuously. "Produce the calves running with your cows . . ."

"I can't do that."

"Of course you can't. Macgrath, it's this man himself who . . ."

Vince's grey eyes grew dangerous.

"Be quiet," he shouted. "There's more at those yards than you seem to remember, and it's not only calves you touched! What do you think your father was out there now for—if not to destroy something dangerous, and weren't you on your way to join him?

"Have you never seen the brand marks burnt on the posts? Yes, I thought so," he went on as Rawton bit his lip, "the irons made to turn the Mujilabberra V.P.3 into your W.R.8: Tested on the rails. It's as clear as day.

I daresay if Macgrath searches your homestead he'll find the brands themselves. You were too sure of never being caught out, and grew careless, I suppose . . ."

A little silence greeted Vince's words. Then Bob whistled.

"That so?" queried Macgrath.

"That's so," answered Vince.

At first Rawton gnawed his lips in silence. A chill crept down his spine.

FOR Evelyn the day following her sleepless night dragged in weary suspense. She felt she could scream when her uncle, noticing strained eyes, tried as he thought to divert her mind to pleasant subjects by discussing their forthcoming departure and the arrangements thereof.

She returned to her room and lay smoking cigarette after cigarette, when Sally rushed in, black face alight with excitement.

"Riders come-back, missie," she chanted. Evelyn sprang up. The sun was sinking low on the western horizon. Far across the plain she could distinguish a cloud of dust. A strange tumult made her blood race. She hesitated undecided, then stooped to unbuckle her shoes.

The girl who stepped across to the dining-room verandah looked cool indeed, the very embodiment of a fresh spring day. Evelyn had brushed her shining hair to sleek beauty, and an impulse made her don the sheer organdie frock of her first appearance.

But the arrival of the riders held bitter disappointment, however much Evelyn had told herself she dreaded the fateful moment. The horsemen proved to be Leyton and a couple of boys. The stockman dismounted and walked eagerly towards her.

"My word!" he exclaimed, "I'm glad to be back! How are you, Miss Haugh?"

Their greetings over, Leyton's eyes swept the buildings. The natives had vanished, the place looked deserted.

"Seems mighty quiet. Where's everyone—that there Bob doesn't usually lie so low!"

"They're all away in the ranges. Oh! Leyton, there's so much to tell you I don't know where to begin!" The cry in her voice brought the man's eyes back to her face.

"Why, wot's up? It ain't nothing serious?"

"Horribly serious."

"Then you'd better tell me right away. D'yer mean to say there's no one here but Professor and you?"

"And Hollis. But he doesn't know. Come over here and sit down."

The stockman listened, for the most part in silence, to a recital of the latter part of the happenings on Mujilabberra during his absence. His face lit up when Evelyn told of her discovery of the cattle thief's identity.

A stiff night wind rose whilst the trio were at their meal. Leyton ate in haste, whilst the Professor added his quota of information. Evelyn merely played with her food, her thoughts traversing the mountain in quest of she knew not what horror.

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Celsnick, Orsatti, Schulberg are painted

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623038

The sough of the wind must have drowned any outside noise, for she rose with a cry as Bob appeared in the doorway. He was covered in dust, his eyes bloodshot from want of sleep, his young face haggard and unshaven. Yet a cheerful grin stilled the flutter at Evelyn's heart.

"Here we are again," quoth he, "and old Leyton, too! By love, I'm glad you're back! Touching reunion of twin souls . . . Professor and Evelyn, I have much pleasure in reporting the lost found and everything in good order."

"Where is he?" In her eagerness she did not notice the use of the pronoun. Bob did, but let the slip pass, though a half-bitter "Who?" rose to his tongue. Especially as he guessed Vince's refusal to appear was due to the girl's presence.

"IN the store. The truth is, he's in a bit of a mess, and is too fussy to come in without a tidy-up. He didn't mind sending me over, but, of course, he knows I'm so beautiful it doesn't matter."

Bob dropped into a chair. "Leyton, send over Fred with some tucker, there's a good chap, and I expect the boss will be dashed glad to see you."

Leyton was already on his feet. Evelyn turned to Bob in exasperation.

"Bob, do be serious for once."

The young man looked at her over a big slice of bread.

"As your Highness commands. Only I beg her to remember I had orders before never to offend in that way . . ."

"We really want to know about Mr Vince, Greene," interrupted the Professor.

"Sorry, Professor. Of course, you do. He's quite O.K. If you give me a few moments to absorb some nourishment I'll tell you what happened."

"Has Macgrath not come back?"

"No. He's up conducting a wake for the dead!"

Between mouthfuls he described their ride and the finding of Bill Rawton, the subsequent pressure brought to bear which ended in the young man taking them through the ranges. The track was certainly well concealed.

In vain Evelyn tried to make him leave the secret track: Greene refused to be hurried. But after what seemed an interminable wealth of unimportant detail he came to the meeting with Vince.

Just as he had lingered over the first part, so he seemed inclined to gloss over this latter half, although he was filled with admiration of Vince's prowess. Evelyn caught her breath in dismay.

"Rawdon was ready enough to fall in with the boss' suggestions! Seems Vince has changed his mind. He's not going to bring the case at all!"

"After all this bother?" The Professor spoke with some agitation. Evelyn's expression showed her dismay.

"Rotten shame I call it," said Bob. "Still, there you are! He's changed his mind and won't do anything, that is, if Rawton agrees to sell up or put in a manager—at any rate, vanish himself. Has been given a month to get out. Then, if he still hangs around, Vince swears he'll nave him up, and he'll get gaol for ten years at least."

"I can't understand that," mused Professor Haugh. "I never liked the business, and shall be glad enough to have Evelyn out of it. But it appears to me that if this cattle-duffing is always so difficult to prove, Mr. Vince should make an example of a case as self-evident as this."

"Them's my sentiments! But there you are. No amount of argument would shift Vince. He was keen as mustard at first, but suddenly veered round . . . He ought to have the blighter up for assault as well, by rights."

Though the two men found this volte-face so difficult to understand, Evelyn was quick to guess the underlying cause. He was abandoning this affair he had so ardently desired to carry through lest that other business be dragged to light and any aspersions cast upon her fair name.

"What has young Rawton done?" asked her uncle.

"Oh, he went on with Macgrath, of course. There's sure to be an inquiry of sorts, but the sergeant will fix all that up and only Vince will have to be there. Macgrath is going to take my statement or whatever they call the thing, because I mean to get away next week. I was only waiting for Leyton to get back."

"Then why not wait for us?"

"Sorry, Professor. Can't be done. Once I make up my mind I like to move quickly." He rose, having no desire to be forced to further subterfuge. "I reckon I'll have a bath and turn in. I could do with some sleep."

Evelyn did not linger after his departure. "I think I'll turn in, too, Huffy, darling," she said, blowing him a light kiss and slipping away before he could reply.

She tore off the pretty frock in disgust.

"What rot," she thought. "Imagine doing anything so stupid as to dress up! Yes, you know you did, Evelyn. There's no denying it. But life is always just like that. It's thrilling and tremendous for a bit, and then everything falls flat! The right things never happen at the right moment!"

. . . . . .

A mixture of pique and a flair for marked entrances made Evelyn late for breakfast. She strolled over nonchalantly in shirt and breeches as usual, but a swift glance round the room stilled the flutter of her pulses.

For the first time in her knowledge Vince also was late. She bade the men good-morning, and though she longed to ask for explanation of Alan's absence—dreading to hear he was still knocked out—she sat down without comment. She felt glad to have betrayed no such anxiety when, a moment later, Vince strode through the open door.

"Morning," said he, briefly.

THE longed-for yet dreaded moment had passed! Furtively Evelyn studied his face. Whatever yesterday might have held of strain or weariness, not a trace remained. The lean jaw looked as firm, the grey eyes as clear, as ever. How had he dared to obscure the clean-cut lines of his humorous mouth by such a monstrous beard!

A tiny hope whispered in Evelyn's heart that perhaps he shaved it because . . . Hope sank abashed, as, conscious of her scrutiny, Vince looked directly back. As coldly, as disinterestedly as ever. The memory of her parting words still rankled. She said involuntarily: "Your poor hand!"

A smile warmed his grey eyes.

"Looks worse than it is," he answered, displaying the bandaged fingers of his right hand. "The truth is, Bob rather fancies himself as a doctor, and has been fussing over me like a woman."

Evelyn bit her lip. Wretched man—sneering just as if he guessed how much she ached to fuss over him! Not that he deserved it! Had ever man been harder in judgment of her—of all women, if it came to that. And yet, ever since he came into the room her breath had been catching, as wave after wave of emotion swept through her whole being.

A miserable week followed. Vince only vouchsafed the barest details. Told the Professor he felt the best thing for the country was for Rawton to clear out. He merely shrugged his shoulders when taxed with the necessity of making an example of such flagrant theft.

Evelyn alone held her secret opinion, examining it in quiet moments, longing to find therein an ointment to assuage the smart of his apparent unconcern.

If anything, Alan Vince avoided her, rarely bothering to address more than the customary remarks necessary between host and guest.

He vanished with Leyton in the daytime, and the evenings found him busy in the store with Bob. Once convinced of the sincerity of Bob's desire to go, he wasted no time in urging the boy to stay.

In desperation Evelyn also worked all day over her uncle's notes. She told herself there would be so much to do when they returned to civilisation that it was imperative to get the matter well in hand, not admitting, even in her inmost heart, that she worked to fill her mind to the exclusion of all else.

So much for eight long days, but the nights took their toll. On his narrow bunk Bob twisted and turned, his own desolation forgotten in wondering if he dare speak to Vince.

He knew—even if everyone else remained blind. Would the boss never lose his obstinate pride, would he just let them go off, and would two people eat out their hearts in loneliness?

He saw Vince plunging into the business of the station, all his instincts atrophied, drying into a cynical automaton, with not a thought beyond his cattle and his ledgers; he tried to see Evelyn an embittered spinster forever tabulating botanical notes.

They were mates, those two, thought he, however much pride of spirit made it difficult for either to submit for the chains of passion. Alike in love of space and will to achieve, the very stubbornness which kept them apart should help to weld in perfect union.

If only Vince weren't so on his mettle! What a pair they would make! Once he got so far as to say:

"Evelyn was terribly upset when you fell that time . . ."

"Was she? Can't say I've ever bothered to notice Miss Haugh's feelings—other than a marked preference for having her own way! How many bullocks did you say we mustered in April?"

The rebuff killed any hope Bob had cherished of adjusting matters. He left Mujilabberra sadly, his heart sore as he made his nonsensical adieux.

Yet for all his haughtiness of words, Vince could no longer rule his mind. Work as he might, the nights were disturbed by dreams so sweet that he awoke languid and unable to curb his thoughts from flying always to Evelyn. Such thoughts more often than not were extremely bitter.

Sometimes he played with the idea of telling her, of taking her in his hungry arms, of kissing her till she lay limp and unresisting. "I'd teach her," thought he. "I'd make her love me . . . Oh, you fool! She would only laugh . . . or think you no better than Rawton . . . and probably go away secretly pleased that at last you had capitulated . . ."

There came an evening soon after Bob Greene's departure, when Eve, smoking in

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623039

one of the old deck-chairs, looked up and caught Vince unawares. The man leant over the verandah rail, pipe in hand.

A second before he had been talking to Professor Haugh, but despite himself his eyes turned to Evelyn, wrapt in reverie, listlessly gazing out across the plain.

"It's ever so lonely without Bob," she sighed.

"You won't have to endure our boresome company much longer."

"Alas!" she retorted, her blue eyes mocking him. "I only regret a playfellow . . . also, I have no one to take me to say farewell to the river nooks I love . . . Won't you?"

"Very well." She saw his jaw set, and suppressed a smile.

Out in the night the stars hung low, blazing with a dim, mysterious light. Evelyn threaded her way with accustomed ease down the winding path to the river, along the pad twisting between ghostly white-gums and festoons of creeper until she ran out on a long spit of pale sand. She laughed as a startled wallaby splashed in the water. The stars gleamed in the river like luminous bubbles. Vince could just catch their light reflected in the sparkle of her eyes.

"Isn't it lovely," she sighed.

Vince said nothing.

"You're awfully dull, Mr. — Vince. You have given me enough lessons since I've been here—perhaps I could give you some in the few days left!"

"Lessons in flirtation?"

Evelyn shrugged. "As you like—though I should only say social finesse. Why are you always so sarcastic? As for flirtation—I don't believe you have ever kissed anyone. Most cynics really only cry, 'Sour grapes!'"

The man's arms ached to seize her, his lips burned to still her tantalising voice. Instead he replied drily:

"For me the experience has never proved sufficiently interesting to pursue the . . ."

"I'm not at all surprised! That awful beard must have cramped your style considerably! Do tell me why you shaved . . . At least I have always felt you did that as a compliment to my self . . ."

Her impudence took Vince's breath away. But Evelyn had lost any scruples over her words to him, all diffidence drowned in the glory of the secret his eyes had betrayed.

"Unfortunately for such an idea, I make a habit of being clean-shaven when I go to town," he retorted.

"How you kill my illusions . . . If Bobbie Burns had met Alan Vince I know one poem that would never have been written! Alas! for feminine vanity."

She turned aside, and picking up some flat pebbles sent them skipping across the starlit waters with the skill of a small boy. Vince did not move. Five minutes later she tossed the stones away and returned to his side.

"Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair . . ." she quoted softly. "Oh, don't you love those lines, Mr. Vince?" she continued seriously. "Why did you give up the case against Rawton? I hate to think you sacrificed it because you didn't wish to drag me into it for fear of what he might say . . ."

VINCE plunged his hands into his pockets, and looked away from her upturned face. If he found her flippant mood provocative, this sweet earnestness was almost more than he could resist. "You needn't worry," he answered brusquely.

"I didn't do it for your sake. Only I happen to have sufficient respect for your uncle's feelings to wish to spare him all the unpleasant facts and fables which would certainly get an airing. I am very fond of the Professor."

"So I have noticed," said Evelyn drily. She thought: "But that is not what I want to say . . . Alan, you are a terrible nuisance! I have done most things . . . though I never had any intention of asking a man to marry me—but you'll drive me to it yet, obstinate man!"

Aloud, she continued: "It is sporting of you to give it up—my heartfelt thanks, sir! Even if you don't care what I may feel about it . . . But there still remains something I want you to do for me! Will you?"

"Depends . . ."

"Cautious ever," she taunted. "Just say you will—it is not so terrible."

"All right." Vince spoke like a man who feels a halter round his neck.

"Take me to the top of the ranges once again! To-morrow—for there are so few days left. And I have not yet had more than a glimpse of my wonderful view . . ."

So that was all! Vince sighed in relief, though relief from what he could not tell. Only a man never could be sure what next the girl might dare to suggest. "Right you are," he responded quite gaily, "to-morrow afternoon . . ."

BLACK DOUGLAS and the grey mare stood shoulder to shoulder on the summit of the range behind Mujilabberra. For once, with the extraordinary prescience of animals, they rested quietly side by side. The slanting rays of the sun lit the faces of the two riders, turned to gaze on the golden plains.

For a moment Evelyn lost count of everything but the beauty of the country at her feet.

But Vince never took his eyes from her face.

"Lucky man!" she cried. "I don't believe you appreciate this land of yours . . . It casts a spell, a spell as old as the hills. Even when Huffy took me to see the Sphinx at night I did not feel so conscious of the age of the world—these ranges, these plains look as old as time itself! And so changeless—as if they have always looked before the same!

"And you, too," she added roguishly, suddenly returning to earth. "Not ancient, but changeless! I shall be able to think of Mujilabberra when I dine at Claridge's, and know everything will remain the same. And in ten years' time—still the same!"

Her radiant face kindled a spark in the man's brain. His beloved country! But the spark lit an explosion as the familiar banter crept back into her voice.

"The same!" he exclaimed. "The same! How dare you say such a thing! You—who have come here and upset the whole place. What about Bob?"

Evelyn's heart leapt in excitement, but she answered composedly: "What of him?"

"What of him! I like that! You know very well he only left because of you—you've broken the lad's heart."

"Oh, no . . . It's not nearly so serious." Evelyn wishes she felt as sure as her words sounded. "He is young . . ."

"Young—is that your only excuse? Young and amusing, I suppose . . ."

Evelyn looked at him proudly. "We are not discussing Bob! I was only envying your lovely country . . . Why spoil my last ride with your usual gibes at me?"

He burst forth:

"Gibes! Why spoil your last ride! Why, indeed—when you have spoilt the world for me!" His hand trembled on the rein. He'd done it now. Poor fool, not even strong enough to honor the pact he had made with himself!

A few words, a taunt from two eyes of blue fire, and his resolution had snapped in twain. "I love Mujilabberra," he flung on. What matter his pride now? "To the last stone on the run, I do believe. Now I almost hate the place because it no longer fills my life. I can think of nothing, see nothing, but you, you, you . . . and even when you are gone it will be just the same. I'm not young—I'm not amusing . . . But I'm fool enough to have let you ruin my life. I love you . . . I love you! And thank heaven you are going!"

Evelyn shuddered. Her eyes drooped before his devouring gaze, and, despite herself, her voice abook as she replied demurely:

"I am sorry . . . I want never to go . . ."

Vince's anger died, an unbelieving hope born in its stead. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Evelyn, look at me! Do you hear what I say? Evelyn . . ."

A strong hand grasped Evelyn's wrist. But a new shyness made her strangely helpless: moved by a sensation akin to fear, she attempted to draw away from him.

"Do you know what you are saying, Evelyn?" she heard him ask. Still she shrank from him. Two powerful arms came about her, and, before she could offer protest, lifted her bodily from the saddle. She found herself once more crushed close to Vince. Black Douglas gave a little snort as the grey mare wandered off riderless.

"Look at me!" commanded the man, tilting her chin. His grip tightened. Then, as she refused to lift her eyes, his mouth found hers.

As their lips met the world fell from Evelyn's consciousness—eternity claimed her with her lover's lips, and the universe enfolded her in the warmth of his embrace.

Black Douglas moved. The enchantment was broken. Evelyn leant her head against Alan's shoulder. "Beloved," he murmured. "Beloved."

"You didn't mean to, did you?" she smiled. "Oh, Alan, you really are the limit! You nearly let me go away."

A gleam of humor shot into his grey eyes. "But you quite made me!"

"Alan! Let me go; will you never learn to be polite? How dare you——" Evelyn got no further, for he showed her just how much he dared. Rosy and shaken, she eluded his grasp and slipped to the ground as Black Douglas lost his wonderful patience and claimed his master's whole attention. But a moment later Vince stood beside her.

"All the same, I should have let you go without a word, Evelyn," he said, half sadly.

"Why? Just to teach me another lesson?"

His arms went quickly round her. "Ah, no! I want to teach you very different lessons now! But this is no country for a woman—how do you think I can ever chain you here?"

"Chain me! To your beloved country? Why, man, just look—it is most wonderful."

"Ah, yes; but we are standing on a mountain-top."

"What of that?"

"There are many miles of plains, Evelyn—blazing hot."

She looked up at him with shining eyes, and all his life Vince was to remember the glory of her eager voice. She made a gesture towards the ranges glowering in the south.

"And beyond the plains, hills—there will always be other mountain-tops for us to scale together—oh, beloved."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Names like Jaffe, Bergerman, Seiz-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4623040